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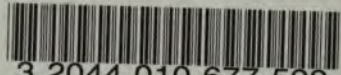
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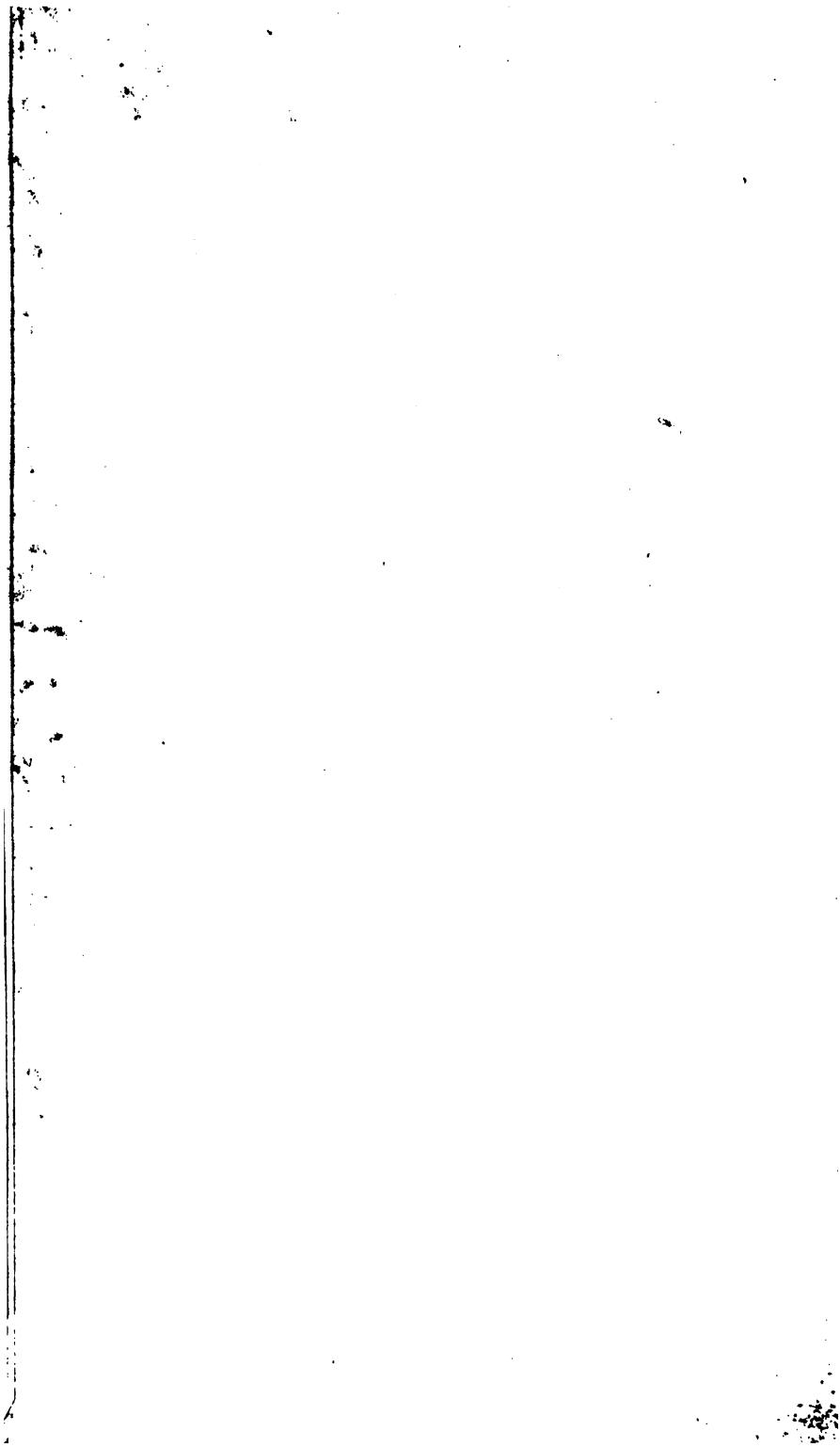
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pleteness to an amusing volume which is sure, sooner or later, to find a place in all collections of Curiosities of Literature

The Nooks and By-Ways of Italy, Wanderings in search of its Ancient Remains and Modern Superstitions. By Craufurd Tait Ramage, LL.D. (Howell, Liverpool.)

We have in this volume, the title of which will recommend it to classical scholars, the result of a solitary tour through Italy, taken for the express purpose of visiting every spot which classic writers had rendered famous—of identifying the site of battle-fields, and of tracing the position of contending armies—of realising the scenes so poetically described by Virgil—of walking in the footsteps of the illustrious dead, and musing over “the graves of those that cannot die.” His only predecessors in this interesting pilgrimage are Swinburne in 1777, and Keppel Craven in 1818; but they travelled by carriage and with escort, whilst Mr. Ramage traversed the land on foot, by which means he became more familiar with the manners and customs of the people, their superstitious mode of thought, and social condition. This gives a separate value to the book, which is therefore as well calculated for the perusal of general readers as of classical students.

Rev H. Murd

Vertiges of anc. Manners & Customs
discoverable in Modern Italy &c.

Lond. 1823. 8vo

THE
NOOKS AND BY-WAYS
OF
ITALY.

WANDERINGS
IN SEARCH OF ITS ANCIENT REMAINS AND MODERN
SUPERSTITIONS.

BY
CRAUFURD TAIT RAMAGE, LL.D.,

AUTHOR OF "BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS FROM LATIN AUTHORS," "BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS FROM GREEK
AUTHORS," "BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS FROM FRENCH AND ITALIAN AUTHORS," &c.

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1868.

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TO THE MEMORY
OF
CARLO FILANGIERI,

DUKE OF TAORMINA,

PRINCE OF SATRIANO, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL IN THE ARMY OF THE
TWO SICILIES,

EX-PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF MINISTERS OF
FERDINAND THE SECOND,

KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF ST. JANUARIUS,
&c. &c. &c.

THIS VOLUME
IS VERY RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.



PREFACE.

To visit every spot in Italy which classic writers had rendered famous—to identify the site of battle-fields, and trace the position of the adverse armies—to realise the scenes so poetically described by Virgil—to walk in the footsteps of the illustrious dead, and muse over “the graves of those that cannot die,” were the objects I had in view in undertaking my solitary tour through Italy. Italy is fascinating to the youthful mind; and I confess that I was prepared to brave every danger, that I might wander over those scenes that had witnessed the noblest exhibitions of human prowess. With these feelings, I threw myself unarmed and fearlessly on the protection of the Italian people, and I am delighted to acknowledge that from almost all I received unvarying kindness.

From the end of April to the end of September I was constantly exposed to the scorching heat of an Italian climate; and when I think of the daily fatigues to which I had to submit, I am now surprised that I was able to withstand such excessive labours. I traversed Italy from its most southern point through its whole range, sometimes along the coast and sometimes in the mountainous regions of the Apennines as far as the valley of the Po; and, though my ears were assailed without ceasing by the dangers to which I was exposing myself, I carried out my design, and visited nearly every famous spot in Italy.

But it was not merely the scenes of noble exploits that I cared to visit, but I was anxious to examine how far the superstitions of Roman times still survived. I found many interesting traces of those early days, and could not help feeling that the Christian religion had not exercised the influence that might have been expected on the Italian mind. The Madonna occupies the place of many heathen goddesses; Juno Lucina survives in many parts of the country. Streams still have their presiding divinities, and dispense healthful influences around. It is needless to say that the everlasting hills are there, and that the physical features of the country are the same as of old. Earthquakes shake the foundations of the earth as in early times, and brigands still terrify the inhabitants, as they did two thousand years ago. So true is it that "what has been will be," and that there is nothing new, materially or spiritually.

I believe that I accomplished what had never, so far as I am aware, been attempted before. Swinburne in the years 1777—1780, and Keppel Craven in 1818, had gone pretty nearly over the same ground; but they travelled with all the attendance of high rank, and protected by a constant guard of soldiers. I went alone, often on foot, without a guard, always unarmed, and only once with a guard of armed men across a dangerous pass of the Southern Apennines. By the mode of travelling which I adopted, I saw much of the every-day life of the Italians. They were more at home with an unpretending traveller than with those whom they could not help regarding as their superiors, and who were surrounded with the *éclat* of high rank. In this way I got a knowledge of their modes of life, of their superstitions, of their religious thoughts, as they were ready to enter into conversation with one who made no pretence to be different from themselves, and who was prepared to make allowance for the different state of civilisation in which they were placed.

They were interested, too, in one who showed such a desire to make himself acquainted with their manners and customs, as I never attempted to throw ridicule on what might appear silly and absurd, but always acknowledged that every nation has a

right to its own peculiar views in the affairs of life and in religion. Superstitious no doubt the lower classes are, but pious to a degree to which I am afraid we must grant that we have no pretensions. They are impulsive, like children, ready to use the stiletto on the slightest provocation; yet with all this there is a kindness of manner and a loveliness that throw a veil over many imperfections.

I might have increased the size of this volume by entering more fully into the history of the various ancient towns which I visited; but I did not care to trouble myself or my readers with matters which have been often repeated, and which can be got in a variety of works that treat specially on such subjects.

I have confined myself in this volume to my tour through the Neapolitan dominions and a small part of the Papal States; but I may at some future period give my wanderings through other regions of Italy.

I have a melancholy pleasure in acknowledging my many obligations to General Filangieri, Prince of Satriano, to whose kindness in giving me letters of introduction to his numerous friends I may say that I was in a great measure indebted for the delightful tour I made in Southern Italy. Indeed, without the assistance of his friends, I am convinced that my constitution would have sunk under the fatigues of the journey. While this volume was passing through the press, I learned with deep regret that Italy had lost one of her noblest and most respected children by the death of the Prince of Satriano.

He was the eldest son of that Gaetano Filangieri who enjoys a European reputation for his valuable works on political economy and legislation. The Prince inherited much of his father's talents, being one of the most distinguished of the Neapolitan nobility; and though, at the time I knew him, he was under the ban of the court, being deprived of all his military employments, he was regarded by his friends as one whom the necessities of government would yet require to call to high command. This was what actually took place, as, on the accession of Ferdinand II., he was reinstated in his former employments and

called to the inner councils of the King, who was anxious to obtain the assistance of his ablest subjects to reorganise the naval and military departments of his kingdom. The Prince was, perhaps, too liberal in his views, and too honest to be always in favour with a despotic government; but, whenever a difficulty arose, or his services were required, he was too high-minded to allow personal slights to influence his conduct or interfere with his duty to the state.

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WANDERINGS THROUGH ITALY IN SEARCH OF ITS ANCIENT
REMAINS.

BY CRAUFORD TAIT RAMAGE, LL.D.

INTRODUCTORY.

THESE letters, addressed to my relative, Mr. Morris Charles Jones, of Gungrog, originally formed a diary, which was written on my return from the Continent in 1828, from very full notes kept on my journey from day to day. In the cares and anxieties of life these early days had passed from my recollection, till my friend, to whom they are addressed, who takes a deep interest in the awakening of Italy from its long slumber of death, reminded me that I had made such a tour, and requested that I would give him the impression made on my mind by its people, and an account of what I saw of its ancient remains. I referred to my old diary, and found a fascinating interest in fighting over again those battles long gone by with brigands and public authorities, often doubtful which of them was most harassing to an inoffensive traveller. At that time I found Italy in a restless, dissatisfied state, which culminated at last, after many years of patient suffering, in throwing off the iron yoke of the Bourbons. After my return I was prevented from publishing any notes of my tour by the fear that some inadvertent expression might draw the attention of a suspicious government to some kind friend, who had received me with hospitality, and poured his grievances into my ear. Circumstances are now changed. The Constitutionalists are in the ascendant, and the Bourbon party, I have no doubt, are learning a lesson, by suffering something of the same pangs and anxieties which they were then inflicting on their opponents. They will now be able to exclaim in the words of Virgil :

Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.

There will be the same surveillance of the police going on, but it will be exercised towards the party who then reigned supreme. Many years have passed since that time, but it is not likely that the people differ much from the state in which I found them : kind and hospitable to strangers—divided in political sentiments from each other—a good deal of jealousy between different parts of the country—the lower classes superstitious and devoted to the priests, the higher classes in general lovers of pleasure, though some of them highly educated. The brigands seem to have increased in numbers, though I found quite enough to make travelling somewhat exciting. Though I saw all that travellers usually visit in their tour, it is the by-ways of Italy that I shall alone touch upon. My object more particularly was to examine those sites which were seldom visited, and my thorough knowledge of the Italian language gave me advantages in passing through the country, which are seldom possessed. I visited the site of all the ancient cities along the coast of Magna Græcia, from Locri to Tarentum; wandered along the banks of the river Galæus, with its skin-covered sheep; looked over the waters of the Adriatic from the heights of the Iapygium Promontorium, now Capo di Leuca; strolled through the malaria-stricken streets of Brundisium; traversed the plains

of the famed Cannæ, respecting the locality of which battle I have formed a theory differing from all others; saw what is called the house of the poet Horace at Venusia; drank from the fountain of Bandusia, at Palazzo ascended the steep slopes of Mons Vultur; stood on the brink of the Lacu Ampsanctus, near Frigento, so well known to readers of Virgil; sauntered through the Caudine Forks; meditated on the ruins of Scipio's tomb, at Liternum; cracked the filberts of Avella—the *nucæ Avellanæ*; traced the camp of Hannibal, on Mons Tifata; tasted the olive oil of Venafrum; traversed the wild lands of Samnium, the modern Abruzzi; got glorious on the wine of Horace's Sabine farm, though it is only the "vile Sabinum"; looked across the Campagna di Roma from the summit of Mons Lucretilis; visited the ruins of Corese, the ancient Cures of Numa Pompilius; drove out with the late Sir William Gell to the lake of Cutiliæ, with its floating islands; saw in the distance Monte Carno, or *il gran sasso d'Italia*—the great rock of Italy—10,154 feet high; and, I may conclude with saying, every celebrated spot in Etruria and Umbria. The ancient history of these places I have scarcely alluded to, except where it seems necessary for the illustration of what I am describing. All that I have proposed to do is to give the state of the ruins of the ancient cities as they were presented to my eyes at the time I visited them, enlivened by the personal adventures that occurred in my solitary rambles.

The course I pursued was from Naples down the western coast, till I reached the pass leading over the southern Apennines to Gerace, in the neighbourhood of which stand the ruins of Locri; and the subsequent parts of my tour will be developed as I proceed.

I.

Pæstum, April 29, 1828.

I HAVE got safely to the end of my first day's journey, and, when I tell you all the fatigues I have undergone, I dare say you will allow that I am pretty well seasoned for the tour I have undertaken. Last night Sir Henry Lushington gave a ball to the fashionables of Naples, and it was three before everything was quiet. As I had resolved to start at four, I had many little arrangements to make which I had not been able to overtake. About four I got into an open cabriolet, much of the same description as the old cabs you may have seen in London, but of a more picturesque form. The gaudy trappings and the gayness of the colours seem to harmonise with the beauty with which Nature has clothed herself here. You know that Naples stands at one corner of an extensive bay, and that at the opposite side rises a ridge of mountains of considerable height, which gradually sink down to a point opposite to a small island called Capri, celebrated as the spot where the Emperor Tiberius spent many of his last years. It was towards this ridge that my journey was first directed, and nothing could exceed the beauty of the scene, when the streaks of early light shot from behind the distant Apennines. Long ere the sun's rays could reach me, they had tinged with a purple hue the lofty peaks of these mountains, and gradually the picturesque island of Capri became illuminated. The bay lay unruffled before me, thickly studded with tiny boats, whose lateen sails were unfurled, ready to receive the morning breeze. Vesuvius rose by my side, still exhibiting proofs of its late commotions in the smoke that issued ever and

anon from its crater. Nature smiled in all her loveliness, and seemed to invite man to partake of her joy. The coast along which we were passing was crowded with signs of human existence. The peasants were hastening to the market with fruit and vegetables, and many a fair dame bade us God speed as we hurried along. The houses exhibited an appearance of decay, which was but too emblematic of the people to whom they belonged; yet we were passing through the summer residences of the proud aristocracy of Naples. The architecture showed few traces of that purity of taste which might naturally be expected in a country abounding with the classic models of antiquity, and the grotesque figures that adorned the exterior of many of the buildings might well have issued from the brain of the national favourite—Pulchinello.

You must know that I had a companion with me, a young priest, who was going about thirty miles in my direction, and whom the cabman entreated should be allowed to occupy part of my vehicle. I yielded to his wishes, though I afterwards repented, as I found myself forced into a discussion of doctrinal points of religion at a time when I would much rather have enjoyed the glorious displays of God's goodness before me.

We first reached Herculaneum, which, you know, was an ancient city of the Romans, enveloped in the year 79 of the Christian era in a deluge of burning lava. The ruins lie in some places about one hundred feet below the surface; in other parts they are less deep. A considerable part has been excavated, and many valuable vases and statues have been discovered.

We next passed through the village of Torre del Greco, which has been often destroyed by the lava of Vesuvius. So attached, however, is man to his native soil, that it has been always rebuilt, though there is scarcely a century in which it does not suffer. The monks of Camaldoli have chosen a spot still closer to the mountain for the erection of a monastery, and the little hill on which it stands is regarded by the peasantry as a protection against all future eruptions. It is now covered with the ilex, the elm, and the Spanish broom, and thousands of gay flowers adorn its banks. In a short time we reached the gate of Pompeii, and here, though I was strongly tempted to take a farewell glance of its ruins, I considered it better to hurry forward on my journey. We were now close on the ridge of mountains to which I have alluded. The gloom of their darkly-wooded sides, the massive buildings of a monastery that were seen on the declivity, and a ruined castle, formed a strange contrast to the smiling and lovely aspect that Nature had assumed around. We entered the straggling village of Nocera, and, as we passed through its busy streets, I thought that I could distinguish a difference in the countenances of the people. They are descended from a colony of Saracens, and they are said still to retain many peculiar customs, indicating a race distinct from that which peopled the rest of Italy. The Church of Santa Maria Maggiore stands on the site of a Roman temple, resembling in miniature the Pantheon of Rome, and containing some very fine columns of variegated marble.

As we drove along, we passed through patches of lupins, which my charioteer said they made use of in three different ways. They feed their cattle with them when they are green; in the low warm country they find it difficult to procure green food for their cattle and horses, and are

obliged to strip even the trees of their leaves for this purpose. Besides, they use the lupin to manure the land, by ploughing it in before it is ripe, and some they allow to ripen for seed. This is the *tristis lupinus* of Virgil (Georg. i. 75), and the epithet is really deserved, as it is remarkably bitter, and causes you to put on a rueful countenance when you chew it. Before it can be eaten, which it is by the common people, it requires to be steeped and macerated in water for some time. The flower is white, and, like the sunflower, turns with the sun, and is so sensitive to its rays, according to Pliny (xviii. 36, i.), that the husbandman may know the hour of the day by its position, even when the weather is cloudy. My charioteer had no knowledge of this, but I have no doubt it may still be observed.

The country on which we were now entering has long been the resort of all who wish to study an Italian landscape in its perfection. The mountains rise to a considerable height, and are covered with wood to the summit. The fields around exhale the perfume of the orange and citron flowers, while the vine is trained in graceful festoons from tree to tree. Here, too, the monks had erected a monastery—La Cava—which is one of the most celebrated in Italy. It was at one time very rich, but the French in their visit to Italy confiscated the greater part of its property, and when the Bourbons recovered their throne, they did not think it necessary to restore it. I had visited it some years ago, and had spent a few hours very pleasantly in wandering through its grounds. Its library still contains many interesting manuscripts illustrative of the Lombard princes of Salerno.

They pay, or rather used to pay, great attention to their garden, and had fruits of the most luscious kinds at all seasons. They contrived to cause their fig-trees to produce fruit twice a year, which, indeed, is not unusual in the neighbourhood of Naples. The fig-tree bears fruit at the usual time, at the latter end of August or September, and again in May, and is thence called *Fico di Pascha*. The manner in which this is brought about in the gardens at Naples is by covering the trees with mats all the winter; and in this way the small figs, which remained green on the tree in the autumn, are preserved, and ripen in the spring, as soon as the tree begins to shoot, and produce these early figs. Columella (lib. x. l. 403) says: "Tunc præcox biferâ descendit ab arbore ficus," and Virgil (Georg. ii. 150) speaks of "bis pomis utilis arbos."

I had left Naples without any definite plan as to the precise road by which I should proceed southward, whether I should go along the public road which led into the interior, or hug the shore more closely. My object is to visit as many of the sites of ancient towns as my time will allow. I consulted my clerical companion respecting the part of the country with which he was acquainted, which I found to be in the interior, but I did not think that his information gave me much encouragement to proceed in that direction. We parted at Salerno, a city of considerable size, situated on a bay somewhat resembling, though much larger than that of Naples. On consideration, I thought it my best plan to hire a boat here to carry me across the bay, about twenty miles broad, to a small village, Agropoli, which I saw on the opposite side. I had passed, about three miles before we reached Salerno, a few fishermen's huts, and it oc-

curred to me that I might get a boat at a reasonable rate there. This spot was called Vietri, and thither I trudged with my knapsack on my back, and my umbrella over my head to ward off the intense heat of the sun. Here I found a boat, but lost two precious hours before I could get the boatmen under way. As we advanced into the bay, we had a beautiful view of the romantic coast of Amalfi and the fabled islands of the Sirens, which I intend to visit when I return from my southern tour. The city of Salerno, too, added to the beauty of the scene. Above it rose a ruined castle, overgrown with ivy, and its dark masses carried the mind back to the gloomy period when it was first erected. Yet it ought not to be called gloomy, as Salerno then flourished under the paternal sway of a race of Lombard princes, and enjoyed a degree of prosperity which has long since passed away. We know from history that literature was encouraged, and that its school of medicine was one of the most celebrated in Europe.

You may be amused to have a specimen of the practical rules which they issued for the preservation of health, being a poem entitled "*Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum*," in rhyming Latin verse, addressed by the school of Salerno to Robert of Normandy, the eldest son of William the Conqueror:

Anglorum Regi scripsit Schola tota Salerni.
Si vis incolumem, si vis te reddere sanum,
Curas tolle graves, irasci crede profanum,
Parce mero, cœnato parum, non sit tibi vanum,
Surgere post epulas, somnum fuge meridianum,
Non mictum retine, nec comprime fortiter anum.

Moderation in toddy, light suppers, an easy mind, "not to be passions' slave," and moderate exercise, formed the recipe which the doctors of Salerno prescribed to their patients, if they wished to enjoy good health and a long life. We know not that all the accumulated knowledge of these latter days, or all the wisdom of the faculty, could give us a recipe which would be more likely to accomplish what is the most cherished object of man's desire.

By degrees we left the coast behind us, but I found that we had still a great distance before we should be able to reach Agropoli, and, to my annoyance, a strong southerly breeze set in, which would effectually prevent us from reaching it before midnight. The boatmen, too, assured me of its continuance, and, though it was evident that they wished to induce me to put back, the appearance of the sky confirmed their statement. Agropoli was therefore quite beyond my reach, unless I was willing to remain at sea all night, and this idea I did not quite relish, as I might be tossed overboard, and no one would be the wiser. In this dilemma I took the following determination. I had consulted my map, and I saw that the ruins of Pæstum, where there was an eating-house (for I had already visited it some years ago), might be reached by walking along the coast, if the boat could get beyond the mouth of a river called Sele, the ancient Silarus, which I saw fell into the bay. I gave directions, therefore, that they should pull the boat on shore as soon as they got beyond the river, and though they attempted to dissuade me by representing all sorts of dangers and difficulties, I kept to my resolution, and

at last was landed on a sandy beach. The sun was set, and I had still about five miles of unknown ground before me.

My map showed me that there might be a near cut across the country to Pæstum; but when I attempted to leave the shore, I found myself in a marsh, which I concluded to be occasioned by my proximity to the mouth of the river. This, in fact, was the stagnum Lucanum, salt marshes, alluded to by Plutarch in his *Life of Crassus* (chap. 11), where Crassus defeated a large body of insurgents under Spartacus. Two years ago I had crossed the Silarus nearer the hills, and I was much struck with the grove of holm-oaks, the ilex of Virgil (*Georg.* iii. 146), which were growing plentifully around.

Est Lucus Silari, circa ilicibusque virentem
Plurimus Albumum volitans.

I saw there was no possibility of penetrating in the direction I had begun, and must therefore keep along the sandy shore. Luckily the moon rose, else I should have been in an awkward predicament. I began to doubt whether I should be able to find any mode of reaching Pæstum that night. If the marsh continued, it would be impossible; but I might get on to Agropoli by creeping along the shore. You may well imagine that I advanced at a rapid pace before every glimmering of daylight had left. Amidst these no very pleasing cogitations, I came suddenly upon a party of fishermen, who had drawn up their boat on the shore, and were cooking some fish for supper. They were not a little surprised to see me at such an hour, and I did not know whether I ought to be pleased or alarmed at the rencontre. In this vicinity an Englishman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, had been shot and robbed a few years before, and this did not fail to be recalled to my recollection. However, I went boldly up and inquired if they could point out any path across the marsh to Pæstum, where I wished to rest for the night. They were very civil, and told me that about two miles farther on I should come to a ruined tower, and there I should find a path leading on to Pæstum. They at the same time offered me part of their supper, and even wished me to spend the night with them under their boat, which served them for shelter. The night, indeed, was beautiful, and if there had been necessity for the step, I might have run the risk, but, on the whole, I thought it needless to throw temptation in their way. Thanking them for their courtesy, I continued my course, and found that they had given me proper directions, as I came upon the tower and turned into the country; I kept along the path for some distance, when I reached the ruins of the Temples of Pæstum. I now recollected sufficient of the locality to have no further fears of reaching the locanda, the Italian word for an eating-house, for it cannot be dignified with the title of an inn. No one would ever think of sleeping in it unless they were in my predicament. The daylight had now for some time left me, but the moon shone bright. Everything around was silent as the grave. The wind had died away, and I heard no longer even the ripple of the waves. I had no occasion to hurry to the locanda to secure a bed, as it was not likely that any other wearied traveller would be here. I turned, therefore, into the ruins of the temples—into that one dignified with the title of the Temple of Neptune—and seated myself

what is supposed to have been its ancient altar. The massive pillars threw a deep shade across the ruins, and formed a beautiful contrast with the parts illuminated by the pale light of the moon. There was perfect silence, yet I was in the centre of what had once been a populous town. Its inhabitants must have been rich and highly civilised, else they could never have raised to their gods such a magnificent edifice. It still remained a monument of their power, while their names and deeds of glory had long passed into oblivion. It is curious that these temples should not be alluded to by ancient writers, and were even unknown to travellers till the middle of last century. The columns only remain, but they are sufficient to show the ancient magnificence of the temples.

All this was very pleasant, but the air of this place is said to be particularly fatal at night. I was still unprovided with shelter, and it was possible that I might be refused admission at such an hour. It was past sun, and I was quite certain that they had been long shut up. I had little difficulty in finding the locanda, as there are only four houses in the vicinity. On knocking, a voice called out, "Chi sta?"—i. e. who is there? "Un Inglese"—an Englishman, said I. They were unwilling to open the door till I entered into an explanation of the accident that had brought me to Paestum at such an hour, and after some parleying I was admitted to the house. When the man saw that I was really what I had represented myself, he became civil, and told me that I might have a bed up-stairs. He seemed, as far as I could judge from his face, to be an honest man—at all events I was in his power, and must abide the consequences. He lighted a fire and broiled a sausage, and with some coarse black bread and miserable wine, I contrived to make a supper. My bedroom was up a flight of steps; the room contained a few boards that served as my bed, a stool, and a box which contained I know not what. There was no glass in the window; the shutters merely closed, and that not very perfectly.

I have questioned him as to the roads and routes in various directions; he seems, however, to know little except what refers to a few miles from his dwelling. I am anxious to visit the site of an ancient city, Petilia, which is said, I know not how truly, to be at some place called Stella, about fifteen miles distant.

II.

AT daybreak I was roused by a scarecrow of a boy suffering from dropsy, and I found that this was a very prevalent disease in the vicinity, arising from the stagnant water which they are obliged to drink. All the peasants whom I met on my former visit had a pale, unhealthy appearance, which is caused by the miasmata, or marsh. On descending from my room I found a blazing log of wood, by no means an unpleasant sight at this hour, and all I could get for breakfast was the everlasting sausage and their coarse bread. Some peasants came in, and by them I was told that Stella was distant about twenty miles. I talked of brigands, and inquired whether I should be in danger of falling in with them, but they assured me that nothing of the sort existed in their neighbourhood. Having paid my bill, which amounted to little more than a shilling, I hoisted my knapsack, and commenced the toils of the day.

I think that I have not told you the manner I am equipped. I have a white merino frock-coat, well furnished with capacious pockets, into which I have stuffed my maps and note-books; nankeen trousers, a large-brimmed straw hat, white shoes, and an umbrella, a most invaluable article to protect me from the fierceness of the sun's rays, which will increase as I advance to the south.

Thus equipped, I began my second day's journey without the slightest idea where I should find shelter for the night, quite certain that it was impossible to have worse accommodation than I had had, if I could find any at all. Still I was quite fresh, and the novelty of my position gave a zest to all my fatigues. The morning was delightful; the sun was now above the horizon, and illuminated the gloomy scene I had traversed the previous evening. The glare of the sun, however, was not in keeping with the surrounding objects. The obscure light of the moon was better suited to the desolate appearance of the place, and I almost regretted not to have been able to part from Pæstum with the impressions that had been left upon my mind last night. The walls of the ancient town are still visible in many parts, and are to be traced for about two miles, but as I had already walked along them on my former visit, and they had often been examined by antiquaries, I did not think it necessary to make a longer stay.

After I had passed the walls and a small stream that runs on the outside, possessing the property of petrifying or rather encrusting wood and twigs if they are kept long enough in it, I found myself in a plain covered with thick brushwood, which completely obstructed my view, and I can scarcely imagine how I should have been so lucky last night as to have made my way so easily, particularly as I find it traversed in every direction by paths, along which cattle have evidently passed. The slightest deviation would, I can now see, have landed me in a quagmire. I had glimpses of the hills towards which it was my purpose to advance. I heard the tinkling of the goat's tiny bell, and I knew the herdsman must be somewhere near, but I could see nothing of him, and I trusted to my good

ane to be able to extricate myself from the labyrinth in which I was
 lved. We are told by some of the Roman poets that Pæstum was
 ed for its roses; nothing of the kind, however, met my eye. I have
 oubt that Nature is equally beneficent to the present degenerate race
 he was in former times, though I was unlucky in my search.

Forsitan et pingues hortos quæ cura colendi
 Ornaret, canerem, biferique rosaria Pæsti.

VIRG. *Georg.* iv. 118.

My song to flow'ry gardens might extend,
 To teach the vegetable arts, to sing
 The Pæstum roses, and their double spring.

also Propertius (iv. 5):

Vidi ego odorati victura rosaria Pæsti
 Sub matutino cocta jacere noto.

he poet speaks evidently of the roses drooping under the withering
 t of the scirocco.

fter I had proceeded thus for about a mile, I came suddenly upon a
 o part of the marsh, which induced me to thread my way to the shore,
 re I was sure to be able to get on, though with some additional
 ue. I was startled every now and then by large black snakes dart-
 across my path, that seemed quite as anxious to get out of my sight
 was to avoid them. I can see how these marshes are formed, and
 the same through many other parts of Italy, and how easily they
 ld be got rid of with a little exertion and expense, which would no
 ot be bestowed by the ancient inhabitants of Pæstum. The little
 rms coming down from the hills around are allowed to find their way
 hey best can to the sea, and as there are no banks, they spread over
 low land, and have made the whole more or less of a stagnant marsh.
 ther enemy began to annoy me in a very serious way. Large droves
 izzing flies gathered round me, and I had no mode of defence except
 ie my handkerchief round my face, yet still they contrived to in-
 ate themselves, and their sting gave me great pain. Virgil alludes
 hese flies in speaking of a hill in this quarter, and here they are in
 vigour after an interval of eighteen hundred years. Virgil thus
 ribes them (*Georg.* iii. 147):

Volitans, cui nomen asilo
 Romanum est, æstrum Graii vertère vocantes;
 Asper, acerba sonans; quo tota exterrita sylvis
 Diffugiunt armenta, furit mugitibus æther
 Concussus, sylvæque, et sicci ripa Tanagri.

About th' Alburnian groves, with holly green,
 Of winged insects mighty swarms are seen:
 This flying plague (to mark its quality)
 Æstros the Grecians call—Asylus, we—
 A fierce loud-buzzing breeze—their stings draw blood,
 And drive the cattle gadding through the wood,
 Seiz'd with unusual pains, they loudly cry:
 Tanagrus hastens thence, and leaves his channel dry.

er a variety of doublings to avoid bogs, and stepping into several, I

managed to reach the beach somewhat beyond the spot where I had left it yesterday evening. The bay looked quite calm, except here and there where the morning breeze created a slight ripple. It was untenanted in its wide extent. Not even in the distance could the sails of a boat be observed, forming a curious contrast to the busy scene I had witnessed yesterday in the Bay of Naples. I cannot imagine where the harbour of Pæstum could have been, and yet in former times there must have been some port, as it was evidently a large city, and, besides, was sacred to Neptune. The shore seems quite unsuited for any safe anchorage, being unprotected from the north and west. I could perceive no remains of any pier, or mole, that might have been thrown out for the purpose of protection.

I sauntered along the beach in the direction of Agropoli, which is placed at the end of the plain where the shore begins to be somewhat precipitous. I was approaching the hills seen on the south side of the Bay of Salerno. They rise to no great height, nor are they remarkable for their picturesque appearance, except in one direction, where they bend round and form a kind of amphitheatre. At last I reached a small stream falling into the sea, and while I was cooling myself before I attempted to wade, I observed two men approaching from the opposite side, and waited to see how they would manage to cross. One of them was a fat, jolly priest, who had evidently not stinted himself of the good things of this life, and the other was probably his servant. At all events, the priest mounted on his back, with his dress drawn up over his ears, and was thus ferried across. I entered into conversation, and inquired what he called those flies from which I had been suffering so much, and he said "tavani," which seems to be a corruption of the tabanus of the Latins. He said that they were "diavoli," "devils," and in that I agreed with him, though I was glad to learn that I should get rid of them as soon as I left this marshy ground. I then put in my petition that the same kindness should be bestowed on me by his servant as he had received, and I was at once carried over, to the great amusement of the priest. I offered him some trifle, but he refused to accept it. I now began to leave the plain and to ascend the hills, which are of a white, chalky character, and even at this early hour of the morning the reflexion of the sun's rays became very disagreeable. They are the ancient Montes Petilini, to which the band of rebellious slaves, headed by Spartacus, retreated when defeated by the consul Crassus, B.C. 71. I saw in the distance some peasants working in the fields, and I met a band of women, who took fright at my appearance, and scampered off in the utmost confusion. What they could have imagined me to be I cannot conceive, for they gave me no opportunity of questioning them. I did not think it necessary to enter the village of Agropoli, which lay a little to the right, though the inhabitants maintain that St. Paul, on his way to Rome, honoured them with his presence, and they point out the exact spot where he first placed his foot. During the middle ages, A.D. 879, it was occupied by a band of Saracens, who maintained a garrison at this point to overawe the country, and there is still a spot called Campo Saraceno. When they retired, it is said that they destroyed what little remained of the city of Pæstum. Some Saracenic inscriptions attest their presence in former times. It was sacked in 1535 and 1542 by the Turks, when three hundred of its inhabitants were carried off as slaves to Constantinople.

I saw in the distance some of the young damsels of Agropoli, employed in the same way as our Scotch lassies may be often observed by the traveller. They were busily engaged in washing their linen in a burn, apparently kilted high above the knees, but I did not approach to disturb them in their occupation. It is said, I know not how truly, that these girls are considered marriageable at the early age of twelve, and this arises from the peculiar mildness of their climate.

Leaving Agropoli to the right, I began to proceed up a small glen, and I was surprised to observe how far advanced the vegetation was, compared with what I had left yesterday in the vicinity of Naples. I was only about sixty miles farther south, and yet the foliage was completely expanded and the fruit was beginning to form. The soil seemed to be particularly well suited to the olive-tree, which in some cases had attained a magnitude I had never before observed. The vine was trained in the same manner that I had been accustomed to, from tree to tree, and the graceful festoons added much to the beauty of the scenery. It was not without great delight that I came to some lofty plane-trees, forming a kind of irregular avenue to a miserable house, probably belonging to some petty baron, and under the shade of these trees I took shelter from the heat of the sun, which was now beginning to be oppressive. The edifice had the appearance of what might be supposed to be a farm-house, but had all the gloom of desolation around it. It was a pretty spot, however, and might have been made a delightful residence. I saw no signs of human existence, and I felt no inclination to disturb the repose of the inhabitants, though I began to feel the effects of my sausage breakfast. I determined to stop at the first respectable house that I met, and try how far the hospitality of the country was likely to go.

It was not long before I was able to put this intention into effect, for I reached a house which was in a tolerable state of repair, and to which the proprietor was making some further additions. This augured well, and I walked up to the door, where a good-looking girl appeared, yet before I could reach her she had vanished, and immediately afterwards a man came forward, to whom I addressed a petition for wine, for which I was prepared to pay, and if they had none, water would be a very valuable commodity in my eyes. I told him that I had come from a distant land to admire the beauties of his country. He required, however, no incitement to give me all and more than I required. He called for chairs, and we sat down under the shade of a tree, while he directed the servant to bring out some refreshment. It was indeed scanty, and of very coarse quality, but it was evidently given with good will, and that would far more than have compensated for even less luxurious fare. The bread was coarse and old, the cheese I could scarcely make any impression upon, and if this may be taken as a sample of their mode of diet, I would back Scotland against Italy, even with her oat-cakes and porridge. In the wine, however, he beat us, for he produced some of a very excellent quality, and if it had been iced, it would have been nectar itself. In entering into conversation with my host, I found him express himself in a manner far superior to what I could have expected in this remote spot, and I could not help expressing my surprise that I should have fallen in with a gentleman of so accomplished a mind, when he laughed, and holding up his hand, which had lost two fingers and was otherwise mutilated, added that he had not always led so quiet and peaceful a life as he now did. He had

served several campaigns under Napoleon, had witnessed the burning of Moscow, and in the fatal retreat had escaped with the loss of several of his fingers and toes. He was now living on a small property which he had inherited, and said that he only regretted having no outlet for his surplus produce. Of course we are all too apt to throw the blame on government if anything is amiss with our private affairs, and he was no exception to the rule, but he confessed that he could point out no step they could take, that would place him in a better position as to his produce. I inquired what were the principal articles of commerce, and he said that he dealt chiefly in oil and Indian corn, but many of his neighbours fed pigs in great numbers, and the bacon was exported through Naples to various parts of the world. The olive-tree begins to bear in its fifth year, and sometimes even in its fourth. The cattle are not only numerous but of a very large size, and in the vicinity of Potenza and Avigliano are of a milk-white colour, such as Theocritus (Idyll. 32) describes those consecrated to the sun. He spoke of the exquisite flavour of the hams from the pigs feeding in the woods. Nature seldom changes in these matters, and in this case we find that she has remained steady. Cassiodorus, who lived in the fifth century, refers to this article of commerce abounding in Lucania, and the sausage, which is the only food I have yet been able to procure, is nothing else than the *lucanicæ*, of which Cicero (Fam. ix. 16) speaks when he says: "Solebam antea delectari oleis et lucanicis tuis." "I used formerly to be delighted with your olives and pork sausages." These are the very things of which my host has been talking to me. Here is the mode in which the epicure Apicius (2, 4) tells us they were made: "Nempe intestinum fartum ex pulpâ porcinâ bene tunsâ, admixtis pipere trito, cumino, saturejâ, rutâ, petroselino, baccis lauri, liquamine, &c. Ipsum intestinum tenuiter producitur et ad fumum suspenditur." "An intestine stuffed with minced pork, mixed with ground pepper, cummin, savory, rue, rock parsley, berries of laurel, and suet. The intestine is drawn out thinly and hung up in smoke." You must know that Lucania was the ancient name of the part of Italy in which I am now travelling, and from the Lucani the sausage was called *lucanica*. The Italians now call it *salsiccia*, and we may trace the origin of this word to Varro and Macrobius, the former of whom says (L. L. 4, 22): "Insicia, ab eo, quod insecta caro, ut in carminibus Saliorum est; quod in extis dicitur nunc prosectum." "A sausage so called, because the flesh is cut up, as we find mentioned in the songs of the Salii, as it is now cut up to be put in an intestine." The mention of the songs of the Salii carries us away back to the early period of Roman history. From Macrobius (Sat. vii. 8) we find that it was more frequently called *isicium*, hence *salis isicia*, i.e. sausage of salted pork, and from this we get the present Italian word *salsiccia*, which has passed into our word sausage through the French *saucisse*.

He spoke also in enthusiastic terms of dried figs, which are found more particularly at Cilento, in this province, and which are what the Romans called *Caricæ*, so highly prized by the ancients that they were accounted food for the gods. Pliny (xiii. 10, 1) says, when speaking of Syria: "In ficorum genere caricæ, et minores ejus generis, quæ cottana vocant." "Among the figs of Syria are dried figs, and a smaller species called *cottana* or *coctana*," which is corrupted by the Italians into *cottate* and *ottate*. In another passage of Pliny (xv. 21, 4), he tells us that this kind of fig, known, we believe, to botanists as *ficus carica*, was brought

Italy by L. Vitellius, uncle of the Emperor Vitellius, and who was
sor about A.D. 34, in the last years of Tiberius.
Being now refreshed, I tore myself away from my intelligent host,
I saw that I must advance a few miles farther before the sun was in
mid-day fury, if I meant to reach Stella before sunset. My host told
that there were ruins on its summit, and this made me the more
ious to put my plan in execution. He pressed me to remain, but the
season is fast advancing, and I am aware that I shall find it to in-
ase every day as I proceed southward. I do not mean to omit the
mination of any interesting spot full of historical recollections, but I
ll not tarry longer than is absolutely necessary for the object I have in
v. I parted from my host with considerable regret, but I at last
an to ascend the hill in the direction of a village, Turchiara, which
about four miles farther on. As I advanced, the country became
re bare, and the rock protruded with an unpleasant glare. No attempt
l been made to level the path along which I was proceeding, and, from
appearance, I should imagine that in the winter season the water
ved along with considerable force. On reaching Turchiara, a large
rch was the first object that attracted my attention, and, as it seemed
andsome building, I expected to find the inhabitants comfortable, and
village of a higher grade than I had anticipated. In this, however,
as mistaken, as, though the houses were built with stone, they were
emented by mortar, and had a wretched unfinished look. What I
ld see of their interior as I passed along quite corresponded with the
comfort of the exterior. Of course there was no attempt at regularity
the erection of the houses; but what was most surprising, and showed
apathetic disposition of the people, was, that they had left the road, I
not call it street, between the row of houses in the same state as it had
e out of the hands of nature. The rocks in many parts protruded con-
erably, and it was not without an effort that I climbed up. A very little
our would have made it level, but they say, I suppose, as we used to do
often in Scotland, it just does *weel enough*. It was now necessary to
ke some inquiries respecting the road I ought to pursue, and I thought
t the best place to obtain this information would be the locanda. The
ple stared at me as I passed along, making, however, no observation,
I did not enter into conversation with any of them till I reached the
anda, which I easily recognised by the various objects hung up at the
or. There was only one apartment, and it was crowded with peasants.
was not plastered; was low-roofed, dark and dingy, though it perhaps
ked more so from the bright sunshine which I had just left. I
need hurriedly over the contents of the little shop while I called for a
k of wine. As the apartment was small, they had everything sus-
uded from the roof, except the wine; hams, which seemed to be well
ed and smoked; long strings of sausages; small round cheeses made
m goats' milk; and a variety of dried fruits, such as raisins and figs,
ich were hung up in nets. Two tolerably sized casks of wine com-
ted the contents of the shop. There were three small tables and
eral benches of the rudest construction, on which were lolling several
yator Rosa looking men, their countenances exhibiting the same
gular form and the same dark piercing eye. Some had evidently
nk a sufficient quantity of my host's wine, and were very boisterous
heir mirth; but, as I was aware of the excitable temperaments of the

southern Italian, I did not know how soon their knives might be at each other's throats. A party of them were playing at a game of cards which I found to be usually kept by the landlord, no doubt as a means of inducing people to frequent his shop. The game was of the nature of what they call "scopa," but I found it to be somewhat different from the game of that name played by the Neapolitans. My appearance among them of course attracted attention and excited their curiosity. With some difficulty I made my host comprehend that I was on my way to Stella. I was sadly annoyed to find my Italian, on which I piqued myself, and on which I was complimented by the better educated, was with difficulty understood by the peasants, and, what was more distressing, I found great difficulty in understanding their language. However, we managed to get on pretty well, and I had rather an interesting conversation with the party, which was now increased by a large proportion of the inhabitants of Turchiara, at least, as many as the apartment would hold. The door was crowded, and they were climbing on each other's backs to look in at the windows. I was, no doubt, regarded as a great curiosity, as no Englishman had ever probably passed through their village before. I may tell you, that to declare yourself an Englishman would not sound so important in their ears. Our conversation turned on the constitution of England, of which some of them seemed to have a pretty correct idea. They inquired whether we did not often behead our kings, and they had an imperfect notion of our parliaments. Our conversation was suddenly put an end to by the appearance of an officer of gendarmes, who strutted into the apartment with a consequential air, and demanded to know who I was. There is no advantage to be got in resisting these Jacks in office, and I therefore told him that I was an Englishman travelling through the country by permission of his government, as my passport would show. He had done nothing more than his duty in questioning me, as the government find it necessary to be on their guard against insurrectionary movements, and I had, no doubt, in his eyes, a suspicious look. I stated my desire to visit Stella, when one of the party said that a friend of his was in the village who was going to its vicinity, and that he would be my guide if I delayed a short time.

Accordingly, ere long, we were on our way. The path lay along the ridge of a hill, a small portion of which was covered with vines, and our view extended across the valley of the Alento to a forest, which my guide called Monteforte. To the west he pointed to a wood of pines, from which, in former times, they got resin, but the manufacture had long since ceased. The village of Copersito lay below us, about which there is rather an amusing legend. You must know that Salerno, which I have already mentioned, possesses the sacred body of the venerated St. Matthew, and that it was conveyed thither by land from I know not what place. At all events, the monks, who were toiling under the weight of the body, reached Copersito with difficulty, fainting from heat. Water could not be found till they prayed to the apostle, when it burst suddenly from the rock, and the water is now considered to be a cure for every kind of disease. This is no doubt very silly, and we may laugh at it, but I could match it with many equally superstitious notions in Ireland. Barregoween well, in the county of Limerick, is visited by crowds of people every week, with the idea that they can be cured of their diseases by the water blessed by St. Patrick.

After passing through several small villages, I reached Il Mercato, situated at the foot of the hill where the ruins of which I was in search were said to be found. It consisted only of half a dozen houses, but I was now so completely knocked up, that, without rest, I could proceed no farther. Luckily one of the houses was a locanda, being part of an old monastery, the inmates of which had been turned adrift by the French when Murat occupied the throne, and which still continued to form part of the royal domain. It is in a sadly dilapidated state, and a few years will level it with the ground. It is amazing how numerous the monasteries were in this beautiful corner of Italy: St. Franciscans, near Agropoli; Austin Friars, at Copersito; Reformed Fathers and Benedictines, at Lauriano; Capuchins, at Perdifumo; and many others, whom it is needless to enumerate. The French may have acted from interested motives in much they have done in Italy, but in reducing the number of monasteries I have no doubt that the country has been benefited.

I did not quite like the appearance of my host, and the ruined monastery seemed a fit place for a deed of darkness, but my exhaustion precluded the possibility of my advancing a step farther without rest. I inquired if he had any room where I could lie down for a couple of hours, when he showed me into a cell once occupied by the monks, about eight feet square, and containing a few boards, on which I could stretch myself. I smiled at the idea of resting on such a bed, but, at all events, I should enjoy quiet and coolness for a short time, and I told him to call me in two hours if I did not make my appearance. I inquired what dinner he could procure me, and was highly delighted to find that he had some excellent fish. I placed a bench against the door, that the noise might awake me if any attempt were made to break in upon my privacy. I slept soundly, and at the hour I fixed my landlord awoke me, when, on looking up to the mountain, I was sadly disappointed to find it covered with a thick mist. I called for my dinner, and had it brought out into the open air, as the heat was no longer so oppressive. I looked out with longing eyes to see the fish I had been promised, when, to my consternation, a dish made its appearance containing cold salted fish, swimming in vapid vinegar, and spiced with every herb, I am quite sure, that the Mountain Stella could produce. It was the most abominable compound that I had ever tasted, but mine host looked so wistfully in my face to hear its praises, that I could not find it in my heart to tell him so. Sausage was again my dinner, with the coarse black bread of the country. The wine, too, was miserable, but I had made up my mind to rough it. While I was thus employed, I was surprised to see a manufactory busily at work on the opposite side of the road. It was not a large one, nor very important; it was a potter merrily employed at his trade, turning out the common earthenware used by the peasants. I inquired where he found a market for his merchandise, and he told me that this village had fairs at certain periods of the year, when he disposed of large quantities of his goods. There was no appearance of wealth about himself or his house, which consisted only of one apartment, but, notwithstanding this apparent poverty, I had heard him loudly carolling some merry lay of his country while he was turning his wheel. The peasantry of Italy are a gay, merry race, who have few wants, and, knowing nothing of those luxuries which have become necessities for all classes among us, live perfectly satisfied with the little they possess.

This fair, to which the potter refers, may possibly be that mentioned by Cassiodorus as taking place in the fifth century near Leucothea, now Licosa, which is at no great distance from the spot where I was sitting. These public meetings, though they dwindle away in importance, often continue for many centuries. Cassiodorus tells us that it was attended by merchants from distant lands, who extemporised a city for a short time. His words are (book viii. letter 33): "Quidquid præcipuum aut industriosa mittit Campania, aut opulenti Bruttii, aut Calabri peculiosi aut Apuli idonei, vel ipsa potest habere Provincia, in ornatum pulcherrima illius venalitatibus exponitur." "All the most precious wares which the industry of Campania, the riches of the Bruttii, the wealth of the Calabrians or Apulians, or Lucania herself could produce, are exhibited at this important fair." He tells us that it takes place "in Lucania, in the neighbourhood of Leucothea," and he proceeds to give an account of a miracle which took place every year on the day of Saint Cipriano, when the fair was held.

I had engaged my friend who had accompanied me in the morning to remain till I was ready to proceed on my journey, as I saw that I should probably be benighted, and unable to find the ruins of Petilia. We started about five in the afternoon, but, though the sun's rays were no longer so powerful, it required considerable resolution to persevere in the ascent. As we mounted, however, the air became fresher, and there was some appearance of change in the vegetation. My eye has been little accustomed for some years to the sight of grass, and it was not, therefore, without delight that my foot once more trod the green sward. I confess that I prefer the green fields, fresh and sparkling with dew, even to the graceful festoons of the vine and the rich hues of the orange-tree. In the lofty region above us, ever and anon, as the mist cleared away, we had a glimpse of a ruined castle perched on the top of a rock, but my time would not permit of my ascent to it. Along the foot of this rock I passed through the ruins of some edifices, which had probably contained the retainers of the baron. Tradition has handed down that it was destroyed by a piratical band of Saracens; at what period is unknown. I climbed up for about a mile farther, when I reached the summit of Stella, on which there was a small piece of level ground, where a chapel had been erected to the Madonna della Stella. There were no ruins that had the slightest appearance of bearing any very ancient date, but there were a good many foundations of ruined buildings a little below the chapel; and if Petilia was of small size, it may have been placed on this spot, though it must have been of difficult access. There were two towns called Petilia, one in this part of Lucania, and another at Strongoli, among the Bruttii, which will be mentioned hereafter. At least, this is what Antonini and Romanelli maintain, but having been on the spot, and seeing the small space of ground which it could occupy, I confess that I entertain grave doubts whether the true position has yet been discovered. At such a height water would fail, and even the difficulty of procuring provisions would be great.

You must not suppose, because I was disappointed in the object of my search, that I was not amply rewarded for the fatigue I had undergone. I would willingly have endured a thousand-fold as much more to have enjoyed the magnificent scene that lay before me. I am not so bitten with the antiquarian mania but that I believe a varied landscape, such as

that which I was now admiring, speaks far more powerfully to the heart, and has a greater moral effect, than any work of man, however magnificent, even though it may be a memorial of one of the brightest pages of human history. It was truly a noble landscape that opened to my view as the mist cleared away. The sun was approaching the horizon, and its rays tinged with a golden hue the sea, which was smooth as glass. All the rocks were touched with the same bright light. I must have been about fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, but so nearly perpendicular was the mountain in some parts that it looked as if I could have thrown a stone into the water, and everything around was so silent that I imagined I could have heard its plunge to the bottom. In other parts the mountain slanted away gently, and the vegetation seemed to continue to the very edge of the water, for you must recollect that we have no perceptible tides here. The shore wended away to the north with numerous indentations, and immediately off the promontory there was a small island, which, on referring to my map, I found to be Licosia, the ancient Leucosia or Leucothea, the residence of a siren, a fabulous lady, who is said to have charmed men to their destruction. It seems a mere rock, and likely enough was always so, but the fable was an allegory to show that, whatever might be the outward appearance of the lady, if the imagination clothed her with beauty, it was sufficient to lead the individual to his ruin. I had again a glimpse of the Bay of Salerno, which appeared in the distance, and of which I had to take a farewell glance. From this bright and lovely scene I turned round and looked into the interior. My eye rested on the lofty Apennines, and below them stretched the gloomy forest of Monteforte, which my guide told me was the abode of a band of brigands. I have heard so much respecting them, and some of the statements have been of so alarming a character, that I thought it wise to hear what my guide, who lives in their vicinity, thought of them. I expressed a desire to visit them, which I secretly thought was putting my head into the lion's mouth, and inquired whether he imagined I should be plundered of my property. He told me that a solitary traveller ran no risk, but they levied heavy contributions on rich proprietors. From the statements he made, I see that they have established a species of *black mail*, and, if I fall in with such parties, I have some right to claim kin with them, in consequence of the same practices that once prevailed in my own country.

About a year ago, he tells me, that a proprietor came to reside in this vicinity, who had lived in a more peaceful and civilised part of the world, and who refused to submit to their exactions. It was not long before they waylaid and carried him off to their fastnesses, demanding a large ransom, and threatening death in case of refusal. His friends contrived to collect the sum which they demanded, and arrangements were entered into for his release. An attached servant of a muscular frame, and remarkable for activity, was appointed to convey the money, and it appears that this man determined to release his master without payment of the stipulated sum. It was a bold and hazardous enterprise, both for his master and himself, particularly as he had no means of communicating his intentions; but the result showed that he had calculated correctly as to the step he meditated. When he appeared before the band he pretended to have some private communication to make to the chief, and when they had retired to a short distance, he darted upon him and brought

him to the ground. The whole band, astonished at this attack, rushed forward to save their chief, without paying attention to their prisoner, who seized the opportunity to escape. The servant fled immediately, with the body of the brigands after him; but his activity enabled him to distance them, and he too escaped. The brigands, however, have sworn to spare neither master nor man, and they are now confined within the walls of Agropoli.

The gloom of evening had now settled on the valleys below, and I saw that the sun was almost touching the horizon; and however unwilling I was to depart, I had no alternative, as the twilight in this part of the world is of short duration. My guide pressed me to return to the village where he resided, and he promised to find me lodgings. This did not suit me, as I did not wish to add unnecessarily to the fatigues of my journey by retracing my steps. I saw a village at the foot of the hill, towards which there was a pretty easy descent, and I thought it better to take my chance of finding lodgings there. I parted from my guide, and made a hurried descent, knowing, that before I could reach it, evening would already have set in. The appearance of the houses augured ill for my night's rest, though I had no doubt that I should find some shelter. I lost no time in putting an end to my doubts, entering the first open door that I reached, and causing great consternation to two old women, who were the only occupants. I had some difficulty in making my wishes understood, when an objection was started, which had never occurred to me. It appears that there is a law which forbids any one, under a severe penalty, from receiving a stranger in his house for the night without the permission of the magistrate, and it happened that this village was in union with another two miles distant, and there the magistrate resided. It was vain to argue that I was exhausted by fatigue, and that I could go no farther. What a contrast to our own happy country, and how little we think of this! I saw I must yield to necessity, and walk off a couple of miles to the village, which I found to be called Porcile. It was now quite dark, and I should have had some difficulty in finding my way, if I had not fallen in with a man who was going to the same place. I entered into conversation with him, and his head was evidently full of Carbonari, to whom he seemed determined to believe that I belonged. It is a society united by sacred bonds to overturn their present form of government, and to introduce the constitutional principle. I wish them every success, but I am not here with the view of taking any part in their proceedings. At last we reached Porcile, and I requested my companion to point out the house of the syndic, or chief magistrate of the village. I made my wants known to him, produced my passport, and stated that I wished to pass the night in the village if I could procure a bed. He told me that, if my passport was approved of by the head of the police, he would give me a bed, and he was civil enough to accompany me to that officer, whom we found seated at a large table, with a quantity of papers before him. The room was but dimly lighted by two lamps; but while he was examining my passport I threw my eyes over the apartment, and observing a picture, evidently executed by a young artist, I remarked that it was a creditable performance. It was a casual observation, but it touched on a secret spring, and cleared away any difficulties that he might have been inclined to throw in my way. It turned out to be a painting executed by his only son, and of whose talents as an artist his

father was evidently proud. My passport was at once declared *en règle*, and the syndic very kindly offered to furnish me with a bed in his own house. The character of the Lucanians for hospitality has in no way degenerated from early times. *Ælian* (*Var. Hist.*, iv. 1) tells us that there was a law that if a stranger arrived at sunset, with a desire to spend the night, and was refused, the party should be fined for his inhospitality. Of course this offer was highly acceptable, and yet if I had known the fatigues I should have to undergo through politeness, I should have requested to be shown to the *locanda*. My arrival soon became known to the whole village of *Porcile*, and the syndic's house—palazzo as they call it, for every respectable edifice is here dignified with the title of palace—was soon crowded by the principal inhabitants of the village. It was amusing to find myself become a person of such importance, but I would have willingly foregone all my new-born dignity for the quietness of my bed-chamber. The apartment into which I was introduced was of considerable size, and had evidently been in former times rather elegantly furnished, though the dust of age had now given it a dingy hue. The chairs were of that old-fashioned form which leads us back to the time of Elizabeth, and had been richly gilded. Their covers were of faded satin. The walls of the room were hung round with paintings of the ancestors of my host, but the light was not sufficient to enable me to decide whether they possessed any value as works of art. I find that it is by no means uncommon to have a bed even in their reception-rooms, and it was so here.

I carried my politeness as far as my strength would allow. At last, however, I could bear my chair no longer, and I requested permission to recline on the couch. While I was resting they brought for my examination a variety of coins and cameos, of which some seemed to be of considerable value. They talked very highly of a marble statue which was in their church, and they prevailed on me to accompany them to look at it. It had no pretensions, however, to antiquity, being evidently the production of an inferior artist; but they had no tradition in what way it had come into their possession, or at all events the priests did not choose that I should become acquainted with its history.

After a delay, which appeared to me endless, supper was announced and we proceeded into another apartment, where I found the lady of the house, rather advanced in years, ready to receive me. I scanned with curious eye the appearance of the supper-table, which was groaning under a load of provisions. It showed that they were behind us in two articles—table-linen and earthenware. Their manufactory of tablecloths has not advanced beyond the very coarsest material, and the plates were of a rude, ungainly appearance. Silver forks and old silver-handled knives in great quantities proved the wealth of the family. The centre of the table was furnished with a dish of excellent salad—a great luxury in this climate. Then we had a roasted kid, rabbits, and what they called *gelatine di porco*, and *insalata di capretto*, swimming in oil. Celery and beans closed the repast. The wine was of excellent vintage, and there was a simplicity and homeliness which showed that they were truly happy to receive a stranger from a distant land at their hospitable board.

At last, however, we parted, and I was not sorry to stretch my wearied limbs on my couch.

III.

I BEGIN to be alarmed respecting the result of my journey, as I have three times met one of those omens which the Italians consider of dire import. You will laugh when I tell you that this is the third morning that I have had a priest in his canonicals crossing my path, but I assure you that the people of this country look upon such an event as "no canny." Why they should regard the priest in this light, to whom they are so subservient, I know not, yet such is the case.

I had a clean and comfortable bed, a luxury of no common occurrence unless you are received by a private family, and I rose in good spirits, ready to encounter the fatigues of another day's pleasure. The breakfast of the Italians is light—a cup of coffee generally, with a glass of a kind of liqueur, called rosolio, made from the fig; this was served up to-day, and shortly after sunrise I bade my host adieu, with a thousand thanks for the hospitality with which I had been received. Nothing could exceed the kindness of the whole family; and when my host learned that I intended to examine the ruins of the ancient city of Velia, he gave me a letter to a friend, Don Ervasio Passaro, who resided in its vicinity. The younger part of the family accompanied me about a mile out of the village, and we parted with great regret. Before leaving the village I paid a visit to the priest Pietro Zammarella, who has collected a small museum of antiquities, coins, cameos, and seals. There was a seal more particularly which had been found at Baiæ, and which was the nearest approach to printing that I had seen. The letters were raised as in our type, and when covered with ink gave the name as distinctly as it is now seen on this paper.*



This means, no doubt (Sigillum), Sex(ti) Pompo(nii) Valentis, "the seal of Sextus Pomponius Valens." The only Sextus Pomponius who is mentioned in history is a celebrated jurist, some of whose works have been preserved. If we

could imagine that this was the seal of the jurist, it would be a valuable possession, but we do not know that his cognomen was Valens. The family of Valens came into notice in the imperial period, and from the reign of Augustus we find several of some celebrity. None of them, however, have the names Sextus Pomponius, to whom this seal had belonged. One of the principal generals of the Emperor Vitellius in A.D. 69 was Fabius Valens, whose character is drawn in the blackest

* The engraving is a fac-simile of the impression I took from the seal with ink in my note-book, and I have never seen a more close resemblance to our type. It may be considered as the first specimen of printing that is known.

characters by Tacitus. In the royal museum at Naples I recollect seeing an inscription rather remarkable, as it is in both Greek and Latin. It was found near Misenum, close to Baiæ, and on it is found the name Val. Valens, commander (præfectus) of the fleet at Misenum, the same office that was held by the Elder Pliny, when he fell a victim to the eruption of Vesuvius, A.D. 79. The small valley through which I now continued my journey was beautifully wooded; the common oak, the *quercus* of the ancients, the dark ever-green ilex, plane-trees interspersed with the elm, were everywhere around. The vine was trained up the elm in graceful festoons, but, with the exception of a few patches here and there, man had left the country in a state of nature. The first village to which I came was Acquavella, which had the appearance of being entirely deserted. The inhabitants were nowhere to be seen, while it swarmed with dogs, who commenced a fierce attack, and whom I kept at bay as well as I could with my umbrella, roaring lustily for assistance. This brought out several of the peasants, and I was saved from the fate of Actæon. On reaching a small square in front of their church, I found a large party seated, and as I wished to visit Torricelle, where I was told last night I should find some ancient remains, I proposed that one of them should accompany me as guide; but they all refused with the exception of a poor boy, who volunteered his services, and with him I started. Our way lay up a hill, and when I had nearly reached the summit, I was sadly startled to observe a party of men rushing after me at a very hurried pace. It was quite vain to attempt to elude them in a country of the topography of which I knew nothing, and I thought it best to show no symptoms of alarm. I kept advancing at my usual pace, and in a few minutes two of them came abreast of me, with whom I entered into conversation, though feeling not much at my ease. I told them the object I had in view, and I was soon satisfied that they had followed from mere curiosity. They seemed, however, to imagine that I had some other object than that which I professed, and they continued to pester me with their impertinent inquiries. They gave me some further information respecting the brigands of Monteforte, which did not encourage me to place myself in their power. Two days ago they seized two of the rural police, and as yet no tidings have been heard of them. They are a *comitiva*, as they called them—that is, a band of five brothers, who have continued for fourteen years the torment of this part of the country. The Baron of St. Magno was carried off some time ago, and had to pay two thousand ducats—about 400*l.*—before he was released. It seems that they now wish to leave the kingdom with their plunder, but the government refuses to enter into any terms with them. We passed some appearance of a sepulchre, and they told me that there was a tradition that some gigantic bones had been discovered in it, with a number of coins. At last we reached the edge of the ridge and looked down upon a level plain, about a mile in breadth, through which I observed a river to flow in a sluggish stream; and this I knew to be called Alento, the ancient Heles, called by Cicero *nobilem amnem*, “a noble river.” The descent from this ridge was in one part somewhat precipitous, and there a baronial castle had once stood, now in ruins. There were some very aged chestnut-trees growing in its court-yard and in one of its towers, which proved that some centuries had elapsed since it had been inhabited. The plain below was of a marshy character from the overflowing of the

river, and this is believed to be the origin of the ancient name of the river Heles, from the Greek ἑλη, "marshes." Its exhalations render all the villages within several miles particularly unhealthy. I saw not a patch of cultivation so far as the eye could reach, though I was told that many years ago an attempt had been made to introduce the cultivation of rice, which produced such disease among the inhabitants that four thousand of them were cut off. At present this plain, which I have no doubt might be brought under cultivation, is entirely barren.

I had at first intended to return to Acquavella, which my companions urged very strongly upon me; as, however, it would add several miles to my journey, I determined to descend into the valley of the Alento, and thread my way as I best could towards its mouth, in the vicinity of which were the ruins of the ancient city of Velia. I found my descent far less easy than I had expected, though I at last succeeded in getting rid of the brushwood; and on attempting to cross to the channel of the river, I came upon a small footpath, along which I proceeded. Sauntering thus carelessly along, I found myself suddenly in the midst of a party of men who were reclining on the ground. They were fully armed, and I imagined that I had fallen into the lions' den. They were equally astonished at my appearance, and all started to their feet without an instant's delay. They were sad cut-throat-looking fellows; I should not, however, have felt so much alarmed if I had not come so suddenly upon them. There were large patches of brushwood in different parts of the plain, and it was on turning a corner that I lighted in the midst of them. I did not pause a moment; merely saluting them, I continued to walk forward, though I fully expected to hear a halt called, though not a syllable was uttered by any of the party, even my salute being unacknowledged. As soon as I was hid by a clump of brushwood, I confess that I hurried on somewhat more rapidly than was quite consistent with the bold front I had assumed in their presence. It was very much in the *sauve qui peut* style, and I did not stop, except to throw a hurried glance behind me, till I had put a considerable space between me and the cause of my terror. At last I reached a road, which was, no doubt, that along which I should have passed if I had returned to Acquavella, and here I met a small party of women who were returning from labouring in the fields. If they formed a good specimen of the fair ladies of the valley of Alento, they have little to boast of in respect to beauty. Several of them were evidently young, but exposure to the sun's rays and constant labour had wrinkled their foreheads, and given them an appearance of age, to which their years did not entitle them. The climate of Italy brings them naturally to early maturity, and at twenty the bloom of youth is nearly gone. Of course in the higher classes their personal charms last somewhat longer; yet, as they take little exercise, they are apt in a few years to become stout, and lose the elasticity and joyousness of youth. Behind these women followed two oxen, one of which carried the inverted plough, reminding me of the allusion in Virgil (Ecl. ii. 66):

Aratra jugo referunt suspensa juvenci.

The oxen bring back the plough suspended from the yoke.

This plough was of very slight form, and used in some light sandy soil on the declivities of the hills. In ancient times, the plough turned upside down used to be dragged home with its tail and handle over the

surface of the ground, to which Horace (E^{pod.} ii. 63) alludes in the following lines :

Videre fessos vomerem inversum boves
Collo trahentes languido.

How pleasant it is to see the wearied oxen dragging the inverted plough with their languid neck.

Inquiring of the ploughman what he called the share, he said Gomere, which is evidently the "vomer" of the Romans. It is made with two ears jutting out, rising in the middle, with a back which he called Schiena. The wood of the plough, from the handle to the share, he called Ventale, a corruption of "dentale." The whole was light and easily moved, as some of the ground where he was employed was of an open texture. It was made of elm, which is very abundant in this quarter, and was so made in former days (Virg. Ge^{org.} i. 170) :

Et curvi formam accipit ulmus aratri.

The elm receives the shape of the crooked plough.

As I was talking to him, I saw some hurdles at the side of the road, and inquired what was the use of them. I found that they were used as we do harrows, for levelling the ground. The ground on the side of the river is in parts hard, and requires to be broken with mallets before it can be smoothed for the grain. These are the "vimineæ crates," "wicker hurdles," of Virgil (Ge^{org.} i. 94).

I do not know that the river Alento is entitled to the epithet *noble*, applied to it by Cicero, though it may in the winter season be swollen to a considerable stream; but at present it had not much water. There was no bridge nor boat; but as it did not seem to be deep, I plunged at once into the channel, and had no difficulty in reaching the opposite side. The road again began to ascend the valley, but as this was leading me away from a ruined tower, which I believed to be that of Castellamare della Bruca, and which I wished to examine, I struck out of the path into the fields. Here I fell in with a peasant at dinner with his wife, child, and donkey, and I could not help thinking, on looking at their miserable food, that the donkey fared the best of the party. Their dinner consisted of coarse bread and a flask of wine, which they were quite prepared to share with me. I did wrong, perhaps, in refusing to accept their offer, as the pleasure of conferring a favour makes all the world akin. From them I found that the gentleman for whom I had a letter of introduction resided about a couple of miles beyond the tower that I saw before me. The heat of the sun was now quite intolerable; and though I should have wished to have taken a glance at the ruins of Velia, which were close to the castle, it was impossible, as there was not even a tree under which I could rest. Besides, it was of no consequence, as I intended to return. I had now reached a sandy beach, of the same character as that near Pæstum, and I had much difficulty in bearing up against the direct and reflected rays of the sun. I cannot express the delight I felt when I threw myself down under some antique olive-trees, which completely sheltered me. These olive-trees must be many centuries old; their trunks were completely hollowed out, and they seemed to be chiefly nourished by their bark, which was immensely thick. At last, I mustered strength to proceed forward, and reached the house of

the gentleman whose hospitality I must put to the proof. Its exterior was in no way inviting, and its desolate appearance made me suppose that it was uninhabited. I ascended by a rude stair to the door, and after knocking some time I roused a boy, who had been asleep, and found that his master had gone to a neighbouring village, and would not return till evening. There was no locanda within several miles of Velia, and I was therefore obliged to take it for granted that he would be willing to receive me. I directed the boy to find some one by whom he could forward my letter, and I entered the house, which I found to consist only of two small apartments, almost destitute of furniture. My host usually resides in Naples, and only occasionally comes down here for a few days to look after a small property which he possesses. In the lower part of the house he has a machine for extracting the juice from the olive-berries, as well as a wine-press.

After a few hours' rest, towards evening I sallied forth to visit the ruins of Velia, and proceeded again along the beach which I had passed in the morning. The evening breeze was cool and refreshing, being just sufficient to make the waves break on the shore with a quiet and peaceful murmur. After leaving a few fishermen's huts I saw no other thing in former times it must have been a joyous scene of human happiness. Velia was a Greek colony, which, we are told, was founded about B.C. 540 by some Phocæans of Asia Minor, who preferred exile with liberty to an enslaved country. In such matters, history is constantly repeating herself. The Puritans acted the same scene many thousand years afterwards, and fled their country to enjoy freedom of religious worship, which, however, they were equally unwilling to grant to others. These Phocæans found themselves unable to resist the power of Cyrus the Elder, and took refuge at this spot, which was at that time unoccupied, as it is now. The enterprise and industry of its inhabitants soon raised the city to importance, and one of the Greek schools of philosophy derived its name from Velia. In Roman times, the balminess of the air made it the residence of invalids, and Horace seems to have visited it in consequence of some weakness of his eyes.

Quæ sit hiems Velix, quod cælum, Vala, Salerni,
Quorum hominum regio, et qualis via; nam mihi Baias
Musa supervacuas Antonius.

Epist. i. 15, l.

Let me know what kind of a winter and climate you have at Velia and Salernum, with what kind of inhabitants the country is peopled; for Antonius Musa, my physician, thinks that Baiæ is of no use to me.

The last effort it made to attract the attention of the world was by producing the poet Statius about A.D. 61, and from that time its name is scarcely mentioned in history. I was curious, therefore, to see what time and the more destructive hand of man had left of this once-famous city. I reached the ruined castle, now called Castellamare della Bruca, evidently a fortress of the middle ages, of considerable strength before the invention of gunpowder. It must, at all times, have been the site of whatever work of defence the city possessed, as it stands on the highest ground where the hill terminates towards the sea. The city was placed behind it, partly along the top of the ridge and partly in the plain below. The walls may be traced imperfectly for a circumference of about two

miles, constructed of large squared blocks of stone, placed over each other without cement, though not in the style of what is called Cyclopiian architecture. That style of architecture was a rude and gigantic form of building, where large polygonal masses of stone, unshaped by the hand of man, were fitted to each other without cement by their own superincumbent weight. In Scotland, we are in the habit of ascribing every wonderful building to the Peghts, believed by the ignorant to be some supernatural beings; so in Greece and Italy they considered the Cyclopes to be the authors of every edifice more than usually gigantic, and of whose erection they had no tradition. I looked anxiously for the remains of a temple to Ceres or Proserpine, which is mentioned by ancient writers. I saw nothing, however, to fix its position. There was, indeed, a small vaulted chamber, which I find that the peasantry called Catacombe, and which had something of the appearance of an inscription on its roof. I could trace one or two Greek letters, or what had some resemblance to them. Of the city itself nothing remains, except here and there foundations of edifices, respecting which there is no tradition. Many of the sepulchres have escaped, and the inscriptions upon them show that they are the receptacles of generations far apart. Some are inscribed with the earliest Greek characters, leading us back to the times of its foundation, while the *hic jacet* of another brings us down to the period of Roman dominion. I was much struck by the simplicity of a small monument raised by an affectionate parent to his beloved daughter. It was merely a white marble slab, with two full-blown roses engraved on it, and the inscription, "To Nike, daughter of Zoilus." This little monument had survived to bear witness to far-distant generations of love and affection, while sepulchres of far loftier pretensions had long ago mingled with the dust of those who had erected them.

In the vicinity of the castle there were several buildings of a later date, and among them one which had been used as a chapel. One tower of the castle still remains, which I entered, and was proceeding to ascend a ruined staircase, when I found myself attacked in a way that makes me now laugh, though I do assure you that it was very distressing at the time. I was covered from head to foot by a host of stinging insects, and when I gave a glance at them I found them to be nothing else than fleas. You may suppose that I made a hurried retreat; but they were not to be got rid of in this way, and I found myself in a state of the utmost torture. Luckily I was within a few hundred yards of the sea, and I had no way of relieving myself except by stripping and dashing into the water. In this way I got myself put to rights, and, on inquiry, I found that the tower was made use of as a pig-fold, and that these insects are the result of the unclean state of such animals. I shall never be able to think of Velia without a shudder at the recollection of the torture I endured. This adventure put an end to my meditations, and I returned to the house, where I found my host waiting my arrival, and was received with great kindness. He apologised for not being able to give me better accommodation. I was glad, however, to find a roof under which I could put my head, however humble it might be. We spent the evening pleasantly in the open air, and were joined by several of his friends, one of them being an antiquarian, well versed in the literature and ancient state of his country. He told me that there was a

small village, about two miles distant in the interior, called Catona, where the ruins of ancient buildings are found, and it is supposed to be the site of the villa of Cato, which is mentioned by Plutarch (Cat. 20). He spoke also of a hill, called Li Candidati, on the declivities of which many ancient sepulchres had been found, so much so that he was inclined to believe that the inhabitants of Velia must have buried many of their dead here. I asked him where the Portus Veliensis, or harbour, could have been, as I saw no spot where vessels could have been anchored with safety; and yet Cicero, when he was flying from Rome after the assassination of Cæsar, landed here, and tells us that he found Brutus with his ships at the river Heles. According to this gentleman, there were two ports: one close to the foot of the mountain, Lago di Castello, about a quarter of a mile from the sea; the other is called Porticello, at the mouth of the river. Close to it you see a column, in which there was an iron ring till very lately, to which the vessels had been moored. Virgil says (*Æn.* vi. 366), "Portusque require Velinos," "Seek the harbours of Velia," as if there had been several.

While we were seated, I was astonished to observe the field before us sparkle with fire from a number of small flies which were flitting about. I was unable to lay hold of any, as they appeared to lose their phosphoric light as soon as they rested on any object. They called these flies *Lucciole*. I have little doubt that they are the insects referred to by Pliny (xviii. 66, 4), "Lucentes vespere per arva cicindelæ. Ita appellat rustici stellantes volatus, Græci vero lampyridas," "Fire-flies shining in the evening through the fields. This is the name given by the peasantry to the sparkling flies, called by the Greeks lampyrides." I am aware that the cicindelæ are usually considered to be glowworms; but the description of Pliny seems more suited to these sparkling insects, with which the air appeared to be replete.

The white hellebore, which Pliny (xx. 21, 2) speaks of as excellent, and as growing among the vines at Velia, is no longer found here, but grows abundantly on Monte Stella, which I visited yesterday.

At last we parted, and, after a frugal supper of salad, toasted cheese, and sausage, I retired to rest.

IV.

It is, perhaps, as well that these letters will not be able to reach you till you know that I am in comparative safety, as I have no doubt my friends would conjure up all sorts of dangers, that would exist nowhere except in their own imagination. All that I have seen of the people pleases me; nothing can exceed the kindness and hospitality of every one with whom I come in contact, and if I had only seen the sun set from Mount Stella I should have considered myself amply repaid for whatever fatigue I have undergone. I perceive that mental energy can sometimes supply the place of physical exhaustion, and as I am anxious to visit the remains of the cities of Magna Græcia, which were placed along the south-eastern coast of Italy, I am determined to allow nothing, except positive illness or capture by the brigands, to prevent me from putting my plan in execution.† Till I actually see these much talked-of brigands, I shall believe them to be only men of buckram, and shall act as if they did not exist.

The Italians are obliged to keep very early hours at this period of the year, as the heat is so oppressive from eleven till three that they never think of venturing out. For the first two days I paid no attention to the heat, but I see that I must make arrangements to rest several hours at mid-day. My host and myself were on foot before daybreak, and proceeded to the beach on a sporting expedition. I had observed yesterday several nets stretched from a number of poles, and had imagined that it was for the purpose of drying, though it seemed to me an unnecessary trouble. I find now, however, that it is with the view of catching quails, which come over from Africa at this period of the year in large numbers; and as they are short-sighted creatures, and tired with their long flight, they fly up against these nets, and are either shot or so entangled in the meshes that they can be caught by the hand. They make an excellent dish, as I have often found at Naples, and from the conversation of my friends I perceived that they were considered a great delicacy. You will laugh to hear that I was furnished with a gun, who had never fired a more deadly weapon than a popgun; but I thought that I should sink in the eyes of my friends if I confessed ignorance in such matters, and I resolved to be very cautious as to the direction in which I pointed my weapon, and to be in no hurry to use it. When we reached the beach we found the servants already watching, and we were all stationed at different parts, to include as large a space as possible. You may be sure that I chose as distant a point as I could well do, that if my slugs did not kill a bird (a very unlikely feat) they might run no risk of doing mischief. Here we stood, immovable as statues, for upwards of an hour, but no quails made their appearance. They say that they are always preceded by a large quail, who is their leader, and whom they seem to obey. This is the "ortygometa" of Pliny (x. 33, 2); and they observe that they are more plentiful when the south wind blows. I have nothing of the sportsman in my nature, and soon got tired of watching. I was delighted when the overseer announced to us that we must give up all hopes this morning of having any sport, and I delivered up my gun to one of the servants with great pleasure. Quails are often caught here in great numbers, and they form an abundant article of food at this period of the year. I could not find that they suffer from this indulgence, though Pliny (x. 33, 4) assures us that quails live on poisonous herbs, probably hellebore, and that they are the only animal, besides man, who is afflicted with epilepsy—"morbus comitialis." Many of my companions had arms, while others were prohibited from carrying them. This part of the country, it seems, was one which took an active part in the late unsuccessful revolution. An active surveillance is exercised over the inhabitants; and, what shows the little hold the government has over the country, this surveillance is over the richest and most respectable inhabitants.

Some fishermen had landed, and I proceeded with my friends to view the result of their last night's labour. They had not been very successful; and as this was Friday—*un giorno magro*, "a meagre day," with all true sons of the Church—fish had a higher value than on any other day of the week. There was the same squabbling as to price that may be seen with the dealers in that article in every other country. At last a satisfactory arrangement was made between them, and I am sure that the poor fishermen had the worst bargain. The fish consisted chiefly of anchovy and sardine, called by them *alici* and *sarde*. From October to

the end of April these fish abound here. I was surprised to find a man, who had been watching their proceedings, step forward and claim an item of the small sum they had received, as the tax imposed by government. I find that there is a regular guard of these tax-gatherers along the whole coast of Italy for collecting this paltry sum, and for preventing the people from carrying off the smallest quantity of salt water from the sea. Salt is a monopoly in the hands of government, and produces a considerable revenue each year, which would be annihilated if the people were allowed to take salt water, and by mere exposure to the sun produce crystallised salt. It is necessary, therefore, for the security of the revenue, that this restriction should be maintained; and when any infraction of the law is discovered, it is punished by imprisonment and fine. I wished to take another glance at the ruins of Velia, as my antiquarian friend of last night offered to accompany me and give me the benefit of his local knowledge. We were joined at the ruins by a gentleman on horseback, whom I found to be the proprietor of the ground, called Don Teodosio de Domenicis. He told me that several of the tombs had been opened, and that they had contained coins, bracelets, small images, and urns, though I could not find that he possesses any of them. The government claims whatever is found in such excavations, and it makes every one cautious of confessing that they have such treasures. As there is always a great demand at Naples for antiques—so much so that there is actually a manufactory of such articles—it is likely, if he made any such discovery, he would dispose of them there.

We first examined the south-east corner, where a number of sepulchral inscriptions are found. The first is a monument half covered with earth, with the figure of a naked man on horseback, having a sword or spear in his hand. Below is a Latin inscription, the first words of which only are legible: *HIC IACET CALMORPHVS*. The remainder is still covered. It is said to be upwards of twelve feet in length, having been at one time uncovered. The next object in this quarter was an ancient tomb, built of rubble-work. The proprietor said that this tomb had never been examined. In this neighbourhood they find quantities of vases full of ashes; and, indeed, this seems to have been where the inhabitants of Velia were buried. The following inscription is found on a stone two and a half feet long, and nine inches broad:

ΙΚΕΣΙΗC
ΤΗC CΑC
ΑΝΔΡΟΥ

This is, in common Greek characters, *Ἰκεσίας τῆς Σασάνδρου*—"To the memory of Ikesia, daughter of Sasandros." These are names unknown to history.

Again:

ΘΕΜΙ
ΣΤΟΥΣ

This is, in common Greek characters, *Θεμιστός*, which name is found in history as the son-in-law of Gelon (*Liv. xxiv. 24, 25*).

Again on a stone :

ΚΛΗΝΟΜΑΧΟΙ
ΤΟΥ ΔΙΝΥΣΙΟΥ

Which is, in Greek characters, Κληνομάχο τῶν Δινυσίου—"Clenomachus, son of Dinysius." Clenomachus is unknown; but Dinysius is a common Greek name.

The following inscription was on a marble slab, beautifully carved on the top with two roses :

ΝΙΚΑΚΤΗΣ ΖΩΙΑ

Which is, in Greek characters, Νίκης τῆς Ζωιλῆ—"In memory of Nike, daughter of Zoilus." Nice is the Greek for our common name Victoria, and shows that the daughter of the Duke of Kent is not the first who has borne the name. We find many of the name of Zoilus, and more particularly a grammarian who was celebrated for the asperity with which he assailed Homer, from which he received the name of Ὀμηρομάστιξ. His name became proverbial for a captious and malignant critic :

Quisquis es, ex illo, Zoile, nomen habes.

OID, *Rem. Am.* 366.

Whoever thou art, Zoilus, thou hast acquired a name from thy malignity.

Again :

ΣΩΦΡΟΝ
ΝΑΚΤΗΣ
ΑΓΑΘΟΕΙ
ΝΟΥ

Which is, in Greek, Σωφρόνας τῆς Ἀγαθοείνου—"In memory of Sophrone, daughter of Agathoeinos." Neither of these names is known.

My antiquarian friend pointed out what he thought might have been the Temple of Proserpine, and showed the holes through which oracles were delivered; it appears to me, however, to be a building of the middle ages. Along the brow of the hill is the appearance of a paved road; and there is an ancient cistern, which has been modernised.

The castle derives its epithet, Bruca, from a wood, which at one time extended nearly to the sea, but which is now seen at some distance up the valley of the Alento. The proprietor of the ground kindly invited me to dinner, and as he promised to show me some ancient inscriptions which he had discovered in excavating at Velia, I was not unwilling to accept his hospitality, particularly as I must allow the heat of the day to pass before I could proceed on my journey. I returned to my host to thank him for his kindness, and though he was anxious that I should remain the rest of the day, my time was too precious to allow of any sacrifice to mere pleasure. Accordingly I bade him adieu, and, shouldering my knapsack, ascended the hill to the village Ascea, where I had agreed to dine. The declivity was covered with vines, olive-trees, fig-trees, and oaks. This village was miserable enough, and contained only

one tolerable residence—that of the gentleman from whom I had received the invitation. I believe that he has accumulated his property chiefly by his own industry; and his manners were of a far higher tone than any I had yet met in my travels. Above his door he had inscribed, in legible characters, the two following sentences :

La superbia è il carattere del villano.

Pride is the character of the scoundrel.

La miseria è il risultato del ozio e del vizio.

Misery is the result of idleness and vice.

This gave me some insight into his character, and our conversation tended to confirm me in my previous good opinion. He received me with great cordiality; and though his house was deficient in many particulars which we think necessary for our comfort, still it was the best I had yet seen. In the entrance-hall of his house my attention was drawn to the skin of a large wolf, which Don Teodosio had shot after it had killed fifty sheep. He says that they are still more numerous than sheep-owners like. The room into which I was ushered was the dining-room, and here I found three very beautiful girls busily employed in laying out the table for dinner. They turned out to be my host's daughters; and I was not sorry to have accepted his invitation, as it enabled me to see a fine specimen of Italian beauty. I had as yet been unfortunate in that respect, and was beginning to have a poor idea of the ladies of this part of Italy; but the youngest of these girls was one of the most enchanting I had ever met with. Her figure was slight and well proportioned, her features oval, with arched eyebrows, and her smile most bewitching. In fact, it was well that my time was limited, else I verily believe that I should have committed all kinds of follies. At last dinner was announced, and we sat down to a plentiful display of food; but I was amused to find that every dish consisted of fish, which was dressed in a variety of ways. It was Friday, and my host is a rigid observer of the rules of his Church, though, if he had known in sufficient time that he should have had the honour of my company, he would have taken care that some meat should have been prepared for me, as he was aware that we differed from him in that respect. I could not help smiling at the idea of their fasting on such food as was before me, and told him that I should have no objection to fast once a week on these conditions. I assured him that I could forgive the want of variety in the food, as his wine was first-rate, being a strong white wine, which he called Vernaccie, from the name of the grape from which it was made. In his garden I saw many pear and apple trees, with apricots, from which he said that he had always an abundant crop. Being an epicure in our common strawberries, I inquired if he grew *fragole*; he said that they are found in the mountains in the interior, but it was too hot near the coast. It was the custom of the house for the daughters to wait at table, at which I was not a little pleased, as, being a stranger, I received most marked attention. The eldest son was also a fine intelligent boy. I was strongly urged to remain till next day, and had difficulty in prevailing on myself to give a negative to their pressing invitations; but I kept to my resolution of moving forward as soon as the heat of the day was passed.

The sepulchral inscriptions in his house were the following :

D M
 C·SEXTILIO·OP
 PIO IIII VIR Q·Q
 M·F·CLAVDIA·PO
 TITA·COIVCI·CA.

This may be thus filled up :

Dis Manibus (Sacrum).
 Caio Sextilio Oppio,
 Quatuorviro, Quinquennali
 Marci Filio. Claudia Potita
 Conjugs carissima.

Sacred to the manes of the dead.

To Caius Sextilius Oppius, chief magistrate and censor, the son of Marcus. Claudia Potita his affectionate wife (has erected this monument).

Oppius was quatuorvir, or chief magistrate, of Velia, and also censor, which was a still more dignified office, and could only be filled by those who had discharged the other offices of the municipality.

Again :

ΑΛΑΝΙΔΟ
 ΣΑΣΑΝΔΡΟ
 ΑΡΙΣΤΩΝ
 ΥΙΟΥ

Which is, in Greek characters, 'Αλανίδου Σασάνδρου Ἀριστῶν(ος) υἱού— "To the memory of Alanidos Sasandros, son of Ariston." Here again we have another of the family of Sasandros.

Again :

ΤΕΡΤΙΑ
 ΠΑΚΙΑΣ
 ΤΟΥ ΔΙΟΝΥ
 ΣΙΟΥ

It is curious to find here a mixture of Roman and Greek characters. This lady was the third daughter of Pakias, son of Dionysius; and you will observe that Dionysius is spelt here in the usual way, which it is not in a former inscription, the letter *o* being dropped.

At last I bade adieu to my kind friends, regretting that we should

never meet again, and proceeded on my solitary journey towards a small village called Pisciotta, about eight miles distant. On inquiry, I found that there were two roads by which I might approach it, one along the face of a perpendicular rock, and the other by the beach. The first would have been the most picturesque, and I was much tempted to choose it; but I was not sure that I might not be overtaken by the dusk of evening, and I understood that the path was in some places so narrow that a false step would precipitate me many hundred feet below. It is only used in stormy weather, when the beach cannot be approached, as, though there are no tides, the wind sometimes drives the sea to the foot of the rocks. The country through which I was passing seemed destitute of inhabitants, as I met scarcely an individual, and saw no houses. It is the custom to congregate in villages for protection, and this causes the country to have a desolate appearance. By degrees the hills approached the shore, and I then saw that it would be necessary to descend to the beach. I was not sorry that I had adopted this plan, as the rock was not continuous, but a succession of depressions and heights, up and down which I must have clambered with great fatigue. I crept along the bottom of this rocky coast for several miles, and as I saw no sign of human habitation, I began to fear that I might have missed the path leading to Pisciotta, which I knew to be situated a short distance from the shore. At last, towards sunset, I saw a tower which was to be my guide, and in a short time I met a police-officer, or gendarme, who of course demanded to know who I was, and whence I came. It is difficult at first to submit to these demands, as at home we come and go without any one making us afraid. Here, however, government keeps a sharp look-out on all travellers, and no one can leave his parish without a permit, which he is bound to show when he is called upon. I accordingly produced my passport to the two officers (for he had now been joined by another), and they could not deny that it was perfectly *en règle*. They began to question me as to the object of my journey, but I declined to give them satisfaction, and demanded that they should conduct me to their superior officer. They were so little accustomed to such cavalier treatment, as the whole country is at their feet, that they debated whether they should not arrest me. I showed, however, no symptoms of fear, and threatened them with all kinds of punishments from their government if they dared to disregard my passport. At last they allowed me to proceed, and I ascended a steep rock, partly by stairs and partly by a winding path, to the village Pisciotta. It was the largest which I had yet seen. The people stared and scarcely treated me with common civility when I inquired for the house of the judge, who is always the superior officer of the district. I did not like my reception, and was afraid that I had fallen into a nest of hornets. After making many mistakes, which I began to suspect arose from the intentional misdirection of the inhabitants, I at last found the house of the judge, to whom I presented my passport, and stated that I meant to remain in the village, if it were possible to find a bed. He consulted with his clerk, and they agreed that Donna Laura would be able to accommodate me. Laura was a very ominous name. Think of the famed Laura, for whom Petrarch sung and sighed! I longed to have my doubts resolved, and, pleading fatigue from my journey, I requested the servant to conduct me to the house of my hostess. I might have saved myself all anxiety on the sub-

ject, as you can scarcely conceive a more uninteresting figure, fat, round, and dumpy; but she had a good-humoured face, and promised to give me a clean bed, as well as the best supper she could provide. Altogether, I believe I ought to be pleased with my good fortune.

While I was waiting for supper, and feeling anxious to retire to rest, I was annoyed by three of the inhabitants making their appearance to pay their respects to me. I could well have dispensed with this honour. I could not, however, get rid of them without actual rudeness, as they were ushered into my presence without notice. One of them was a Frenchman, who had resided here for twenty years, and was now preparing to leave it, from the annoyance he received from government on account of his political sentiments. It appears that the government is afraid of an insurrection at this moment, and they are placing all suspicious persons under strict surveillance of the police. At one time there was a Masonic lodge at Pisciotta, in which the greater part of the inhabitants were enrolled; and as this is connected with the system of Carbonarism, it causes Pisciotta to be regarded with great suspicion by government. This may account for the insolent conduct of the gendarmes whom I had met. He apologised for the incivility with which I had been received by the inhabitants when I was inquiring my way to the house of the judge; they had imagined that I was the bearer of government despatches, and few of them feel good will to the underlings of office. This explained satisfactorily what had struck me so forcibly, and I find that I run no danger from brigands in this part of the country.

I can hear of no ancient remains at Pisciotta, though it is supposed to have been the site of the city Pyxus. They speak of a fine natural grotto, which they wish to show me to-morrow, and I have agreed to accompany them.

V.

THIS morning my French friend was with me at sunrise, and we proceeded to visit the natural grotto that he had spoken of the night before. I begin to suspect, however, that this was a mere pretext to detain me, in order that he might try to discover if I was not an English agent on a political mission, as he pushed me very strongly on such subjects. After walking about a couple of miles along the hills, and through an uninteresting country, we reached a place where the grotto was said to be; but he could not find the entrance, and he asserted that it must have been blocked up. This was very teasing, as I have no wish to add unnecessarily to my fatigues, and, besides, the freshness of the morning was spent in this fruitless search. Neither did his conversation compensate for the delay, as he was a shallow, vain coxcomb, prating of constitutions and constitutional government with a volubility truly distressing, and with increased fluency from his entire ignorance of the subject. I may be doing him injustice, but I could not help suspecting that he was a spy, to find out if I had any ulterior object different from that which I professed. It is so unusual for a foreigner to visit this part of the country, that I can perceive that I am an object of curiosity to both the government officers and to their opponents. The latter consider all Englishmen their friends; but it would be absurd in me to intermeddle with the

internal affairs of a country of which I know so little, and I have as yet seen nothing to incline me to believe that the body of the people is fit for a representative form of government. They are, indeed, dissatisfied, and I have no doubt that many of them would willingly see a change. On our return, we met the judge, who behaved with great incivility, possibly from my intercourse with this Frenchman. I lost no more time starting at once with a boy to conduct me to a spot said to be the tomb of Palinurus, interesting to classical scholars:

Et statuent tumulum et tumulo solemnia mittent,
Æternumque locus Palinuri nomen habebit.

Till they propitiate thy offended ghost,
And raise a tomb, with vows and solemn prayer;
And Palinurus's name the place shall bear.

Such are the words in which Virgil (*Æn.* vi. 380) records the fact of a tomb being erected to the pilot of Æneas, who was drowned off the coast on his way to Latium. This is, no doubt, a mere fiction of the poet; still, even in Roman times they had a tradition that he was buried here, and I felt anxious to visit the site of his supposed tomb. The country through which I passed was partially cultivated; there was a very same lonely and desolate appearance from the few inhabitants I met. The tomb is situated at a place called Torrione, near to the village of Torrace, a few hundred yards from the shore, and three miles from the promontory of Palinurus. It had very much the appearance of a ruined watch-tower, and however I might be inclined to believe it to be the spot so beautifully alluded to by Virgil, I confess that my belief was of a very doubtful character. It is, however, much resembling the tomb at Velia, though much larger, being filled up with stones and lime. At one time it was larger than it is at present, as the hill is covered with remains; and the peasants say that coins have been found, though they could show none. There is a chamber below, so filled with stones that it cannot be entered. On one side you see the remains of plaster, composed of small pieces of stone and lime. I think it an ancient building, but of what epoch it is impossible to say. It is a curious circumstance that there should be a fair held at this uninhabited spot on the 4th of August, for three days; and one cannot help imagining that this may be a continuation of those meetings mentioned by ancient writers, at which games were celebrated in honour of Palinurus. The spot where the fair is held is marked by a small chapel and a clump of very aged trees, under whose branches the peasants assemble at a stated period to exchange their various commodities.

I dismissed my guide, and lay down under the shade. It was a quiet and peaceful scene, but sad and melancholy. I regretted when I was myself obliged to move forward. I was in a mood little inclined to exertion, and could have passed hours under this shady retreat. I was still about six miles before I reached Centola, where I intended to rest for the day, as I meant to examine the promontory of Palinurus to-morrow. My friend at Ascea furnished me with a letter of introduction to a gentleman at Centola, so that I had no fear of being able to find accommodation.

The country still continued to be uncultivated, and the bare white limestone rocks are disagreeable to the eye. The few peasants I

looked strangely upon me, and were anxious to know on what errand I was bent. If I had attempted to explain it, I am sure that they would not have understood me, or else disbelieved my statements. I reached at last a small river called Molpa, the ancient Melpes, which I had some difficulty in crossing. Here was situated the parish mill, to which all the grain must be sent to be ground. In every parish there is a mill under the control of government, and it is in this way able to tax the people at its discretion.

It was now past mid-day, and the heat was most exhausting, yet I had still a steep ascent to mount before I could reach Centola. Half way up the hill I came to a monastery, and I resolved to take shelter, if the good monks would admit a heretic. I rang the bell, and after some delay a young monk made his appearance, when I stated to him that I was a foreigner, and should be obliged to him if he would allow me to remain a short time, till I had recovered from my exhaustion. He conducted me at once to the superior, who received me with great cordiality and politeness. He gave directions that dinner should be got ready, and regretted that it was not such as he could have wished, since the rules of his order compelled them to live in the most temperate manner. I was conducted to the refectory, a large gloomy hall, with two long tables and some rudely constructed wooden benches; and here the inmates of the monastery crowded round me. They had no appearance of living on spare diet, being as jolly a set of fellows as could anywhere be met. They eat twice a day—at eleven o'clock in the morning, and at seven in the evening. Three dishes were all they were allowed—soup, macaroni, and an omelette, with fruit in its proper season. Their garden showed that, whatever else they neglected, they paid due attention to horticulture. Any one might enter their society who could muster a sum of thirty ducats, about five pounds of our money; but there are only fifteen monks at present, who are supported principally by the voluntary contributions of the people.

This monastery had, like many others, been suppressed by the French, and it has never recovered the blow it then received. They have a small library, chiefly of old theological works, in a confused and dirty state, showing that study formed no part of their duty; and I was amused when the superior apologised for its appearance by remarking that they had not found time to arrange it since they were visited by the French. They had been restored to their monastery for fifteen years. They inquired if I were not a heretic; and when I acknowledged that I was what they so denominated, they expressed their regret that I should be doomed to eternal damnation. I asked if they did not think it sinful to receive me in their house; when they remarked that I was *un uomo*, a fellow-creature, and that as God made the sun to shine on the just and the unjust, they had no right to refuse me the slight assistance they could afford me. When I stated that I intended to remain the rest of the day at Centola, the superior pressed me kindly to accept of a bed, which, however, I thought it better to refuse, and to press on to Centola.

Accordingly, I made my way to the syndic's house, and found him to be a young man of pleasing manners. Having seen that my passport was regular, he invited me to accompany him to his brother's house, and here they proposed that I should take up my residence for the night. They offered to prepare dinner, and when I refused on the plea of having

already enjoyed the hospitality of the Capuchin friars, they brought me rosolio and prepared coffee for me. Nothing, in fact, could exceed the genuine, unaffected kindness of these simple people. I declined, however, their proposal to remain the night, and proceeded to deliver my letter; but the maid-servant who answered my summons had evidently been roused from her slumbers, and was in bad humour. She told me that her master was enjoying his siesta, and could not be disturbed, nor would she admit me within the house before her master gave permission. There was no use disputing the point with her, nor did she indeed give me an opportunity, as she slammed the door in my face, and I imagine retired to finish her disturbed slumbers. Thus within an hour I had called up a variety of human passions and human feelings. What a contrast between the kindness of the monks and the unmannerly rudeness of this girl!

I might have returned to the house where I had been received so kindly; there was little doubt, however, that they too were now enjoying their repose, as all others seemed to be doing, and I did not think it right to disturb them. Luckily, I found a tree, under whose shade I sat down. I made a pillow of my knapsack, and was soon soundly asleep. How long I may have reposed I know not, but several hours must have passed, as the sun was far advanced in its course when I awoke. I started up in some alarm to examine if all my goods were safe; every thing was right, and I felt quite refreshed by my slumbers. I returned to the house of the gentleman, and, having presented my letter, was received with the utmost kindness by the whole family. The lady of the house was particularly pleasing, and the house was soon crowded by all the respectable inhabitants of the village. We had a very interesting conversation on a variety of subjects, and, in return for the information I communicated to them respecting England and its customs, I gleaned all I could respecting their municipal system, which I find to be the following:

The office of syndic has a close resemblance to our provost, except that there is one in each parish here. Next to him in dignity are what they call Primo eletto and Secondo eletto; on whom devolves the government, if the syndic be incapacitated to act. Those three magistrates are assisted by twenty-seven decuriones. The syndic is chosen by vote every third year from this council, but the election requires to be ratified by government. He is the president of his little council, and, with their concurrence, has it in his power to impose a variety of taxes to furnish money for the payment of the judge, the schoolmaster, and for the furtherance of internal improvements. Each parish has, besides, to pay a certain sum for the maintenance of the central government, but they are allowed to settle their local taxation as they please. Thus, at Sorrento, on the Gulf of Naples, I found each ox had to pay fifteen carlini, equal to five shillings; each cow, one shilling and sixpence; and a sheep, eightpence. The right of baking bread—il dritto di panizzare—is taxed at one shilling and fourpence for every bushel of flour, or a measure somewhat about that size, called cantara; wine paid twopence per botto, or skin-full. It cannot, therefore, be denied that they have the management of their affairs very much in their own hands; and if they make few improvements, I scarcely think it fair to throw all the blame on the central

government. The great landed proprietors do not, as with us, mingle with their people, and lead the way in improvements. The great mass seem, in fact, to be without energy, and have no desire for anything else than to eat and sleep. There are a few men of highly cultivated minds who would wish to see their country take a higher place in the eyes of Europe, but the great body of the people are as yet unfitted for a representative form of government.

A certain number of their parishes form what they call a *circondario*, and to this a judge is appointed by the crown, who can settle all pecuniary disputes where the sum is less than thirty pounds. His most important business, however, is to receive and investigate all accusations of political delinquencies; and to us, who live under a government where such accusations are unknown, it is impossible to imagine how much suffering is caused by them. The whole police of the country is placed under his control. Many are under the surveillance of the police, and these poor individuals are compelled to present themselves morning and evening before the judge, or some deputy, to give an account of their proceedings. Their house may be entered at all hours; and I found one person who had had the honour of receiving three domiciliary visits in one night. In his case it had been without effect; but on examining some of his papers, a written translation of one of Voltaire's works was discovered, and as he was mean enough to give up the name of the friend to whom it belonged, the latter was immediately arrested. It required a purgation of six months' imprisonment to clean him of this juvenile performance, though he proved satisfactorily that it had been written during the military occupation of the French.

Every province is divided into a certain number of districts, containing two or more *circondarii*, over which presides a criminal judge, whose business it is to investigate all matters of a more serious nature. He collects the information, and brings it before the supreme court of judicature at the capital of the province. An appeal lies from it to the court at Naples; and if the offender has sufficient money, it is said that, except in political offences, he runs no risk of being punished, however flagrant may have been his crime.

The general price of agricultural labour in this part of Italy agrees with what I found to prevail in every other part of this country. The day-labourer receives one *carlin*, or fourpence of our money, with three meals.

A very general complaint is the system of listening to anonymous informations, and compelling the individual to prove his innocence without confronting him with his accuser. I met one poor man who had been imprisoned five months on the information of a private enemy; and he was at last released, from the impossibility of proving anything against him, though he still continued to be narrowly watched.

VI.

THOUGH I am not one of those who think we are bound to observe this day (Sunday) with the same strictness that characterised the Jewish Sabbath, still I am of opinion that it is right, as far as it is possible, to abstain from all secular pursuits. It is necessary for the tone of the mind as well as for the strength of the body that a day of rest should intervene, and it is only reasonable that this small portion of our time should be devoted to the performance of our religious duties. It is with regret, therefore, that I am unable to delay my journey, but as my mode of travelling renders me nearly independent, I am not likely to lead others astray.

At daybreak I took an affectionate farewell of my host and his family. They have a custom in Italy particularly disagreeable to us. At parting you are expected to kiss all the males of the family, and as some indemnification for this horrid nuisance, I took care that the ladies should not pass unnoticed; but I can assure you that, even with this set-off, I cannot reconcile myself to the form. I started with a little boy to guide me to Palinurus, which I found to be about four miles distant. The weather had changed; the sun was not, indeed, entirely obscured, but there was a thick haze all around, and a feeling of oppression, which I knew to be the precursor of the scirocco. This wind is found generally to last for three days, reaching on the second its height, and on the third gradually dying away, when the sun again shines forth with undiminished splendour. Those whose constitutions have been long exposed to the climate feel its effects acutely in excessive languor both of mind and body; on me it has not yet any effect, though I perceive sensibly enough the difference between the stifling closeness of this day and the free, unembarrassed circulation of yesterday's atmosphere. We again crossed the river Molpa, and descended by a narrow footpath to the port of Palinurus, where I found a village of fishermen.

Along the coast of the Neapolitan dominions to the southern extremity of Italy, nature has not furnished a single tolerable harbour for even moderately-sized vessels. This port of Palinurus, formed by the projection of the promontory, is the best, but it is unprotected from the north and north-west, and its entrance is only of sufficient depth for small merchantmen. I found on my arrival that my friend had given orders that one of his boats should be at my command, and an intelligent fisherman offered to accompany me to two grottos, which I knew previously were well worthy of examination. The one is called *La Grotta di Stucco*, and the other *La Grotta di Osse*, that is, the grotto of bones. We rowed a few hundred yards under the promontory till we reached a cave, which was partly natural, and partly hollowed out by the inhabitants to procure stucco. It was twenty feet by thirty broad, and the waves, as they dashed ceaselessly against the sides of the cave, produced innumerable echoes, seeming to run along under the promontory and conveyed

from one to the other to a great distance. The fisherman told me that there were a variety of branches to the cave, running upwards of a mile inwards, and this no doubt caused the countless sounds which met my ears; but as there was no remarkable object to be seen, I did not make any further examination. It was not unpleasant again to breathe the open air. We then rowed round the weather-beaten headland of Palinurus, and as the breeze now began to blow fresh from the south, the waves were dashed with some violence against the whitened rocks, which rose for several hundred feet perpendicular from the sea, and on their summit was a small fortress, which had been erected by the French, now nearly in ruins. The fisherman pointed to a spot where there was somewhat more of a declivity, and which it would be rather easier to scale, and stated that a party of English sailors had, during the French war, mounted at that spot and surprised the fort. This successful enterprise had evidently impressed them with a high idea of English valour. One of the fishermen had served on board the English fleet at the time that we occupied Sicily, and seemed to have been much struck with the regularity with which they received their rations and pay. This was a subject on which he became quite eloquent, and he seemed to regret that he was not now in British service.

As we cleared the promontory, I found Palinurus to present three distinct headlands, called by the inhabitants Punto di Quaglia, where quails are caught in great numbers, Frontone, which is the principal point, and Punto di Molpa, from the river close to it. It was the scene of several shipwrecks mentioned in ancient writers, and was particularly fatal to a fleet of Augustus, who himself narrowly escaped a watery grave at this spot. The bones of his sailors were, according to a tradition of the inhabitants, collected and placed in a grotto, which I was on my way to visit, called from that circumstance La Grotta di Osse. It is asserted that these bones became petrified, and have been preserved for nearly two thousand years. I had great doubts of the possibility of any such process being able to be carried on in a cave open to the external air, as the bones must have been completely decomposed before any process of nature could change them into stone. There is no doubt that this singular phenomenon has occasionally occurred in respect to animals, as you see in any museum of natural curiosities examples of this kind, but it must have been produced under different circumstances from those in which the bones of these mariners were placed. I was not, therefore, disappointed when I found it a cave containing a fine collection of stalactites, which you know assume at times strange appearances. Some of the stalactites were no doubt like the bones of men; but the grotto of Adelsberg, in Styria, contains many still more wonderful, the stalactites assuming in one instance the appearance of drapery of most delicate texture. It hangs so elegantly and gracefully that no art of man could equal it. I mention this drapery because there can be no doubt that it is entirely the work of nature, though you are shown at the same time the head of a man with features well formed, and this is also said to be the unaided production of nature. Of this, however, we may have some doubts, as a few touches may have been furtively added to make it look what it now appears. I left this grotto of Palinurus satisfied that it had no pretensions to be considered the extraordinary natural curiosity

which native writers would have the world to imagine. In the course of conversation with the fishermen, I was not a little surprised to hear that the "jactus retis," the throw of the net, is not unknown among them; they buy what the Neapolitans call "vuolo," which is nothing else than a corruption of the Greek word *βόλος*, and take their chance of the quantity of fish the throw may produce. This custom is alluded to in the following passage in Suetonius (Clar. Rhet. c. 1): "Æstivo tempore adolescentes urbani cum Ostiam venissent, littus ingressi, piscatores trahentes rete adierunt et pepigerunt bolum quanti emerent: nummos solverunt: diu expectaverunt, dum retia extraherentur. Aliquando extractis, piscis nullus inluit, sed sporta auri obsuta. Tunc emptores bolum suum ajunt, piscatores suum." "In the summer season, when some city youths came on a visit to Ostia, proceeding to the shore, they found some fishermen preparing to draw their net, and made a bargain for the throw; they paid their money, and waited a long time till the nets were drawn on shore. At last they were landed, when no fish was found, but a basket full of gold. The buyers maintained that it belonged to them, and the fishermen claimed it as theirs."

I left the boat at the mouth of the river Molpa, a lonely spot with nothing but a ruined watch-tower, and engaged one of the fishermen to attend me till I thought proper to dismiss him. There were said to be some ruins on the hill immediately above, and as some geographers have asserted that there was an ancient town called Melpes, of the same name as the river, I thought it not improbable that this might be the site. I contrived to scramble up at some risk, and found on the top a considerable piece of level ground, which was partially cultivated. The ruins, however, were of the Middle Ages, and could not be confounded with any Greek or Roman structure. It could never have been of great size; but tradition hands it down that the Saracens landed here in 1464, and, plundering the village, carried off the greater number of its inhabitants as slaves to Africa.

Why it should have been selected by Maximianus, the colleague of Diocletian, as the place of his retreat when these two emperors, A.D. 305, abdicated, is not told us; but here he was residing in A.D. 306, when he was induced by his son Maxentius to quit his retreat in Lucania, and again resume the purple. It is, indeed, prettily situated on a hill looking down to the north on the river Molpa, and having the river Mingardo to the south, with the sea at its foot stretching far as the eye can reach. It is a quiet spot, and if the ex-emperor wanted entire seclusion he could not have made a better choice. From this eminence I descended to a small plain which led to the river Mingardo, and was not a little surprised to hear approaching the sounds of the spirit-stirring bagpipes. For an instant I thought myself in some remote glen of my native country, and expected to see a Highlander in full costume appear; but a very different sight met my eye. It was a shepherd clad in the rudest habiliments, made out of the untanned skins of the animals which he tended. The soles of his feet were protected by a piece of leather, which were fastened by cords of goat's hair. The longest of the pipes was upwards of four feet, and the bag was proportionally large, but the sounds grated harshly on the ear. The music of this instrument is heard to greatest advantage at a distance, and I fear that I am unpatriotic enough to give

the preference to the Irish over the Scotch pipe; at least, I have never heard any sound from the latter able to compete with those produced by the celebrated Gansey, so well known to all those who have visited the south of Ireland. This instrument is very common in the mountainous parts of Italy, and the peasantry at a certain period of the year crowd into Naples, where you see them serenading the images of their Madonna at the corner of every street with the hopes of collecting a few pence from the more religious part of the community. The airs which he played were wild, and, as he receded in the distance, had a pleasing effect. These pipes are made by the shepherds themselves, and, when they visit the towns, I have found that two of them generally travel together and play in concert. The bagpiper (*utricularius*) was well known to the Romans; and Nero, among his other follies, vowed that he would exhibit thus on the stage, if the gods continued favourable. (Suet. Nero, 54.)

After crossing the Mingardo, a small muddy stream, I dismissed my guide, and proceeded on my solitary way towards Camerota, a village which I understood to be about six miles distant. I had soon cause to regret this proceeding, as I got entangled on the face of a hill covered by a kind of stunted oak, and was fairly bewildered. To add to my difficulties, I reached a spot where several footpaths diverged, for there was not the slightest appearance of a road, and I had no idea what direction I ought to take. It was needless to halt in hopes of meeting any one, as the place was evidently little frequented. I determined to keep towards the shore, as I might, perhaps, be able to get clear of the brushwood, which confined my view to a few yards around. I turned my steps, therefore, in that direction, and reached the summit of a hill, where I fell in with two shepherd-boys reclining under a green arbour, which they had formed with the branches of trees. May we not imagine that this is what Virgil alludes to?

Viridi projectus in antro.

Stretched at ease in a verdant cave.

I got myself set right, and entered into conversation, inquiring whether they attended mass, which they assured me they did, mentioning a small chapel in the vicinity, and the name of the padre. Not much could be expected of them; their knowledge of religion was confined to some slight acquaintance with the Ten Commandments and a prayer to the Virgin Mary. I was glad to know that some attempts had been made to instil the principles of religion into their minds.

I had no longer any difficulty in making my way to Camerota, which I found prettily situated on the face of a hill. The first building I reached was a monastery, and, recollecting the kindness of my friends at Centola, I determined again to make trial of monkish hospitality. How different, however, was my reception to-day! Some time elapsed before my knock was attended to, and when I made my request to be allowed to rest a short time under their roof, I saw it was received with great reluctance by the door-keeper. I was inclined to walk off, had I not been prevented by my desire of seeing how the matter would end. The young monk reported my arrival to his superiors, and, ere long, several monks made their appearance with very flushed faces, attended by a young man well dressed, and evidently possessed of some authority. This gentleman

demanding, in a loud and authoritative tone, who I was, and what I wanted; to which I naturally answered, "That I had not the honour to be acquainted with the individual who addressed me, and that I was not inclined to satisfy any stranger who addressed me in the uncivil tone which he had assumed." The monks, I saw, stood aghast, at what, no doubt, appeared to them my foolhardiness. I was much more inclined to laugh than to be angry at the adventure; my opponent was unprepared for my answer, and expected that I would be overwhelmed by the information he now conveyed to me. He exclaimed, in a highly indignant tone, "Io sono il Giudice Reale del Distretto!"—"I am the Royal Judge of the District," muttering at the same time "Corpo di Bacco"—an oath which the Italians are much in the habit of using when they are in a passion. It has been handed down to them from their pagan ancestors, and means, "by the body of Bacchus." It is less offensive to my ears than *Corpo di Cristo*, which you constantly hear used in a very blasphemous way. I was quite prepared to hear this announcement, as I thought it not unlikely that he would turn out to be some petty magistrate. I told him that, if he had introduced himself to me at first under this title, I should have at once acknowledged his right to question me, though I should have expected it to be done with somewhat more of courtesy. To cut short any further altercation, I begged that he would examine my passport, and he would then see that he was called upon by his government to protect and assist me, as far as was in his power. He was obliged to confess that there was nothing irregular in my passport; but I had lowered his dignity before his clerical friends, so that he could not recover his temper; and as his discourteous tone continued, I refused to have any further communication with him. To try how far the hospitality of the monks would stretch, I requested a glass of water, when the superior pointed to a pump in the court-yard, and told me I could find it there. I smiled, though a little nettled at this additional rudeness, and left the monastery, saying that I perceived that the Judge of Camerota was equally distinguished for his courtesy as the monks for their hospitality. I was amused at this adventure, and laughed heartily, as soon as I got beyond the walls of the monastery. I have little doubt that I interrupted a merry repast, and probably the judge was anxious to show off his authority before his friends, particularly as my appearance predicted an easy conquest. He is a very unworthy successor of Count Florio, a native of this place, Royal Justiciar of William the Good, King of Sicily, who was sent to England in 1176 on an embassy to Henry II., to request his third daughter, Joan, in marriage. This marriage took place.

I expected to hear more of this adventure, and you will find that I was not mistaken. The village was at no great distance from the monastery, and on my way I joined a peasant, to whom I told how I had been treated by the judge, of whose name he feigned ignorance. The Locanda was kept by the collector of the land-tax, and, while I was seated there, a person of respectable appearance came in, and entered into conversation with me in reference to my interview with the judge. I inquired if he knew of any ancient remains in the vicinity, and he offered to point out to me the ruins of a Greek church. I found it to be a small chapel, and that little of it remained. His object, however, was to draw

me aside and make me a communication, which, I saw, was intended to frighten me. He told me that the judge had positive orders from his government to stop all persons travelling through the country, though they were furnished with a regular passport, and that, if I remained at Camerota, he would be under the disagreeable necessity of putting me under arrest. I was highly indignant at this attempt to alarm me, and told him at once that I did not believe a single word of the statement, as I had left Naples only a few days before, and I could not imagine that a government would act so unjustly as to give me a passport to travel through its provinces when it knew the orders it had previously issued. Besides, I had waited, by request, on the Minister of the Interior to explain to him fully the objects I had in view, and the route I intended to follow. He had been kind enough to point out objects of interest, which might be worthy of examination, and to give me advice as to dangers which I ought to avoid. He had even granted me a passport of a peculiar kind, to free me from the annoyances of such men as this judge; and it was too much to ask me to believe that a gentleman of his high character—Minister of the Interior for the King of the Two Sicilies—would act so treacherously, as he must have done, if the statement he now made was true. I wished to receive no favour from an individual who had acted towards me with such discourtesy as the judge, and I should take care that he repented of it, if I had less than strict justice. I offered to accompany him at once to the presence of the judge, who might act as he thought proper; but he might rest assured that I would not allow the rights of my country to be trampled on in my person with impunity. This offer embarrassed him, and he muttered something as to his friend not wishing to place me in any difficulty. I told him that I would not allow my plans to be deranged in the slightest degree by any threats that might be held out; nor would I give any information as to the course I intended to pursue. If he had no further communication to make, I begged that our conference might end. I was much tempted to remain at Camerota for the night, and see whether the judge would dare to put his threats in execution; but a considerable portion of the day was still at my command, and I thought it folly to waste it on such a purpose. I rested at the Locanda for several hours, and heard nothing more from the judge. Towards evening I determined to walk forward to San Giovanni di Piro, and, on leaving the Locanda, I requested the landlord to inform the judge that, if he wished to have any further communication with me, he would find me at that village.

The country through which I now passed was rather better cultivated than that which I had seen in the early part of the day, and though the scirocco still blew, it was less oppressive than it had been in the morning. I fell in with a muleteer who was proceeding to San Giovanni, and I mounted one of his animals; there was no saddle, however, and I soon discovered that the fatigue of walking was nothing compared to the disagreeable jog of the mule. He complained bitterly of the badness of the times, and was no friend of the present government. I had often remarked a small bag suspended round the necks of the peasants, and I had imagined, knowing how superstitious the Italians were, that it was some amulet or holy relique to guard them against the evil eye; but I find from the muleteer that it is what they call "*carta di sicurezza*," a

paper giving a description of their personal appearance, their height, the colour of their hair, and any peculiarity that may serve to distinguish one man from another. This must be worn by every person in the kingdom, and of course a certain sum of money must be paid for it. This is nothing else than a poll-tax, the most unjust of all, severely felt by the poor and not at all by the rich. It must be renewed every year, and if any one be found without this paper he is liable to be thrown into prison.

At the entrance to the village I parted from my companion, and proceeded to present myself before the chief magistrate. I had some misgivings as to my night's rest when I observed the wretched appearance of the houses. The people crowded to their doors as I passed, and seemed amused, if I may judge from the peals of laughter I heard behind me. I made my way to the syndic's house, which was in a sadly dilapidated state, and with scarcely a vestige of furniture within. What must I expect to find at the public Locanda if the chief magistrate resided in such a hovel? He was not at home, and I was obliged to wait, hungry and tired, till he made his appearance, as no one would dare to receive me till my passport was found to be good. When he returned, I found him to be quite civil, and he immediately despatched his servant to search for a bed, which was furnished me by the old lady who kept the shop of the village. The sun had been set for some time, and it was quite dark when I issued forth to proceed to my lodgings. A boy carried a small lamp before me, the glimmering of which was just sufficient to prevent me stumbling over the uneven street of San Giovanni. The shop was crowded with peasants, whose noise and turmoil augured ill for my repose, and I inquired with eagerness where I was to sleep. Luckily, my bed-chamber was separated from the shop, on the opposite side of the narrow lane up a ruinous stair. I ordered supper, which was to consist of broiled sausage and cheese, with the best wine she could furnish. My table was a large box, and I sat down on a hard bench. The bed looked so filthy that it was impossible to think of undressing, but I had no doubt that I should sleep sound enough on the coverlet. My landlady came in to say that her son must sleep in the same room with me, and I inquired where she would find a second bed. She pointed to the bench on which I was seated, and said he would stretch himself on the top. I remonstrated strongly against this intrusion, and examined the bolt of the door with a view of securing myself. Alas! it was boltless, and I was entirely at their mercy. I placed my money and whatever articles of value I had with me under my head, and I did not feel quite at my ease, as you may suppose.

VII.

THANK God, I was neither robbed nor murdered last night, though I had some doubts whether I should again see the light of day. With such misgivings, you will readily believe that I had no inclination to sleep till I surveyed my companion for the night, and could judge by his appearance whether he was likely to close my career. I tried to nourish my lamp, that I might be able to see him; but not all my ingenuity could succeed to keep in its flickering light. I dare say that the very methods I took

to make it burn caused it to go out; at all events, I was now in total darkness, stretched on the top of my bed, watching anxiously to hear a footstep, when at last some one stealthily approached, and I was somewhat relieved by the appearance of a glimmering light. The door opened, and a tall man entered, with a peasant's large cloak wrapped round him; and, as the light of the lamp fell on his countenance, my fears made me suppose that I had never seen any one more strongly marked with all the evil passions of our nature. I remained immovable on the bed, apparently asleep, watching anxiously all his proceedings. He blew out his lamp and lay down at full length on the box, where I soon found, by the regularity of his breathing, that he was fast asleep. I was now satisfied that I had nothing to fear, and, as my day's labour had thoroughly worn me out, I soon forgot all my anxieties and dangers.

This morning I was afoot by daybreak, though I felt little refreshed by my night's rest. I had some doubts what course I ought to pursue, whether I should remain a few hours at San Giovanni, or proceed on to Policastro. I felt some curiosity to witness a procession, which I understood was to take place this morning, to the Madonna della Pietra Santa—"the Madonna of the Holy Stone"—with the view of obtaining her intercession to procure rain. The scirocco generally brings with it showers of rain, and the priests, therefore, have wisely chosen this day to offer up their prayers. The morning was lowering, and I saw clearly that some rain must fall. This is a common method with the priests of working on the superstitious feelings of the people, and in these remote parts is not, perhaps, much to be wondered at; but you will be surprised to hear that I have seen, even in Florence, the same farce acted with all the solemnity which the archbishop of that city and his attendant priests could communicate to it. I left San Giovanni without waiting for the procession, since, if it were to prove eminently successful, I must be detained in this miserable place, or else I must submit to be thoroughly drenched, as I am sorry to say that my umbrella is already in a sad state of dilapidation. The peasants were beginning to leave the village to proceed to their labours in the field, and I joined a party who undertook to point out the way to Policastro, which I could see on the coast, about ten miles distant across a plain, through which flowed the river Bussento. The country was partially cultivated, the vetch and the Indian corn were beginning to appear; but they were suffering from the long drought. I had not passed over many miles before a drenching shower began to fall, when I took refuge in a hut which happened to be near, and I requested permission to remain till the rain had ceased. The interior was the very picture of misery, and contained an old man on the verge of the grave; but not a word of dissatisfaction with his lot fell from his lips. I found that the river Bussento was of considerable size, and could only be passed by boat, *scafa* as they call it. It was well that I became acquainted with this fact, as I should have landed myself in marshes at the mouth of the river, towards which I was wending my way, as the direct road to Policastro. The old man gave me directions where I should find the boat; but, between my stupidity and the difficulty of making out what he exactly meant, I derived little benefit from his information. The river Bussento rises in the mountains of Sanza, and, after receiving several small tributaries, disappears in a deep abyss at a spot called Tironi, and

having run about three miles underground, issues forth at a place called *Li Zirzi*, six miles from *Policastro*. The mountainous nature of the country, and perhaps the earthquakes which rend the ground, may be the cause of these streams sinking and again starting suddenly from the surface. In this vicinity I heard of a spring at a spot called *Confoci*, which begins to flow towards the end of May, continuing the whole summer in great abundance till the month of September, when it suddenly ceases, and continues dormant till the following summer.

On leaving the hut I met a peasant, whom I hired to be my guide to *Policastro*. As I was walking along, I happened to sneeze, when my companion immediately exclaimed, "*Crisce Santo!*"—"The saint save you!" which is the compliment paid in this part of Italy to those who are thus affected. In Tuscany I found it to be "*Dio ti salvi!*"—"God preserve you!" like the French, "*A vous souhaits!*" what used to be with us "God bless you!" The boat was, as might be expected, of rude construction, though easily enough paddled across. Soon afterwards we met a pretty girl, the wife of my guide, who had been selling vegetables at *Policastro*; and I allowed him to return with her, as I saw that I should have no further difficulty in finding my way. On reaching the public square of *Policastro*, which is a considerable town, by far the largest I have seen since I left *Naples*, I met one of the armed police; and being by this time pretty well acquainted with the impertinence of these subordinates, I requested that he would conduct me to the house of the syndic. We found the worthy magistrate industriously employed in reducing oak bark to a state fit for tanning leather. He directed me to proceed to his chancellor, whom I found sick in bed, and rather testy at my intrusion. He insisted that I should proceed to *Bonati*, a village five miles distant, for the purpose of showing my passport to the judge of the district, which I positively refused to do, unless he sent me under arrest. He told me that, wherever I passed the night, the magistrate of the village would require the signature of the judge. I told him, however, that I should go on in the route I had already determined, till I was actually stopped, and that all I wished from him was permission to examine the antiquities of *Policastro*. This he readily granted, and, to prevent any further annoyance, I hired the armed policeman to accompany me, that I might not be stopped by any other of these myrmidons.

I proceeded to the house of the curate, whom I thought not unlikely to be acquainted with the ancient remains of his own city, and from whom I might derive some information, if he were inclined to be civil. I found him engaged in the performance of his religious duties in the cathedral. I waited till he had concluded, and met him at the door, when I explained to him the objects I had in view; but he was a sad barbarian, ignorant and rude. Several of his congregation, however, who overheard our conversation, came forward and offered at once to point out the small remains of the ancient town, which we know to have been called *Buxentum*. The name of the river which I had crossed is only a slight corruption of this word. In front of the cathedral lie several fine marble pillars, half buried in the earth, and which must have belonged to a temple, probably on the site of the cathedral. The only inscriptions that I could find were built into the belfry, and were imperfect; the one was addressed to *Germanicus*, and the other to a daughter of *Drusus*. They were the follow-

ing, and it is strange that they should not have been copied correctly by the local geographers :

GERMANICO CAESARI.
 TI . AVG . F . DIVI . AVG . N
 DIVI . IVLI . PRON . AVG
 COS . II . IMPERATOR . II .

It is impossible to say how the family of Tiberius became connected with Buxentum ; but this inscription is to the honour of Drusus Caesar Germanicus, son of the Emperor Tiberius, who was consul for the second time A.D. 18.

The other is

AVGVSTAE . IVLIA
 DRVSI . F
 DIVI . AVGVSTI

This was Julia, daughter of the former, who married, A.D. 20, her first cousin, Nero, son of Germanicus and Agrippina. She incurred the hatred of Messalina, and, at her instigation, was put to death by the Emperor Claudius, A.D. 59.

There must, of course, have been property in this quarter belonging to the imperial family to account for these inscriptions. It is curious that four hundred years after their erection we should find Buxentum become the birthplace of another emperor, Severus Libius, who reigned from A.D. 461—465. An old chronicler of the ninth century says: "In Buxento, usque ad presentem diem monstratur ruinosa ædes, ubi natus est Imperator Severus Libius, et ejus avus fuit familiaris Herculii similiter Imperatoris, qui Melpam ad habitaculum elegerat postquam renunciavit imperium"—"In Buxentum there are seen even now the ruins of the house in which the Emperor Severus Libius was born; his grandfather was the friend of the Emperor Herculius (Maximianus), who lived at Molpa after his abdication, A.D. 305."

This confirms what I stated when I was visiting yesterday the ruins of Molpa. There were also several inscriptions in the Gothic character. I was told that I should find some ruins on the hill above the city, and accordingly I proceeded to examine them. I was joined by a considerable body of the police, who are here always armed with a carbine; and as we passed through the narrow lanes of the city, the people crowded after me, calling out, "Cosa era?"—"What is the matter?" evidently imagining that I was some important captive. In passing through the town, I was astonished to see on several doors a St. Andrew's cross marked distinctly in red, and on inquiring of my guide what it meant, he coolly said, "An enemy hath done this," or, at all events, words to that effect. Political feelings run very high here, and they show thus their secret feelings to each other, condemning their enemies by the *sanbenito* cross, used in former times by the Inquisition to indicate the flames in which the impenitent were to be immersed. The Neapolitans call a door thus marked "macreata," and at one period it became so serious a nuisance, and created such bad blood, that a law had to be passed against the practice, inflicting the severest penalties on all who should be guilty of damning their neighbours in this way. On ascending

the hill I found the ruins of a castle, which had once been of considerable strength, having the date 1393 above one of its gates, but it is said to be of a much earlier period. Several of the police left me here to proceed, as they told me, in search of some unfortunate carbonari, who are hunted at present like wild beasts. You must know that a few years ago the country was in a state of insurrection, which was suppressed by a small Austrian force. The inhabitants are not devoid of personal courage, if you take them individually; but they have no confidence in each other, and cannot, therefore, fight as a body. In consequence of this insurrection the whole country was, of course, disarmed and put at the mercy of the brigands, who used to enter villages at midday and carry off the respectable inhabitants to their fastnesses, from which they were not released till their friends had paid a ransom. Some progress has been made towards organising an armed force throughout the country; the government, however, is naturally afraid of trusting arms to the landed proprietors, who have generally evinced a desire to have some influence in the management of their affairs. An order was given some time ago to the syndic of each parish to furnish a list of citizens to whom he thought arms might be entrusted; but, before the government approved of it, it was submitted to the ecclesiastical authorities, and when it was returned to the syndic it was generally found reduced to one half, and his own name was often omitted. Thus the government refused to allow a man to bear arms who by his office was entitled to command the force. The timidity of the government makes it act inconsistently, and often causes disaffection when none formerly existed. In the population of Policastro, which consists of seven thousand, only sixty were found worthy of being entrusted with arms.

I could find no more ancient remains, nor, indeed, is it likely that any more have survived, as this town was never of great importance. It was a Greek colony from Rhegium, founded B.C. 470, and colonised by the Romans B.C. 197, though never rising to eminence. The marsh at the mouth of the river renders the city unhealthy, and the archbishop, with the principal inhabitants, are said to leave it from May till December. After resting a short time at Policastro, I proceeded on my way along the coast. As the mountains seemed to approach the shore, I suspected my onward course would be tedious and fatiguing; and as I wished to reach Maratea, a village fifteen miles distant, I determined to hire a boat, if such a thing could be procured. I soon fell in with a few fishermen's huts, and had no difficulty in making a bargain with them to carry me to Maratea, stopping on my way at Sapri, which is supposed to be the site of the ancient Seidrus. The boat had not the luxurious and easy movement of a Venetian gondola, yet I have never enjoyed one of them so much as that in which I was now embarked. The rain which had fallen a few hours before had communicated freshness to the air, and as I stretched myself at full length on the hard bench, with my umbrella above me, I congratulated myself on my wisdom in choosing this mode of proceeding. We soon entered a small and beautiful harbour, near which was situated the village of Sapri.

There was more appearance of comfort in this village than in any I had yet seen. The houses were interspersed with gardens and vineyards, and the late shower made everything look fresh and cool. I was struck

by the luxuriance of their fruit-trees. The orange and citron-trees were flourishing in all their beauty. The "albicocco," our apricot, seemed to thrive—the Neapolitan "crisuommolo," of which they are so justly proud. Their word is evidently a corruption of the Greek χρυσόμελον—golden apple. Martial (iii. 47) might have had the scene before his eyes on which I was gazing when he wrote:

Illic videres frutice nobili caules,
Et utrumque porrum, sessilesque lactucas,
Pigroque ventri non inutiles betas.

"There you might have seen cabbages with noble hearts, and both kinds of leeks (leeks and onions), dwarf lettuces, and beet-roots, not unserviceable to the torpid stomach."

The Italians are as fond of all kinds of green herbs as their ancestors were in Roman times, and the salad forms always a principal part of their frugal meals in the country. I could with difficulty get over the flavour of the strong-smelling garlic, of which they seem particularly enamoured. I met several respectable inhabitants, with whom I entered into conversation, and they pointed out to me an ancient inscription built into the pedestal of a holy cross in the middle of the public piazza. It was much worn away, but I was able to decipher it.

It was to the following effect, and I give it on account of the melancholy moaning with which it concludes:

D. M.
L. SEMPRONIO
L. F. POM. PRISCO
AED. DVOVIR.
DES. V. A. XXV.
MEN. VII.
SI. NON. ANTE. DIEM. CRVDELIA. FATA. FVISSENT.
HIC. PATER. ET. MATER. DEBVIT. ANTE. LEGI.

This stone was erected by his disconsolate parents to Lucius Sempronius, a magistrate (duovir), we must suppose, of Scidrus, which office he had reached before he was twenty-five years of age. Their grief is shown by the expression, "If the Fates had not cruelly carried him off prematurely, his father and mother ought to have been placed in the grave before him." You will observe that the last two lines are hexameter and pentameter.

This same idea appears in an inscription found at Pozzuoli, to the following effect:

D. M.
VMBRIAE. A. FILIAE.
IVSTE. V. A. XVI.
MEN. VII. DIES. DECE.
A. VMBRICIVS. MAGNVS.
ET. CLODIA. FELICITAS. PA
RENTES. FILIAE. INCOMPARABIL.
QVOD. ILLA. PARENTIBVS. FACERE.
DEBVIT. MORS. INTER. CESSIT.
FILIAE. FECERVNT. PARENTES.

This is erected to Umbria, the peerless daughter of Aulus Umbricius Magnus and Clodia Felicitas, who died in her sixteenth year. "What she ought to have done to her parents, death prevented, and her parents had to perform it to their daughter." I have seen many of these sepulchral monuments throughout Italy, and this is the tone in which they murmur and complain. Amidst all the survivors' grief for the departed, amidst even the yearning to be gathered with them in the dust, there is not the slightest hope expressed that they will rejoin them in an united immortality. Rarely do they soar above the graceful S. T. T. L., "Sit tibi terra levis,"—"May the earth lie light upon thee!"

I have been deeply affected, as all must be, with some of the sepulchral inscriptions that are found in the museums of Italy. What can be more touching than the following on a bride snatched away within the first bloom of marriage?

D. M.

L. ARVLENVS SOSIMVS FECIT
 CLODIAE CHARIDI CONIVGI DVLCISSIMAE
 QVAE SI AD VITAE METAM PERVENISS(ET)
 NON HOMINIBVS NEQVE DIS INVIDISS(ET).
 VIX SECVM VIXIT DIES XV.

"L. Arulenus Sosimus erected this monument to his dearest wife Clodia Charis. If she had reached life's extended line, he would have envied neither men nor gods: she lived with him scarcely fifteen days."

Can you read this without emotion?

LAGGE FILI BENE QVIESCAS
 MATER TVA ROGAT TE
 VT ME AD TE RECIPIAS.
 VALE.

Son Laggus, mayest thou rest in peace: thy
 Mother begs that thou wouldst take me to thee.
 Farewell.

Peace is the predominating idea in their epitaphs; hope in ours.

The stairs of one of the houses showed a specimen of coarse mosaic; the site of the ancient town, however, had been nearly half a mile from the present village, on the north side of the little bay, at a spot now called Camerelle. Here many coins and cameos have been found, and the foundations of houses are still to be seen. More particularly there are considerable remains of a theatre, with eight niches and some of the steps still existing, two small aqueducts, city walls of a reticulated structure, a portico of considerable length; but I saw no inscriptions, though such have been found both in the Greek and Latin languages. It was a Greek city, mentioned by Herodotus (vi. 21), from whom we learn that it was a colony of Sybaris, and was one of the places to which the surviving inhabitants of that city retired after its destruction by the inhabitants of Croton, B.C. 510. Though it appears from its remains to have been a city of considerable size, and possessed the only tolerable harbour between Naples and Sicily, it is never mentioned connected with any historical event, and drops altogether out of view at a very early period.

I met the boat at a point of land forming one side of the harbour. The

two points of the harbour are guarded by two towers, the one to the west called Buondormire, and the other to the east, Lubertino. I was not sorry to get on board, as the rays of the sun reflected from the sand rendered all exertion unpleasant. As we advanced, the mountains approached close to the shore and overhung the sea. There was a winding path along the face of the hills, but at this period of the day it would have been madness to have attempted to proceed on foot. There was not a breath of air, and the heat was greater than I had ever experienced; yet the boatmen seemed to suffer little inconvenience, though their bodies were exposed, uncovered, to the direct rays of the sun. I am now cautious, as I suffered last year by imprudently exposing myself a very short time on my way to the palace of Tiberius, on Capri, when I received a sunstroke, and suffered for several months considerable inconvenience.

As we were on our way to Maratea, the boatmen told me of a strange phenomenon, of which I am sorry that I did not hear before I left Sapri. They maintained that close to Sapri, near a rock called Scialandro, a stream of fresh water bubbles up in the midst of the sea in such quantities, that when the weather is calm you can drink it unmixed with salt water, but when the wind blows it gets mixed, and you can only see the bubbling in the sea.

After proceeding for ten miles through this heated furnace—for I cannot compare the air to anything else—the mountains were seen to recede somewhat from the shore, and a deep valley ran far into the country. Here Maratea was situated, and here I intended to take up my abode for the night. My boatmen had no regular papers, and suggested a difficulty which had not occurred to me, that if they made their appearance at the usual landing-place, they would be asked for the register of their boat, and that the consequence of their not having it would be that we should be all arrested. Of course this did not suit my purposes, and what I had experienced already of the police of this country made me quite satisfied that they were stating what would certainly take place. I did not choose to run any such risk, and insisted that they should land me at once on the shore, and I should make my way to the village, exciting as little attention as possible, and keeping my own counsel as to the mode by which I had approached. I crept slowly along the shore, and as soon as I saw a chance of mounting the rocks with any degree of safety, I left the coast that I might avoid encountering any of the police. The inhabitants had with great industry cultivated every little spot in this narrow valley, yet the bare limestone rock constantly protruding had an unpleasant effect to the eye. Before I left Naples, I had been furnished by the Prince of Satriano, one of the ablest and most illustrious of the Neapolitan nobility, with a number of letters of introduction to his friends in different parts of the country, and among them was one addressed to the Baron di San Biagio, of Maratea. As soon as I thought that his household was likely to be awake (you see that I benefit by experience), I waited on the baron, who insisted that I should do him the honour of remaining with him for the night—an honour which I assure you, after my last night's troubles, I was not slow to grant. Nothing could exceed the kindness which I received, and indeed the only danger seems to be lest it should degenerate into the opposite by its excess. I have never felt so strongly as I have done within the last few days the difference between filth and

cleanliness. The warmth of the climate generates insects of all kinds in a very prolific way, and I no sooner think that I have got rid of my tormentors than I receive a fresh supply from some other quarter. I can verily believe these to be one of the plagues of Egypt.

Maratea is situated on the declivity of a high hill, and is so surrounded by mountains, that from November till the end of January the rays of the sun do not reach it. The olive, however, was growing luxuriantly; and I was surprised to see quantities of myrtles, the bark of which, when reduced to powder, I was told, was used for tanning leather. They are famed for cheese, and in Naples most of the cheesemongers and pork-sellers are from this little village.

In the evening I paid a visit to the syndic, whom I found superior to any I had yet met in this office, and from whom I received much civility. He proposed that I should accompany him through his village, and that we should visit the monastery of San Biagio, situated on a high hill above Maratea, and where I have no doubt my reception would have been somewhat more courteous than that which I received yesterday at Camerota. The evening is the period of the day that all the inhabitants assemble in the open air, and generally in the public square. It was crowded as we passed through it, and all rose to salute us with much ceremony. Before we could get half way up the hill, the sun was approaching the horizon, and I was obliged to be satisfied with a glimpse of the lofty mountains of Calabria, which rose in the distance, and whose tops were gilded by the rays of the setting sun.

You are aware that the Romish Church asserts that the power of working miracles has descended to her from the time of the Apostles; and you will not be surprised, therefore, to hear that the monks of San Biagio animate the devotion of true believers, and fill their own pockets, by the exhibition of a miracle regularly every year. They contrive by some means, I dare say not remarkable for ingenuity, to cause a statue of our Saviour to perspire manna; and if I had felt much anxiety to witness it, I might have gratified my curiosity by the sacrifice of a few days, as it takes place this week. I have already, however, seen enough of these mummeries at Naples and its immediate vicinity. The manna is, of course, a cure for all sorts of diseases, and brings a considerable sum into the treasury of the monastery. If any one happens to recover, after he has employed this manna, the monks take care that it should be announced in all parts of the country; and, in cases of failure, they have it always in their power to say that it arises from a doubt in the mind of the patient as to the efficacy of the remedy.

I have inquired respecting ancient remains, as geographers are inclined to place the city Blanda on this site; but I can hear of nothing, except, indeed, a tower on the shore, which they call Torre di Venere, where it is possible that a temple of Venus may have been situated. No coins or cameos seem ever to have been found here. The evening had now closed in before I again reached the house of my host, and I was not sorry to observe, on my return, symptoms of supper at an earlier hour than is usual among the Italians. Their hours of eating do not correspond with ours. They rise at daybreak, and, if they can afford it, they have a cup of coffee mixed with rosolio, but unaccompanied with any eatables; if they are poor, they are satisfied with a glass of bad anisette, a kind of spirits,

which it requires some time to render palatable. I have only as yet reached the point of considering it not particularly nauseous. About mid-day they dine, and, of course, the food depends on the wealth of the individual; it is, however, rather in quantity than quality that they differ. They then retire to bed, and the house is shut up till four in the afternoon, when they take a cup of coffee, and about ten at night they have a substantial supper. At least, I observed that their supper exhibited, according to the custom of their progenitors, a greater variety of dishes than any other of their meals. The sausage generally appears in some form at every meal, and this evening we had it served up surrounded by the snow-white macaroni. I do not know whether the Romans knew such a dish, but they evidently made use of the sausage in the same way, as we find Martial (xiii. 35) speaks of it thus:

Filia Picenæ venio Lucanica porcæ :
Pultibus hinc niveis grata corona datur.

“In the form of a Lucanian sausage I come descended from a Picenian pig; by me an agreeable garnish is given to snow-white pottage.”

Before we sat down to supper, the baron showed me a very beautiful brass image of Cupid, which had been found at a small village, Rivello, a few miles from Maratea; the god was blinded with a fascia, and held a heart in his left hand, in which there had once been some precious stones. It was prettily designed, and of superior workmanship. The baron said that Rivello seems to have been the site of some ancient town, from the ruins of buildings of a reticulated structure and the form of a circus, which can be distinctly traced.

While we were conversing, a man came in to say that a friend had been severely stung during the afternoon by hornets, and wished some juice of the fig to rub over the place, as it is considered a sedative to the pain on such occasions. The juice must be taken before the fruit is ripe, as it possesses a peculiar acidity at that stage. They use it, also, to remove warts, the “*verruca*” of the Romans. Pliny (xxiii. 63, 1) refers to the “*fici succus lacteus*”—“the milky juice of the fig”—being made use of for this very purpose; and it is not surprising that tradition should have handed down from father to son a remedy for such attacks, as they must be constantly taking place. The hornet is a great annoyance in the summer months in Italy. Last summer, while I was residing at Sorrento, there was a lane which it was impossible to pass with any safety from the vicious attacks of these insects.

VIII.

You must not be alarmed at the account of this day's proceedings, though I confess a speedy and melancholy conclusion had nearly been brought to my projected tour. Luckily, no serious injury has befallen me, though I feel somewhat stiff and bruised.

You will observe that my face is still turned towards the south, and I hope that I shall be able to continue in that direction for other two hundred miles; but what has happened to-day will be a warning not to be too sanguine, as I am exposed to a variety of disasters, any one of which may close my career. I had some hesitation this morning how I should proceed, whether by boat or on foot: I found, however, from my friends, that the coast continued for the next ten miles of the same rocky, precipitous character, and therefore I thought it the wisest plan to hire a boat to convey me to a celebrated grotto, about ten miles along the coast.

In descending to the shore, I passed upwards of fifty women carrying large bundles of wood, which I find are sent to Malta for the consumption of that island. It must be a laborious employment, and I was sorry to hear always performed by women. On stepping on board my boat, the custom-house officer insisted on satisfying his curiosity as to the contents of my knapsack. What contraband articles were likely to be conveyed from Maratea it is difficult to imagine; probably a bribe was all he wanted from me to leave it untouched. I laughed at the absurdity of his proposal, and made no objection to as minute an examination as he chose.

The mountainous character of the coast continued for about ten miles, and we found several small islands, probably those mentioned by Pliny as *Ithacesiæ*. The village of the Madonna della Grotta is situated at the spot where the mountains begin to recede from the shore, and consisted of only a few houses, which had all of them a small piece of cultivated ground in front. I had some difficulty in finding the grotto, of which I was in search, as the few people I met seemed to look with suspicion upon me, and gave me very indistinct directions. At last, however, I reached the stair, which, from its worn appearance, had evidently been passed by many a religious devotee, but it was now covered with moss, and had long ceased to be frequented, except by a few in its immediate vicinity. It was a magnificent natural grotto, about fifty yards in length, and about sixty feet in height. In the centre was a large baptistery plentifully supplied with water by drops from the roof. At one side a small chapel was rudely constructed, where the statue of the Madonna was placed. While I was examining the grotto, a poor man made his appearance, to whom the care of the chapel was entrusted, and he spoke in glowing

terms of the peculiar sanctity of her statue, and assured me that the Virgin was so enamoured of this spot, that she had refused to leave it. In proof of this, he told me the following legend. It would appear that three centuries ago this statue used to be visited by crowds, who believed that it possessed a power of curing disease. The priests of a neighbouring village, Ajeta, wished to turn this to their own advantage, and, under pretence that the Virgin would be more comfortable in their church than in this dark, damp grotto, transferred the statue with great ceremony to Ajeta. The morning after her arrival the people crowded to the church to pay their adorations, when they were amazed to find the statue had disappeared. Messengers were immediately despatched to the grotto, and there the Madonna was found to be placed in her long-accustomed haunt. Thrice an attempt was made to remove her, and as often she is said to have returned to her residence in the grotto. There could no longer be any doubt respecting her decision, and the priests of Ajeta were forced to give up their golden dream of riches and influence. The festival takes place on the 15th of August.

While I was meditating on the follies and superstitions of mankind, I forgot the slippery state of the stair, and, before I could save myself, I was brought with great violence to the floor, rolling in a very undignified way to the bottom of the stairs. Luckily my knapsack saved my head, or I verily believe my skull would have been fractured, and my career closed at once. I found, however, that I had sustained no serious injury, except that my clothes were covered with green moss, and that I had more the appearance of a merman than of a human being. My ankle feels a little stiff, but I ought to be thankful that I escaped so easily.

I intended to have had some refreshment at this village, but there was no house of public entertainment, and I was obliged to go on for six miles to Casaletto. Nothing could exceed the dreariness and barrenness of the coast, and as the heat soon began to be excessive, I regretted that I had dismissed the boat. I was now leaving the ancient Lucania, the modern province of Principato Citeriore, and passing into the country of the Bruttii, the modern Calabria, said to be the native country of brigands. Of course, I cannot altogether divest myself of this idea, which was so impressed upon me before I left Naples, and I feel not altogether at my ease. On reaching a height, which enabled me to look down into a glen, into which the footpath led, I got a glimpse of some one concealed in the brushwood. It was a lonely spot; I had left all houses far behind me, and I had met no one since I left the village. I regretted that I had no weapon of defence, as it was disagreeable thus to be at the mercy of a single man. However, I had no alternative except to advance, and on approaching nearer, my anxiety was relieved as I saw that he was a man far advanced in years, with whom I could have no difficulty in coping, even if he were armed. I entered into conversation with him, and found that he was on his way to Casaletto; his language, however, was a dialect which I had difficulty in understanding, and we could carry on little conversation. The ground was very uneven, now a deep ravine and then a high hill, so that, on my arrival at Casaletto, I was

thoroughly knocked up; and, if I am not able to arrange my hours of travelling better, I fear that I shall soon be stopped by illness. The locanda of Casaletto was equally miserable with all of the kind I had yet seen, and after resting about an hour, I proceeded in the direction of Scalea. From time to time I took refuge under the umbrageous shelter of an elm, and at last determined to remain until the heat of the day abated. I was on the point of dropping asleep, when a person of respectable appearance rode up, and entered into conversation, inquiring in an earnest tone, whether I had heard of the "*portento miracoloso*" ("wonderful prodigy") which had lately taken place at the village of Ajeta, the very village which the old sexton had spoken of a few hours ago. It immediately occurred to me that it might be some curious natural phenomenon well worthy of examination, and I was prepared to sacrifice a few days, if it turned out to be so. I requested that he would be kind enough to explain to what he particularly referred.

I never witnessed a more solemn or awe-struck countenance than he displayed while he told me his story. My own feelings were a mixture of disappointment and amusement. It was a new version of the old farce of the monks of San Biagio, which I mentioned in my last letter. It would appear that a statue of our Saviour had suddenly begun to emit from its pores some liquid of a sweetish taste in a miraculous way, and my informant had been waiting on the judge of the district at Scalea to report the continuation of the miracle. He told me, if I wished to have a detailed account of their proceedings at Ajeta, I ought to pay my respects to Signor Pelerino, the judge, and I would have my curiosity satisfied. Accordingly, as soon as I reached Scalea, I proceeded to present my passport, and to receive permission from him to remain in his village. The subject of the miracle was evidently deeply impressed on his mind, and I had no difficulty in obtaining from him the following account, which will amuse you:—

In the beginning of last February, the inhabitants of Ajeta, a village twelve miles distant from Scalea, had their attention first drawn to the following miraculous occurrence. Don Francesco Lo Monaco, a gentleman of considerable landed property, and of reputed sanctity, announced to his friends, that a statue of our Saviour, in his private oratorio, had suddenly begun to exude manna, and that he had found the floor and the statue bathed in the precious liquid, when he entered in the morning. His intimate friends were first admitted to witness the miracle; the prodigy was soon noised abroad, and a vast concourse of peasants assembled from all directions. The syndic of the village immediately communicated the proceedings to the judge, and the judge thought it right to examine more minutely into the matter. He proceeded with his chancellor—clerk, I suppose—to the village, but found on his arrival, that the miracle only took place at stated periods. He had only got comfortably settled in bed, when a servant came in breathless haste to announce that the statue had begun its operations. The judge did not choose to be thus disturbed, and sent for answer that he hoped to be able to witness it in the morning. This was intended to show that he suspected some trick, and was not going to be easily imposed upon. Next morning he proceeded to the

chapel, and found the floor covered with moisture, the statue still dripping, and several pails full of the liquor, which had exuded in the night. This was a sufficient confirmation, it would appear, to the judge, and he confessed, with a countenance full of unaffected feelings, that he was so overcome with his own unworthiness to witness such a manifestation of God's presence, that he lay prostrate before the statue for an hour, repeating prayers and thanksgivings. Of his thorough belief I could have not the slightest doubt, and that he was a really pious man everything seemed to prove. It was his duty to report the whole proceeding to the Sotto-Intendente, who is the second in authority in the province. He resided at Paola, a distance of fifty miles, but he came accompanied by the criminal judge to Ajeta, and the two returned fully satisfied that they had witnessed a most wonderful miracle. The priests now came forward, and asserted that the proper place for the statue was their church, and though the proprietor demurred to their demands, he at last yielded, and it was agreed that it should be transferred with all due ceremony to a niche set apart for it. The inhabitants attended in crowds from the neighbouring villages, and the letter of the parish priest to the judge, which I saw, stated that the people walked "*con molta decenza*," showing evident signs of penitence for their sins. Most of them were in tears, and many of them beat their breasts. The letter concluded by assuring the judge that it was a most pleasing and edifying sight. No sooner, however, had the statue been placed in the church, than all appearance of moisture vanished; and though prayers, petitions, and incense were offered without ceasing, they were all without avail, and the statue remained dry as a piece of stick. Two days it was kept in the church, but on the third the people demanded that the statue should be restored to its old haunt. This accordingly took place, and the following morning it of course began its operations once more. The priests, however, again interfered. The same ceremonies with the same result took place, and the statue now remains in the private chapel of Lo Monaco. It still continues to give forth a liquid, and at this moment all the villages within a distance of fifty miles can furnish specimens of it. The judge produced a small flask, and as a particular favour allowed me to taste it. It was sweetish, and had exactly the taste of sugar and water.

I listened to this story with great patience, and without any appearance of incredulity, till I heard the whole; I then stated, in a way least likely to hurt his feelings, that, as I was what he would regard as a heretic, I was very sceptical in all such matters, and could not doubt that he must have been in some way deceived, and that if he would only take proper measures to discover it, I had no doubt he would find it so. I pointed out various ways in which it might be accomplished, and proved by his own statement to me, that he had allowed his feelings to get the better of his judgment, for he had yielded to the mere appearance of moisture, and had proceeded no farther in his examination. When he found that I was not to be convinced, he begged that I would accompany him to Ajeta; and he promised that I should have the whole weight of his official authority to enable me to discover the imposture. This, however, was quite out of the question. I told him that I knew too

well the superstitious character of his countrymen, and their excitable temperament, to venture on any such Quixotic enterprise. I was satisfied that he would protect me as far as was in his power, but an unreasoning mob was the last danger I should wish to face, and I did not believe that the few police he could muster would be any protection in case of a commotion. I recommended to him to examine the matter a little more minutely, and I had no doubt that he would find he had been imposed upon. He was a delightful old gentleman, and it seemed, when I thought of it, presumptuous in a young man as I was to give advice to one who must be highly honoured by his government, to occupy the responsible position that he did in the province. I spent several pleasant hours with him, and on his hearing that I was on my way to Paola, he was kind enough to offer me permission to proceed in a boat, which he was sending there on public business, and as there are no ancient remains between Scalea and Paola, I have accepted this offer. The distance is about fifty miles, and then I intend to strike into the centre of Calabria, said to be, so far as I can understand, rather a dangerous enterprise.

IX.

You will be surprised to hear that I have remained another day at Scalea, owing to a slight breeze blowing from the south, which prevents the boat from starting.

I am lodged in the house of a policeman, dirty and uncomfortable, yet I contrived to sleep soundly for many hours, till I was awoke at daybreak by a fearful uproar that took place in my room. I had entered the house after sunset, and the dimness of a small lamp was scarcely sufficient to enable me to examine into what sort of bed-chamber I was ushered. On awaking, I found it was the sleeping apartment of a very heterogeneous collection of animals. Above me had roosted a number of chickens, while ducks and pigs had spent the night amicably together on the floor. It was the pugnacious or playful propensities of two young pigs that had created all the tumult, as they had upset the pole upon which the chickens sat, and they naturally took refuge on my bed. The insects within my bed, however, I found now to be a much greater nuisance, and I had no other alternative but to withdraw myself from their presence, only too well satisfied if they did not pursue me in overwhelming numbers.

I proceeded to the shore to see if they were making any preparations for our departure. The wind continued unfavourable, and they gave no hope of our starting before evening. In a short time the beach exhibited an animated scene, from the inhabitants crowding to make their bargains with the fishermen, who had returned with a considerable load of fish. They were of several kinds, of which two were familiar enough to me, the palamaji and the sarde; of these I bought for twopence as much as I thought would make a tolerable breakfast.

The sarde (sardines) are the *Alausa pilchardus*, the pilchard so plentifully caught in its season on the Devonshire coast, and consumed by the inhabitants of that county in pies. The palamaji are no doubt the pelamides of Pliny (ix. 18, I.), which he maintains to be the

tunny of one year old. I am not ichthyologist enough to contradict his statement; at all events, it is an excellent fish in this season of the year.

Scalea is situated on the brow of a hill, the summit of which is crowned by the ruins of an ancient castle, which must at one time have been of considerable strength. The range, along which I have been passing for several days, ends here, and a plain of some twenty or thirty miles in breadth lies before me, through which passes a small river called *Lao*, falling into the sea about three miles from Scalea. It rises near Viggianello, like many of the rivers in this part of the country, from springs gushing from a bill. The marshes formed at its mouth cause the autumnal months to be particularly unhealthy at Scalea, and the inhabitants even now have a sallow, pale look. There seems every reason to believe that the ancient city, *Laus*, was situated in the plain about a mile from Scalea, where there is a pillar of cipollino marble, a piece of marble pavement, and some appearance of the remains of an aqueduct. I cannot hear, however, of any inscriptions having ever been found at this spot. *Laus* was never a city of any great importance, and we need not therefore be surprised that so little of it should remain. My guide was the gaoler of Scalea, whose office at present is very much of a sinecure, as he has only four prisoners confined on a charge of petty larceny. His prison, indeed, is not of very ample dimensions, being only a couple of apartments in what is called *La porta di Cimalonga*, a small tower which had once served to defend the town. On my return, I proceeded to pay my respects to my good friend the judge, and he kindly invited me to dinner. Our party consisted of his wife, daughter, and her husband, who had lately arrived on a visit to his father-in-law. They could not be said to be polished in their manners, but there was a simplicity and good nature in all they said and did, that amply compensated for any violation of those conventional rules which we are pleased to dignify with the title of good manners. The judge has a collection of curiosities, among which is a tiny ivory figure standing in a basket supported by four small columns, having been found near the site of the ancient *Sybaris*; he had also a number of silver and bronze coins of different epochs, all found in this quarter. Our conversation naturally turned on the miracle of *Ajeta*, and I now see clearly how the idea of manna was suggested to the monks. This substance is furnished in large quantities by Calabria, and forms the chief item of its foreign commerce. It is got from two kinds of ash, *Ornus Europæa* and *Fraxinus rotundifolia*, which grow abundantly in this part of Italy. It is procured in two different ways, chiefly by an incision made into the bark of the ash-tree, from which flows a stream of juice, which the heat of the sun hardens, and which is then collected by the inhabitants. The juice is at first transparent, but when exposed a short time to the air acquires that colour which we find it to have in chemists' shops. When collected in this way, it is called by the Calabrese *forzata* (forced), but it sometimes flows naturally, even appears on the leaves of the trees, and is found in large patches on the ground. What is still more extraordinary, they assert it rains manna at times, and I can bear witness to having seen something of the kind. Yesterday, when there were no clouds, I was surprised to observe a number of large drops

fall, when I naturally exclaimed to the peasant whom I met on my way to Casaletto—"How very strange!" but he added, quite coolly, that it was manna. I thought the man was imposing upon me, as I had never heard of any such curious phenomenon, except in the case of the Israelites, and as I had great difficulty in communicating with him, I allowed the matter to pass; here, however, I find the thing stated as a fact, of which they have no doubt. We know that moisture is drawn up into the atmosphere to be again sent down in rain, and it is possible that the moisture drawn up from the extensive woods of Calabria may partake of the peculiar quality of manna. I hope I may again be a witness of the phenomenon, and I shall not allow it to pass with such slight examination. The Romans seem to have had no knowledge of manna, although they were well acquainted with the ornus and fraxinus, and these trees no doubt possessed the same qualities as they do at present. The word "manna," however, was known to them, but they applied it to a grain of frankincense rubbed by the hand: "Micas thuris concussu elisas mannam vocamus" (Plin. xii. 32, 4), and Vegetius (2, 39) speaks of manna croci and (3, 23) sacchari.

Besides this, I find there appears suddenly at times on the leaves of plants a kind of glutinous substance of a sweetish flavour, which stops their growth, and is otherwise injurious. They speak of these leaves as *foglie ammanate*, and even *vino ammanato*, when the grapes have a bitterish taste from this dewy substance covering them. It appears more particularly on a shrub, which grows abundantly in their hedges, called *fusaggine* or *fusaro*, because spindles are usually made of it. It is the *spindel-baum* of the Germans. During the continuance of great heat, they speak also of a kind of dew falling, which they call *sinobbica*. Something, indeed, of the same kind is mentioned by Ælian (H. A. xv. 7); he says that in India honey is rained on the pastures, and that the milk of the animals that are fed where it falls is remarkable for its sweetness. My own experience in respect to the manna inclines me to give credit to Ælian's statement.

I had frequently observed a small purse suspended round the necks of children. I find that it is intended to guard against the glance of an envious eye, which is a subject of constant dread to the inhabitants of this country. I believe that this superstition extends through all ranks, from the king on the throne to the meanest of the *lazzaroni*. As soon as a child is born, this purse, containing the reliques of some saint, is suspended to its neck, being the peculiar manufacture of the Capuchins, who refuse any recompense for it. They are, however, well repaid by the grateful mother, when the purveyor of the monastery passes her door. I have often met jolly-looking friars driving a well-loaded mule, and it seems that the same custom now prevails here, as in merry England in ancient times, of collecting donations of provisions for the monastery from the neighbouring inhabitants. It is then that the mother is expected to recollect the favour conferred on her child by the Capuchins. It is curious to observe how unwilling they are to have their children gazed on by strangers from this cause, and how quickly they convey them away from your sight, if they observe that you stop to admire them. With us, parents are gratified to hear their children praised for their personal appearance; with

them, it gives great annoyance. They are always in dread of a particular squint of the eyes called *Jettatura*, which some possess, and to which they ascribe all kinds of calamities. If their eye meets that of such a person, they are sure to anticipate some misfortune, unless they have taken some immediate steps to neutralise the effect; and you will be amused to hear with what ease this may be accomplished, but it must be done at once. They have only to point their fore and little fingers towards the person; they must take care that it be not seen, else they offend the *Jettatore* in a way not to be appeased, and whatever power he may possess, they may expect that he will use it against them. Another way to prevent any evil consequence is to spit in the direction of the person who possesses the evil eye; but the most usual method is to insert the thumb under the forefinger, and keep it in the direction of the *Jettatore*. There are several scions of noble families at Naples who have this unfortunate squint, and they are very generally shunned by their countrymen. I have often asked those whom I found believers in this superstitious notion what instances they could produce in which they had been sufferers, and they were always ready with such disasters as a sprained ankle, the death of a favourite hound or tabby-cat, the breaking of some beautiful piece of china, which they had allowed to fall at the moment the *Jettatore* entered.

I find that the belief in witches is very common here, called *Fattochiare*, and, of course, they ascribe to them all the power which the ignorant in our own country imagine to belong to such beings. They are frequently consulted by the fair lady, who wishes to secure the constancy of her lover, and with such assistance she has no doubts of success. These old women are believed to have a particular aversion to the young and beautiful of their own sex, and whenever any illness, of which there is no apparent cause, befalls them, they are sure to ascribe it to the cantrips of some witch. A Neapolitan girl once told me a story of this kind, in which she had taken a very active part. Her sister had begun to droop, and was becoming weaker and weaker every day, when some of the neighbours suspected that her illness was caused by a *Fattura* (a spell), and suggested that some means should be taken to discover the author. All the reputed witches of the neighbourhood were visited, and in the house of one of them they found a sheep's head filled with pins, to which they chose to ascribe all the mischief. Partly by menaces and partly by bribes, they prevailed on the old woman to undo the spell; but, lest she should again have recourse to it, my informant waited on the most powerful *Fattocchiara* in Naples, who dwells in the St. Giles of that city, called the *Vicaria*, and prevailed on her to employ one of her strongest spells to protect her sister. This had the desired effect, for a fairer or more healthy lass is not at present to be seen in Naples. It is curious that they have the same superstition as we have respecting witches riding on broomsticks, and there is a certain night on which they all assemble under some tree at Benevento for the same purpose, I imagine, as they were found engaged by Tam O'Shanter. The incantation used by them to transport themselves safely to Benevento is,

Sott' aiero e sopra vento,
Sotto la noce di Benevento.

"Under the heaven and on the wings of the wind, under the walnut-tree of Benevento." Two works have been published on this subject, which I could not procure. They are: Pietro Peperno, *De Nucis Beneventana*, and Abate Zumica, on the same subject.

The police are said to have made some attempt to suppress witchcraft, though it may be believed without success. The old woman, called Janara by the Neapolitans, may be consulted at the Chiesa dei Santi Apostoli every Monday morning, as regularly as you can in the summer season have your fortune told on Blackheath on Sunday. I have often heard them say, *Fuite sse ghianare de femmena*—"Fly from these old wretches of women." They believe that the witches have no power on the Fridays of March, and therefore a person nato il Venerdì di Marzo, "born on a Friday of March," is very lucky, as he cannot be bewitched, and the reason is that they believe that our Saviour was crucified on a Friday of this month. If they use the word Sabato, "Saturday," they consider this word, if they pronounce it at a proper moment, a great preservation against witches.

Another strange superstition here is in evil spirits, called Maghe, who are entrusted with immense treasure, which they are willing to surrender on some extravagant conditions. The Grotto of Pozzuoli at Naples is well known to be haunted by such a spirit, and he has offered to give up his hoards of gold and silver to any one, who shall present a new-born babe to him. There is a report at Naples, that the King is not quite exempt from the superstitious notions of his subjects, and as his treasury is seldom overflowing, they say that he made an attempt, through two of his friends, to fill it by means of this spirit, but the condition was too extravagant for even his Majesty to fulfil.

They seem to have no superstition respecting the shades of the departed revisiting their former haunts, unless we consider the Monaciello, or little Monk, to be of this kind. He is usually an attendant of old palaces, and of course causes much annoyance. The Villa Gallo at Naples is said to be haunted by one of these gentlemen; and one of my friends, who occupied it during the summer season, had much difficulty in procuring any attendance from his servants after nightfall. They never could be induced to move except in pairs, and some of them stoutly maintained that they had seen the Monaciello. This beneficent household demon may be propitiated by food, which they expect to see converted into gold; and hence, when anyone has had a sudden increase of fortune, they say, *Forse avra il Monaciello in casa*, "perhaps he has had the little Monk in his house;" but he must not boast of such supernatural gifts, else they vanish as they come.

You are constantly told in Italy by a servant, when any favourite article is lost or damaged, that it is the spirit that has done the mischief. While seated in the drawing-room one morning, the Major-domo was employed in arranging some china in the next chamber, when a cup was heard to fall, and when he was asked what he was about, he very gravely came forward and told us that the cup had been thrown down by *Lo Spirito*.

Nurses still retain the custom of frightening children by what they call *mammone*, which is generally made to assume the exaggerated

figure of some animal. This is, no doubt, the *Mormon*, or *Lupus*, handed down from ancient times. To stop the cries of the child, the nurses used to threaten to give it up to the wolf. You may recollect the fable of *Æsop*, entitled the "Old Woman and the Wolf." She says: "Cease your crying; if you don't, this very moment, I shall give you up to the wolf." At *Capo di Monte*, the nurse made it assume the form of a bird; here again we have the "*strix*," the horned owl, of which *Ovid* (*Fast.* vi. 135) says:

Nocte volant, puerosque petunt nutricis egentes.

"They fly by night, and search for children requiring the assistance of their nurse."

They frighten children, also, with the *Marramao* or *Parasacco*—malignant demons, to whom they threaten to give them up.

It was in conversation on such subjects that several hours passed pleasantly enough; but what has delighted me most is a discovery which I have accidentally made on a classical subject. Our conversation happened to turn on the fig-tree, and I inquired if he had ever heard of double figs. I find from the judge that they are by no means uncommon, being called *Fich 'acchiette*, or *accocchiatelle*. In *Naples* it seems that they are sold in the streets by people, who hawk them about, calling out, "*accocchiatelle e mmosce*." From his description they are the fruit of the *ficus carica*, of which I spoke before, as being a very fine species of the *Cilento*; they are split in two, and then two figs are squeezed together, with the skin of both figs outermost. They have a peculiar appearance when thus put together, being called by the *Sicilians* "*chiappe di fichi*," from their resemblance to the "*chiappá*," "*breech*." *Horace* says (*Sat.* II. 2, 121):

tun pensilis uva secundas
Et nux ornabat mensas cum duplice ficu.

"Then the dried grape hung up (in nets) and the walnut with the double fig furnished our desert."

Pliny also alludes to it (*xx.* 23, 2): *Diocles hydropicis dedit allium in fico duplici ad evacuandam alvum*—"Diocles administered to the dropsical garlic in the double fig to clear the bowels." Of course that the fig has this effect on the bowels is a well-known fact. *Crucianus*, an old scholiast on *Horace*, gives *bifida*, "split," as a synonym for *duplex*, which confirms what the judge stated. *Palladius* (*R. R.* 4, 10), who lived probably about A.D. 355, gives us the mode in which these figs were preserved. He says: *Subinde ficus, sicut est divisa, vertatur, ut ficeorum coria siccentur, et pulpæ tunc duplicatæ in cistellis serventur aut loculis, quo genere Campania tota custodit*—"Let the fig, when it has been split, be turned ever and anon, that the skins may be dried, and then let the pulps doubled be kept in small chests or boxes, in the manner in which they are kept by the whole of *Campania*." This way of preserving the fig is so natural that it could scarcely fail to be handed down from generation to generation, the fruit being one of the most delightful, both in its fresh and preserved state, that this country produces. As it requires warmth, it does not grow in the *Apennines*, but along the coast, both on the western and

eastern sides, it is found to flourish most luxuriantly. This mode of splitting the fig was known at an early period, as Aristotle, who flourished B.C. 330, refers to it very distinctly (Problem, sect. xiii. quæst. 9):

Διὰ τί τῶν ἰσχυρῶν γλυκύταται αἱ δίχα ἐσχισμένοι· οὔτε δὲ αἱ πολυσχιδεῖς, οὔτε αἱ ἀσχιδεῖς; Ἡ δὲ διότι ἐκ μὲν τῶν πολυσχιδῶν, διαπέπνευκε καὶ ἐξίκακε μετὰ τοῦ ἕγρου τὸ πλεῖστον τοῦ γλυκέος; Ἐν δὲ ταῖς μεμυκταῖς πολὺ τὸ ὕδατῶδες ἐστί, διὰ τὸ μὴ ἠτμικέναι· αἱ δὲ ἐσχισμένοι μὲν, μὴ εἰς πολλὰ δέ, ἀμφοτέρων τούτων ἐκτὸς εἰσὶ παθημάτων.

* “For what reason is it that those are the most luscious of figs that are split in two halves, not those split up in many sections, nor those not split at all? Is it because, from those that are split up in many sections, most of the sweetness has exhaled and evaporated with the juices? and in those closed there is too much juice, because it is not drawn off by evaporation; whereas those, on the other hand, split, but not into many pieces, do not suffer from either of these effects.” I do not doubt that we have thus, in the days of Aristotle, the same custom in regard to the preservation of figs that still prevails here; and as to the “*pensilis uva*” of Horace, I never enter a locanda in this quarter of Italy without seeing the net suspended to the roof containing dried grapes or raisins.

Figs are still used by the epicure to produce the diseased enlargement of the liver, which was considered so great a delicacy by the Romans. It was called *Ficatum*, and curiously enough the Italian word for liver is *fegato*, evidently a corruption of the old Latin word *ficatum*.

Horace (Sat. ii. 8, 88) says:

Pinguibus et ficis pastum jecur anseris albæ.

And the liver of a white goose fed on fattening figs.

Of course we have still here the *ficedula* feeding on the fig as of old, now called the “*beccafico*,” the “*fig-pecker*,” a tiny bird of most exquisite flavour, as I have often found at Naples; so small, indeed, and with such soft bones, that the whole is masticated without difficulty. I know not whether any other bird can be so completely eaten; but Aulus Gellius (xv. 8), who lived from about A.D. 117 to A.D. 180, says on this point: *Præfecti popinæ atque luxuriæ negant, ullam avem, præter ficedulam, totam comesse oportere*—“The superintendents of eating-houses and luxurious entertainments affirm that no bird ought to be eaten entirely except the *beccafico*.” The Neapolitans still call this bird *foctola* in their dialect, a very slight change from *ficedula*.

I was struck by a remark which the judge made to his son-in-law, respecting a friend, of whom they were speaking. He said, “*A mangiato di pane con loglio*”—“he has eaten bread mixed with darnel,” and by that he meant that he was *melancolico*, a little cracked in the head. I found that they have an idea that this effect is caused by eating bread which has been so mixed. It is the *infelix lolium* of Virgil (Georg. i. 154), and may possibly explain the use of *infelix* as applied to *lolium*. Ovid (Fast. i. 691) speaks of it as injurious to the eyes, and Plautus (Mil. Glor. ii. 3, 50), who lived about B.C. 200, speaks

of a man "qui victitat lolio"—"who lives on the darnel," and thereby became "luscitiosus"—"dim-sighted;" but the judge knew of no such effects resulting from eating darnel.

I was sorry to part with my good friend and his family. The judge was full of intelligence on many subjects—as fine a specimen of the well-informed Italian gentleman as could be found; but still he was a proof of the truth of what Voltaire remarks (*Essai sur les Mœurs*, ch. lxxxii.)—*Tout homme est formé par son siècle; bien peu s'élèvent au-dessus des mœurs des temps*—"Every man is the creature of the age in which he lives; very few are able to raise themselves above the ideas of their times." He could not get rid of some of the superstitious notions of those among whom he lived; but referring to Lo Monaco, who, I had tried to convince him, must be making a fool of the whole province, he said solemnly as we parted, *Domenaddio non paga lo Sabbato*—"The Lord God does not pay his accounts every Saturday-night," a very expressive proverb, which the Italians use when they mean that God is laying up in his remembrance the iniquities of a man, whom he will by-and-by pay with accumulated interest. He might have quoted his countryman Horace (*Od. iii. 2, 31*) for the same idea:

Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede pœna claudo.

Yet with sure steps, though lame and slow,
Vengeance o'ertakes the trembling villain's speed.

I need not tell you, who are so well acquainted with the various phases of human nature, that it is dangerous for a layman to poach on ecclesiastical preserves. Lo Monaco had, indeed, taken a true gauge of the superstitious nature of the lower orders of his countrymen, but he had forgotten that he had to contend with a large corporation like the Roman Church, that would not allow itself to be thus brought into ridicule with impunity. Not many miles distant were the monks of St. Biagio, who had from time immemorial been imposing upon the people in the same way, and we may imagine the dismay that they felt when they heard of the success which was attending Lo Monaco's miracle. I do not doubt that they made serious representations at Rome on the impropriety of allowing a layman to interfere in a matter which belonged more peculiarly to the Church, and you will hear hereafter of the close of the farce. It is difficult to conceive what object Lo Monaco could have had in organising the fraud he was perpetrating; it was possibly a mere love of notoriety which suggested it to him, or it might have been an intention to throw ridicule on the mummeries which were going on around him. If so, he found it a losing game to play.

X.

YOU have heard that I was detained at Scalea yesterday by the unfavourable state of the weather. Towards evening there seemed some prospects of a change, and it was agreed that I should be called by one of the boatmen, if they determined to start. I merely threw myself on the top of my bed, ready to move at a moment's notice. Accordingly, a little after midnight I was roused, and proceeded at once to the house of the captain of the guard, under whose command, as the boat was carrying government despatches, it was placed. The house was in sad confusion. However, I was received with civility, and waited with patience till everything was got ready. It was evident that the wife of the captain and his family thought his departure for a few days a sad event, and attended by great dangers. His wife was in tears, and clung to his neck in unfeigned grief. I was not sorry when the last sounds of her voice rung in my ear, bearing *buono viaggio*, repeated for the fiftieth time.

It was a beautiful and calm night, lighted only by the stars of heaven rolling in their appointed course above us. All was silent, except the regular and measured sound of the oars as they propelled us forward, or when the boatmen beguiled their labour by joining in some wild and melancholy air of their country. The effect must have been striking to those, if any such there were, who happened to be passing along the shore. The music was of a wilder and bolder strain than that which I have ever heard in the vicinity of Venice or along the coasts of the Adriatic; and when the whole joined in chorus, the sound came back to us re-echoed from the shore. These men were scarcely conscious of fatigue, as they rowed to music. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness.

A merry heart goes all the day,
A sad tires in a mile,

is the wise observation of Shakspeare. But you must not suppose that this was all unalloyed pleasure, as I had many sublunary pains, which were only too apt to occupy my attention. The boat was of small dimensions, and though we tried to accommodate each other as far as possible, still we were sadly hampered. As the dawn approached it became intensely cold, and as my dress was suited for the heat of mid-day, you can believe that I found it little protection at this hour. Still time passed on, and the sun at last rose, shaded slightly by the mists of the night, though its appearance predicted that cold was not that of which we should have long to complain. I could not help thinking of the beautiful description by Dante (*Purgatorio*, xxx. 22) of the rising sun :

Io vidi già nel cominciar del giorno
La parte oriental tutta rosata,
E l'altro ciel di bel sereno adorno ;
E la faccia del sol nascere ombrata,
Sì che per temperanza di vapori
L'occhio lo sostenea lunga fiata.

“ Oft have I seen at break of day the eastern sky clad in roseate hues, and the rest of heaven one deep beautiful serene ; while the sun's disk at rising, shaded by the mists, could be viewed with steady gaze.”

It was indeed such a morning as that which suggested Dante's description, but a short time served to dissipate the roseate hues, and the unclouded splendour of the sun threatened soon to drive away all the fancies of the poet. There was a slight swell from the south-west, which proved an annoyance to our captain, whose acquaintance with the sea was of a very limited kind, and I observed that he cast many a longing look to the land. At last he directed that the boat should be turned to the shore, and proposed that we should walk along the coast, that he might have some respite from his sufferings. The air was still cool, and though every step sunk deeply into the sand, the change was not unpleasant. It had, however, nearly brought our forward movements to a speedy close, as we fell in with a party of custom-house officers, who regarded us with much suspicion. I kept in the background, leaving the captain to fight his own battle, and amused to see a government officer, who was a man of importance at Scalea, sink a few miles from it into a suspicious character. They asserted that, however he might have a right to pass along in his boat, his papers showed no permission to walk along the coast ; and as both parties began to get warm on the subject, I was afraid that I should get involved in an absurd quarrel. My appearance at last attracted attention, and, to prevent any unnecessary rudeness, I presented my passport, which completely changed their demeanour towards us. They pressed me strongly to accompany them to their village, called Belvedere, about three miles from the coast, and which they assured me was one of the most beautiful spots in Italy, as its name implied. I saw, however, that the captain did not relish this proposal, as my name was entered in his papers, and he would have to give an account of me when he reached Paola. One of the officers offered to remedy this matter by inserting a statement in his papers that I had left at Belvedere. Still I saw that the captain might get into difficulties with the authorities, who might imagine that I had been cast into the sea, and I did not think it a gentlemanly act to throw any suspicions on my friend the captain. The civility of these people may be partly explained from the circumstance of a considerable traffic in raisins being at one time carried on with England, though it has ceased, chiefly, I believe, from the Ionian Islands having come into our possession, from which we derive a large proportion of that article. Wherever there has been intercourse with England, you are sure to be treated with respect, though they may try to overcharge and plunder you. After we had walked several miles the sun began to be too oppressive, and we then had recourse to the boat. The mountains appeared rising to a great height in the interior. The loftiest is called *Mondea* (*query* *Montium Dea*), and from its top I am told that the

Tuscan and Ionian seas are clearly to be distinguished, and that Sicily may be seen when the horizon is unclouded.

As the day advanced I pitied the poor boatmen, who had to labour at the oar with the sun beating directly on their bodies. I could not help smiling at the poor captain, who lay moaning at the bottom of the boat, and who often vowed that he would never venture to sea again, if he were fortunate enough to return home. He promised many a taper to the shrine of the Madonna, and muttered many a pater noster, in hopes that a favourable breeze would be sent; but it was all without avail. The Italians have no power of enduring petty annoyances, generally bemoaning their fate in a way that we consider unmanly. In troubles of a more heart-rending kind, I have seen them beat their breasts and tear their hair. It was, however, on an occasion when, if such an exhibition was ever allowable, it might be fairly forgiven. It was in the island of Ischia, near Naples, where I had arrived about half an hour after a shock of an earthquake had destroyed the village Casillichio, and buried many of its inhabitants in its ruins. The village was situated in a hollow, and the surviving inhabitants had collected on the heights around. Mothers, wives, husbands, fathers, were each bewailing the loss of some favourite being. Their frantic exhibitions of grief, and piteous sounds of woe, still ring in my ear. I had myself, with several of my friends, a providential escape, as the unpunctuality of some of our party alone prevented us from being in the village at as early an hour as we intended. We were on our way to visit some baths and hot springs for which it was celebrated, and had we left Naples at the hour we had appointed, we should have, in all probability, been buried in the ruins, and this tour, of which I am giving you an account, would, alas! been lost to the world.

Our progress now became very slow, and, as mid-day approached, it was thought advisable that the boatmen should have some respite from their labours. Having got behind a rock, which we thought would conceal us from the prying eyes of the custom-house officers, we landed, and there was just sufficient of shade on one side to protect us from the sun. I never realised before so fully Isaiah's (xxxii. 2) beautiful expression, "The shadow of a great rock in a weary land." The captain felt no inclination to avail himself of the provisions with which his loving spouse had loaded the boat, distributing them among his men. Bread, fish, cheese, and a small flask of wine I found to be not unpalatable; and having inquired whether they thought more wine could be procured, I found that they were willing to face all the guarda costas of his majesty's dominions in search of such a commodity. One of them started, and soon returned with a large leathern bottle of wine, with which they seemed all well pleased. They then threw themselves down to rest, and in a short time nearly the whole party was asleep under the broiling rays of the sun, which seemed to be no inconvenience to them. It was a group which an artist would have loved to paint. Beside me lay the captain, with his countenance the very picture of good humour, soundly asleep, after a good deal of sea-sickness, his head resting on his coat, which he had bundled up into the form of a pillow. On the sand, in various picturesque postures, lay the boatmen, with their long coal-black hair flowing negligently over their shoulders, a custom which they have inherited from their Bruttian ancestors. In the back sat a wild Calabrian peasant from the

lofty mountains of the Sila, the servant of the judge's son-in-law, who was returning to his home. His jacket was of sheepskin, on which the wool still hung, and which, he told me, was turned inwards during the severity of the winter; the lower part of his dress was of goat-skins; his feet were protected by a kind of sandal, which was strapped by a cord made of goat's hair. I do not think that he was a good specimen of the wild Calabrese peasant, as he had none of the boldness and independence of gait which I had expected to find. There was a low cunning in his eye, which augured that he was ready for any mean act of treachery; but for a valorous deed of lawless violence little dependence could be placed on him. In the distance the artist would have sketched the lofty and serried ridge of the Apennines, and in the foreground he would have had the rock, under which we were partly sheltered, covered with the wild vine and the perfumed myrtle. On its top sprung a fine specimen of the *Caprificus* (wild fig), whose powerful roots were rending the rock as completely as it did when it suggested the idea to Juvenal (x. 145):

Ad quæ
Discutienda valet sterilis mala robora ficus.

"To tear asunder such toms the mischievous strength of the barren fig-tree has power enough."

I believe that it is usual in England to sneer at the idea of caprification; but I find it to be very generally believed in various parts of Italy, and, where they have constant experience, they are surely best able to judge as to its real effects. You are aware that the cultivated fig-tree bears, for the most part, female flowers only, and therefore it is necessary for the full fruition that an artificial mode of fertilising them should be resorted to. Aristotle mentions this artificial impregnation, as he had been observant enough to be aware that a certain insect, a species of cynyps, was generated in the flowers of the wild fig, which, becoming a fly, entered the unripe fruit of the domestic fig and caused it to set. Now what they do here, I find, is this: about midsummer they place branches of the wild fig among the cultivated trees, and they maintain that the fertilising pollen of the wild plant is conveyed by the legs and wings of these insects into the interior of the receptacle.

It is a curious circumstance that the same mode of fecundation used to be followed by the Babylonians in respect to the date-palm. It was called palmification. Herodotus (i. 193) states that they used to suspend male clusters from wild dates over the female, in the very same way as was done with figs; but he seems to have thought it was the small insects that were the direct cause of the fertility of the females.

I tried to sleep like my companions, but thoughts of home and of the dangers I must yet encounter followed each other too rapidly to allow of sleep visiting my eyes. A slight breeze sprung up, when I roused the whole party, and within a few seconds we were all on board, the sails set, and the boat scudding at a considerable rate through the water. It was a change as sudden and as complete as in any artificial phantasmagoria you have ever seen. The breeze, however, was only sent to show with what ease Nature could propel us, compared with the slow and tedious rate at which we must move by the unaided arm of man. A dead calm again succeeded, and the oar was again had recourse to. We saw a number

of small villages on the heights, generally at a distance of three or four miles from the coast, so placed to guard against the piratical incursions of the Turks, from whose attacks they have only become safe within the last thirty years. One of the villages was called Albanese, from a colony of Albanians who settled here in the time of the famous Scanderbeg, about A.D. 1460; and I understand that there are many villages of this people scattered throughout the kingdom of Naples, retaining the language and customs of their ancestors. I hope that I may be able to visit some of these people; I regret, however, that I shall not have the opportunity of examining Guardia, said to be a colony of French Protestants from Provence. They are no longer, indeed, members of the Reformed Church, though they are said still to speak the language of the Troubadours. I believe, if we knew the history of these poor Protestants, we should hear a sad tale. They resisted all attempts to change their faith, till superior numbers overwhelmed them; and after the massacre of all those who were able to bear arms, the survivors were compelled to conform to the Papal authority. As the day approached to its close, the possibility of reaching Paola before sunset became a matter of deep interest, as we should otherwise have to spend another night in the open boat. There are certain custom-house regulations which prevent the examination of a boat's papers after that hour. Every exertion was made to push on, but I gave up all hopes that we should be able to succeed. What was still more tantalising was, that we should be within half an hour of gaining our point. At last a change of operations was determined on, and one grand effort was to be made. I was appointed steersman, and the whole party landed to pull the boat along by means of a rope, and it was astonishing with what rapidity I was hurried forward. I can assure you that I was highly complimented for the ability I displayed in my new employment. An important set of philosophers in ancient times used to assert that the *wise men* knew without being taught every sort of profession—shoemaking, tailoring, and of course steering. I shall now begin to suspect that I have some right to be considered a wise man of this kind, for I had never attempted to steer a boat before. This change was successful, and, exactly as the sun began to descend behind the horizon, we entered the small harbour of Paola with flying colours, or, to speak more humbly, streamers. It was soon noised abroad that an Englishman had arrived, when I was surprised to be addressed in broken English by one of the custom-house officers, who had served on board our fleet when we occupied Sicily. I entreated his assistance to enable me to avoid all difficulty with the police, and I at once got clear by the kindness of the sotto-intendente, to whom my guide conducted me. Among my packet of letters was one for Don Francesco Ziccarei, a gentleman of Paola, who has received me with the utmost kindness.

XI.

MY host pressed me so kindly to remain a day with him to recover from my fatigues, that I yielded without much hesitation, more particularly as I understood that I should the following morning have the protection of a body of soldiers in passing a mountain ridge, which might otherwise

prove dangerous from the numerous banditti that are known to frequent it. The money collected at the custom-house of Paola is to be forwarded to Cosenza, the capital of the province, and I consider myself lucky in being able to take advantage of the convoy. I have no doubt, from everything that I hear, that I am approaching a dangerous part of the country; travelling, however, in the quiet unassuming way I am doing, I think there are a good many chances in my favour, and, if I am robbed, I have taken care that they shall not be great gainers. The danger of which I am in most dread is, lest finding me to be an Englishman, and having exaggerated notions of the riches of that nation, they should demand a ransom, which might prove a serious inconvenience. Still you know that there is no great good to be gained without incurring some danger, and, as I am of a hopeful disposition and not easily turned aside from any plan which I have formed, I shall not be deterred from proceeding forward unless I am fully satisfied that I have no chance of escaping.

The ridge of the Apennines has now again approached close to the shore, as I found along the coast at Maratea, and rises about five thousand feet, with a very precipitous declivity. At the foot of it lies Paola, which has the appearance of a thriving city, and I believe that this arises from a new road which connects it with the fertile valley of Cosenza, for the produce of which it serves as an outlet. It is chiefly, however, celebrated as the birthplace of a saint, Francis di Paola, who founded the order of the monks called Minimi, 1474, and of whom the inhabitants are naturally proud. The monastery, erected 1626, about a mile from the city, is in a picturesque situation, at the mouth of a beautiful glen—a position which reminded me forcibly of Drumlanrig Castle, the princely seat of the Duke of Buccleuch, in Dumfries-shire. Beneath flows a small stream called Patycu, which is evidently derived from that of the ancient city Patycus, believed to have been placed in this vicinity, though it was of little note, being mentioned by only one Greek geographer. This monastery rivals in size that of La Cava, without having any pretensions to architectural beauty, pillars in front being of the Corinthian order, with Ionic capitals sadly defective in their proportions. The French confiscated its revenues, and when the present family was restored, the monastery was re-established with diminished splendour. The monks, twenty-six in number, speak with great horror of the French, and I was amused to hear them give as an instance of their sacrilege the destruction of some pigeons, which are considered sacred to St. Francis. I inquired if the breed had become extinct, but they told me that no sooner had they again taken possession of their monastery than the pigeons made their appearance in their old haunts, aware, it would seem, that their friends had returned. They had contrived to conceal the silver statue of St. Francis from the marauding hands of the French, and it is now exhibited in a small shrine, where I found a priest performing mass to one solitary woman, the exhibitions of whose grief were truly painful, and strongly contrasted with the unmoved countenance of the priest. I had never witnessed in church such a melancholy exhibition, but my companion seemed to be nowise surprised, and remarked that it was a poor woman expressing sorrow for some of her iniquities. My thoughts at once reverted to Dante's (*Purgatorio*, xii. 113) striking description of the difference between heavenly and infernal sounds:

Alì! quanto son diversi quelle voci
Dall' infernali! che quivi per canti
S'entra e laggiù per lamenti feroci.

"Ah! how different are those cries from the infernal! Here are heard melodious airs, and there fierce lamentations from each blaspheming tongue."

I was glad to hurry away, and get beyond the reach of her piteous shrieks. In the portico of the monastery are many rude representations of the numerous miracles which had been performed by St. Francis. Among others, they point out a fountain, which, like Moses, he had caused to spring forth from the rock, and whose waters are considered by the peasants as a remedy for every sort of disease. There is the following inscription over it:

Devoti Passagieri, qui ammiri dove
Nuovi portenti si rendette chiaro
Nel mille sette cento trenta nove
A dodici del meso di gennaro.

"Devout passers-by here look with wonder where new miracles were performed in one thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine, on the twelfth of the month of January."

And there are other four lines which are illegible. I was assured that the fountain always keeps the same level, never increasing nor decreasing.

St. Francis is regarded with great veneration throughout the kingdom, and at the present moment a new church is erecting at Naples, in consequence of a royal vow, in front of the palace. Perhaps the most remarkable event in his life is, that he was summoned to France by Louis XI. in the hope that, through his intercession, the life of that unrelenting and cruel hypocrite might be prolonged.

My companion I found to be highly intelligent, and, among other things, I collected from him the peculiar customs observed on the death of an individual. It is first announced by the screams of the women, and in former times by the strange custom of opening and shutting their windows with great violence, so much so that the shutters were usually torn from their hinges. The body is then placed with due solemnity with the feet towards the door, while the men sit in silence, the women beating their breasts and throwing handfuls of hair over the body. The priests are then admitted to sing psalms and to offer up prayers for the deceased while the bells of the church are tolled. In Naples the body is attended to the grave or vault by the secular clergy and a deputation of five different confraternities, who follow with tapers in their hands. These confraternities consist of men who have made vows to attend funerals, and who imagine that they may in this way procure forgiveness of their sins. A white linen robe conceals them entirely from the knowledge of their fellow-citizens, as there is no part seen except their eyes peering through two small holes. On reaching the church the body is placed in the middle, with a brazier near it, on which incense is burnt. The Requiem is then sung, and the body is left in the hands of the priests. During three days the friends continue to receive visits of condolence, and custom compels them to be seated on the bare floor, and as no fire is

lighted in the house for several days, their friends furnish them with food. In the room of the deceased a lamp is kept burning; and if the disease was consumption, the law compels them to destroy everything touched by the deceased, and to fumigate the house. An unmarried girl is crowned with flowers at burial. After the death of a relative the men do not shave their beards for a month. If a stranger dies, women are hired to attend his funeral and wail over the dead.

On our return from the monastery we met a woman of Guardia decked out in her gala dress; a red petticoat appeared beneath a blue gown, which was bordered with crimson. The sleeves of black velvet were attached to the body of the dress by means of laces, which allowed undergarments to be seen between the elbow and shoulder; her head was tastefully adorned with a white handkerchief. I find, on more minute examination, that these French Protestants had settled here at an earlier period than I had imagined; it is said towards the middle of the sixteenth century. I found an old volume on Calabria (*Della Calabria illustrata Opera varia Istorica del R. P. Giovanni Fiore, predicatore Capuccino da Cropani, 1691*) in my host's library, and it is there stated that the inhabitants are "ultramontani," and as having introduced the new opinions of Luther, spreading the infection to several villages around. Attempts were made to convince them of their errors, but as they continued obdurate, the viceroy of the kingdom of Naples, il Duca d'Alcala, sent, in 1561, troops to bring them to their senses. They maintained their opinions to the death, as the old writer says, very graphically: *Cadendi de' nemici un gran numero, non già mesti d'animo; ma giulivi ingannevolmente persuasi (come ad alte voci dicevano, animandosi ed alla pugna et alla morte), che così morendo salivano al Cielo, per godersi con gli Angioli—*"A great number of the enemy falling, not in the least sad, but joyous, being mistakenly persuaded (as they declared with loud voice, while animating each other to battle and death) that thus dying they were ascending to heaven, to dwell there with the angels." It was only by stratagem that they were at last overcome, and then no mercy was shown: *ostinati furono dati alle fiamme—*"the impenitents were given over to the flames." By rigorous catechising, continual preaching, forbidding intermarriages, *ripullulò l'antica lor fede Cattolica Romana, oggi giorno vivono moltiplicati per numero, e purissimi per Cattolichesimo—*"the ancient Roman Catholic faith sprung up anew. At the present moment (A.D. 1691) they have increased in numbers, and are most pure in Catholicism."

When I tell you that this extermination took place under a viceroy sent by that gloomy bigot Philip II. of Spain, husband of our Mary, Queen of England, you will not be surprised at the cruelties that were perpetrated. The language seems to have been forgotten, as this peasant woman of Guardia spoke nothing but Italian. Don Giovanni Antonio Anania da Taverna, who had first "subodorato" smelt the heresy, and brought it under the notice of the inquisitor-general, Cardinal Alessandrino, afterwards Pope Pius VI., wrote a long Latin poem on the success that attended the crusade against these poor Protestants, but Fiore says that it never saw the light.*

* Dr. M'Crie, in his "History of the Reformation of Italy," states that the Protestants "were all shut up in one house. The executioner went, and bringing

The 1st of May, *La Majuma*, is celebrated with much ceremony in this part of Italy. Their doors and windows are ornamented with green boughs (*arboscelli di Maggio*) and garlands (*banderuolle*) of flowers, while the streets are traversed by youthful musicians. Lovers have then an opportunity of showing their devotion to their mistresses, by the way in which they decorate the entrance to their houses.

At Christmas, I find that there is the same exchange of presents as with us, and that they have a large cake, to which they have given the name of *San Martino*, because they implore the aid of this saint when they pray for abundance. The civic guard go about singing, and demand a *strena*—a present. They also make *paste fritte* in oil and honey, as the Romans used to offer to *Janus*.

At Easter, servants present eggs to their masters, which they call *coluri*; eggs made up in round balls of paste are called *San Martino*. On the festival of *St. Luke*, the 18th of October, they have at table a dish called *coccia*, composed of wheat or maize, boiled and mixed with chestnuts, then eaten with milk.

It is curious that they should have some superstitious notions which prevail with us; they are in terror if they sit down thirteen at table, if they spill the salt, if the candle falls, or if the light is extinguished. One of their proverbs is *Allegrezza di venerdi, pianto di domenica*—"Joy on Friday, weeping on Sunday." This will, no doubt, remind you of the lines in the "*Plaideurs*" (i. 1) of *Racine*:

Ma foi! sur l'avenir bien fou qui se fier.
Tel qui rit vendredi, dimanche pleurera.

"My faith! very foolish is he who trusts to the future; he who laughs on Friday will weep on Sunday."

This proverb is found in an ancient tale of the thirteenth century, in the following verse: "*Tel rit au main (matin) que le soir pleura.*"

The higher classes of women amuse themselves with embroidery, while the lower spin with a hand-spindle, twisting it with great dexterity as they walk along. Others of them are employed in working *pezzuole*, a kind of network or lace to ornament the fronts of shirts. They work very diligently, and make a good deal in this way. It is worked on a frame filled with feathers, which they call *piumaccio*. The articles are called *pezzili*, *frisi*, or *puntani*. *Paola* and *Lecce* are famed for this kind of manufacture.

The peasant receives for a day's work one *carlino* (fourpence of our money) and a meal.

The father of my host had been a man of some literary attainments, and had written a work on the antiquities of *Paola*, which had never been given to the world. I spent some hours very pleasantly in looking over it; its information, however, was of too minute and local a nature to interest any one except his fellow-citizens. He had investigated one point,

out one of them, covered his face with a napkin, led him out to a field near the house, and, causing him to kneel down, cut his throat with a knife. Then taking the bloody napkin, he went and brought out another, whom he put to death after the same manner. In this way the whole number, eighty-eight, were butchered." He says that they were *Waldenses*, but this does not agree with the tradition which I heard at *Paola*.

which is of some importance to those interested in the ancient geography of Italy. The city of Temesa, or Tempaa, mentioned by Homer (*Odyss.* i. 184), was placed by him about twenty miles south of Paola, near a promontory called Mesa, which he considered an abbreviation of the name of the ancient city. There some ruins are still seen, and near it he says that there appears to have been some mines. Ovid (*Met.* xv. 706) refers to them :

Evinctaque fretum, Siculique angusta Pelori,
Hippotadæque domos regis Temesæque metalla.

“He passes the sea and narrow strait of the Sicilian Pelorus, and the palace of the royal Æolus, and the mines of Temesa.”

And again (*Fast.* v. 441):

Temesæque concrepat æra.

“And he beats the bronze gongs of Temesa.”

I spent a delightful evening with my host, who had assembled a large number of his friends to meet me. Many of them were intelligent, and showed a knowledge of England and its institutions which surprised me. We had an interesting conversation on the eventful history of Italy. This, indeed, is a strange land; few countries have been subject to more invasions, or suffered more vicissitudes. Saracens, Spaniards, French, Germans, have each in their turn tried to maintain possession of it, and have left deep traces of their character and manners on the physiognomy of the people. Even, as I looked around, I thought that I could distinguish the flippancy of the French from the grave and sedate German. Only throw your eyes over the more immediate neighbourhood of Naples, and consider how many races during the last fifteen hundred years have left their mark upon it. At Pozzuoli, where an Arab colony existed, and at Nocera dei Pagani, where the Saracenic mercenaries of the kings of Naples were stationed, I am told that you may still distinguish the intonations and even words of Arabic origin. At Salerno, Norman words are not uncommon, and many of the sonorous exclamations of the *lazzaroni* betray their Spanish origin. It is curious that the French have left few traces of their occupation, though they have frequently overrun the country. It is said to be in the remote villages of Sicily, where the Sicilian vespers had not overtaken them, that you may still find remnants of the old French language. The Neapolitans speak contemptuously of the French, and say that swine speak French: “*Il porco parla Francese,*” alluding to the “*oui, oui*”—“*yes, yes*”—so frequently in their mouths. The grunt of the pig has some resemblance to this word. They pronounce the word “*gui, gui,*” and they call a contemptible fellow “*guitto,*” and the women whom they call “*guitta*” I do not choose to characterise in English.

Then, again, among other people who were at one time numerous in Calabria, would you believe it that the Jews formed a considerable colony, and added, as they did everywhere, to the riches of the country? They came, as I found stated in the manuscript of my host's father, about A.D. 1200, and settled in Corigliano, which is still a principal seat of commerce in Calabria, and thence they spread to Cosenza, Tropea, Cotrone, Reggio, and Catanzaro, in such numbers, that the places be-

longing to them were called Giudeche, a name which they still retain. When the Turks, at the suggestion, as it was believed, of the Jews of Asia, had seized on the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, Pope Martin V. proclaimed a crusade, and induced Joanna II., in 1429, to lay a tax on the Jews of Calabria, which produced a sufficient sum to defray the expenses incurred by the Pope; and when the Jews were driven from Spain in 1492, four thousand families emigrated to Calabria, where they were received hospitably by their compatriots; but, unfortunately for them, the Neapolitan dominions came into the possession of the bigoted kings of Spain, and the entire population of the Jews was driven from a country where they had lived peaceably and unmolested for three hundred years. Now, with the exception of Rothschild in Naples, I do not know that there is another Jew in this part of Italy.

The inhabitants of this country have not much of religion, such as we understand by that word, but they are far more devout than we are. They have been brought up in the school of slavery, and yet talk to them of liberty, and if they feel they are safe in showing their real sentiments, they spring up in the greatest ecstasy. They are like their own Vesuvius, which, after appearing to have slumbered for many years, bursts forth suddenly, more terrible than ever, and causes the whole land to tremble. I can see that there is a reign of terror everywhere—I do not allude to brigands, but to the repression exercised by government against intellect and against all who show a desire to improve their minds. The ecclesiastical authorities rule supreme, and the Jesuits, as I found in Naples, have got hold of the education of the people. The high nobility, more particularly, favour their pretensions. I got acquainted with their professors at Naples, and found them men of great learning, distinguished for erudition, and first-rate teachers, as far as I could judge from the pupils they turned out. Yet we know that their system is retrograde, strictly scholastic, and incapable of elevating the moral level of humanity, and, wherever they have been allowed to use their influence, they have repressed the energies of the mind of man. Like to those phosphorescent fireflies which appeared the other evening as we whiled away our time at Velia, their teaching is brilliant and reflects light, but there is no heat. In speaking of them to my intelligent friends among the Neapolitans, they have generally concluded with a feeling of disgust, in the words of their great poet (*Inf. iii. 46*):

Non ragioniam di lor; ma guarda e passa.

“Let us not talk of them, but look and pass on;” which is highly expressive of their sentiments.

It was far into the night before we parted, and I could have continued the meeting with pleasure, but I knew that I had another day of labour before me.

XII.

NEXT morning at daybreak I left Paola, and placed myself at the foot of the mountain to wait for the party of soldiers who were proceeding to Cosenza. I had taken the precaution of hiring a mule, as I understood that the fatigue of ascending the mountain would be excessive, though a good road with many windings has been constructed along the face of it. I did not wait long before I saw two mules and a party of about thirty soldiers approaching. I directed my muleteer to proceed forward, while I lingered behind to admire the beauty of the scenery. The soldiers did not anticipate any danger, and were allowed to clamber up the face of the mountain in any direction that seemed to afford the easiest and shortest path to the top. The more active soon distanced the less strong, and as the sun glanced from their bright arms, the effect was striking. The morning was still cool, the air was redolent of perfumed herbs, while the chorus of birds, so seldom heard in the part of Italy to which I have been accustomed, re-echoed along the sides of the mountain as I climbed slowly up on my bobtailed mule. The lark rose high in the air, and warbled her notes as she ascended.

Qual lodoletta che'n aere si spazia
Prima cantando, e poi tace contenta
Dell' ultima dolcezza che la sazia.

DANTE, *Paradiso*, xx. 73.

“Like to the lark that, warbling in the air, expatiates long, then trilling out her last sweet note, drops satiate with the sweetness.”

As we approached the top, nature assumed a wilder appearance; trees and plants of a colder climate began to show themselves. The beech and oak were growing most luxuriantly, and had acquired a large size, but there was one spot where a tremendous storm had cleared the face of the mountain of every tree which had once covered it. Some were torn up by the roots, others were broken across, showing the enormous force which nature had here employed. It was not merely a few trees, but the devastation extended for upwards of a mile, till a curve in the direction of the hill had broken the force of the tempest. I had never seen such a wonderful exhibition of the force of nature. As we approached the top, I pushed rapidly forward, that I might have time to look around. On reaching it, I was startled to see a party of armed men under the trees, and expected to be at once in the midst of a bloody *mêlée*. One of the soldiers, however, relieved my alarm by stating that it was a body of men sent to meet us at the most dangerous point. It was a spot well adapted for the purpose of attack, as the soldiers would reach it worn out by the fatigue of the ascent. There was scarcely any level ground on the top; the descent became now much more gradual, and the eye wandered across a broad valley to the lofty and dark mountains of the

Sila. It was in this vicinity that the brigands seized, some years ago, an Austrian general, who was second in command, and carried him off to their fastnesses. The Austrians were then in possession of the kingdom, and set no bounds to their wrath, when a large ransom was demanded for his release. The commander-in-chief answered that he had been sent to keep the country in order, and he would take care to prove that he was not unfit for the task. He threatened the whole province with utter extirpation if they treated their prisoner with cruelty, and immediately despatched a strong body of troops to recapture his friend. They found it, however, a difficult task to obey their orders, and it was after all only by a compromise that they succeeded. They could never have accomplished their purpose except by a military occupation of every village in the province, so that they might starve them, and it was only by a threat of this kind that the general was at last given up. It was agreed on the part of the Austrians that the brigands should be left unmolested. The general stated that he had not been treated with any intentional cruelty, but he had frequently been compelled to march with a stiletto at his throat, under a menace of his life if he should attempt to break away or to utter a sound, as they glided past the Austrian soldiers.

At last we reached the small village of San Fili, and I saw at once that I had got among a race of men different from any which I had hitherto met in Italy. They were small and well built, with a dark expression of countenance by no means pleasing. Their hair was coarse and black, often frizzed like that of negroes, though generally perfectly straight. They were evidently of a wild and lawless character, and I found afterwards that they were believed to be principally supported by the pillage of the neighbouring country. The men were dressed in blue jackets and breeches, while their conical-shaped hat was tastefully adorned with ribands of various colours. The women had all strongly-marked features, very unprepossessing in appearance. In their costume there was nothing to attract the attention except a piece of triangular pasteboard, which was placed in front to support the breast, called *pettiglia*, and a leathern apron (*faldale*), beautifully ornamented with various devices; but what struck me forcibly was the surprising regularity and dazzling whiteness of their teeth.

At the village of San Fili the soldiers intended to remain till the heat had abated; I felt, however, unwilling to lose the remainder of the day, and started at once for Cosenza. After descending about six miles, we reached the great public road leading to Naples, and then proceeded up a beautiful valley, through which flowed the river Crati, the ancient Crathis. It was well cultivated; indeed, I may say, the only extensive piece of country in a state of cultivation since I left Naples. The produce is chiefly wheat and maize, but fruit trees also abounded: pears, apples, orange and citron trees, alternated with each other. It might evidently be made to be a land flowing with milk and honey; but when I tell you that no one dare issue forth except in arms and in company, you will agree with me that your Welsh mountains and my Highland glens, with all their barrenness, are preferable places of abode.

Cosenza is situated at the top of this valley, where the hills rise to a considerable height on both sides, and, consequently, at this period of the year, a residence in it is not particularly pleasant from the stifling heat.

The Prince of Satriano had been kind enough to furnish me with a letter to Cavalière di Caria, the royal governor of the province, and, as it might be of importance in any future emergency that it should be known that I was travelling with the express permission of the chief magistrate of the district, I proceeded to the palace of his excellency, by whom I was received with more attention than I had any right to expect, or even than I could have wished. I could have had no difficulty in finding accommodation sufficiently good for my purpose in Cosenza, but his excellency pressed me so kindly, and with such hearty good will, that I have accepted his hospitality, and am now lodged in the house of the highest functionary of the province. He is a gentleman of great talents, and possesses much information on a variety of subjects.

I had not yet determined in what direction I should proceed from Cosenza; some facts, however, communicated to me by my host have deterred me from putting one part of my plan in execution. There is a village called Acri in the mountains of La Sila, about twenty miles north-east of Cosenza, which I had some idea of visiting, as it is the site of an ancient town, though of no great note, and I thought I should there see a true specimen of the real Calabrese mountaineer. On mentioning my intention to his excellency, I saw that it did not meet with his approval, and he was good enough to state the following reasons, why he thought it advisable that I should not visit that part of his province.

The vicinity of Acri has long been harassed by a band of brigands, who have lately become more audacious and have committed more atrocities than usual. The band is said to consist at present of twelve, but I believe it might count many more if you added all the peasants who act as spies without taking an active part in their proceedings. A few weeks ago they entered the house of a respectable landed proprietor, and demanded payment of a large sum of money, which the gentleman had not in his possession, though he promised to procure it if they accompanied him to the house of a friend. To this they assented. As soon as they had left the house, the young son of the gentleman rushed out and began to call for assistance. The brigands, without one moment's delay, shot the father, and, rushing back, seized the young man and carried him off to their fastnesses. They demanded a large sum of money as a ransom, and allowed the friends twenty days to procure it. Whether they were unable to collect it, or whether they made no sufficient exertions, I am not able to say, but at the end of that period the young man was cruelly butchered. I saw his excellency deeply felt, as he might well do, the horrible tragedy, and he said that he was exerting the whole power of government to bring such a band of monsters to justice. It is nearly impossible to do so without a much larger force than he has at his command, as the country is mountainous and covered with wood. Besides, the peasants are obliged, from fear, to furnish them with provisions, and, unless every village was occupied with a sufficient force, there seems little chance of their being got hold of. You will not be surprised to hear that I thought such dangers far more than counterbalanced any pleasure I could possibly derive from a visit to Acri. I am sorry that my project of visiting the dense forests of La Sila has thus been nipped in the bud, and that I must be satisfied with the Pisgah view which I am here able to obtain. It is a high table-land, forty miles long, and from

sixteen to twenty miles broad, extending through the greatest part of Calabria Citra, and even into the more southern province called Calabria Ultra II. Its highest peaks are clothed with magnificent firs (*Pinus sylvestris*), and the lower ones with oak, beeches, and elms, affording excellent pasturage in summer for large herds of cattle. The most prominent peaks which were pointed out to me are Monte Sila, 4632 feet, and Monte Aspromonte, in Calabria Ultra, which I afterwards saw in the distance, 4110 feet, above the sea level. The forests of Sila furnished timber for the navies of antiquity (Strabo, vi. p. 261), and the Neapolitan government still make use of them for the same purpose, though it is said that they are becoming much less productive from the wastefulness and improvidence with which they are managed. Corigliano is the principal depôt for the timber felled in the province, and also for the manna trade and liquorice factories.

Giving up my intention of visiting the table-land of La Sila, I have determined to advance southwards, though I fear, from the ominous looks of his excellency when I inquired if I could proceed to the south with safety, that there is no part of his province much more free from brigands than another. Towards evening, I strolled through the capital of Hither Calabria, and found more appearance of wealth and comfort than anything I had yet observed since I had left Naples. Not a single beggar annoyed me, though there were many poor people around. The streets are narrow, as all Italian towns are, to protect them from the direct rays of the sun, though it must cause the interior of their houses to be stifling from want of ventilation. It is intersected by the river Busento, over which are two good bridges. The Tribunale, or palace of justice, is a building of considerable pretensions; and an old castle, now used as a barrack, stands on a very commanding position. I sauntered through the castle by permission of the commanding officer, finding, however, nothing worthy of remark, except that I observed that the descendants of the ancient Romans, who are now its inmates, are equally lovers of poetry as in former times. I saw a well-known line of Dante scribbled on the wall (*Inferno*, v. 103)—

Amor, ch'a nullo amato amar perdona,
Love, who insists that love shall mutual be,

reminding us of Byron's lines (*Don Juan*, ii. 172),

All who joy would win
Must share it; happiness was born a twin.

The Italians of all classes are highly poetical; many of them are really born poets, and, while they speak, you can distinguish etiam disjecti membra poetæ, "the scattered poet's limbs." Even the woman who hushes her baby to sleep cannot do so without singing and improvising some little song, which she draws forth from her own bright imagination—so instinctive in them is the love and power of poetry. The smith hums an air to the sound of his hammer; the muleteer even, as I have often heard, sings some melody to suit the slow trot of his animal. In Naples I have often stood listening to the stories of Tasso being recited by a humble reader to the ragged lazzaroni, and I believe the gondoliers of *Venice* answer each other as they pass in words of poetry improvised at

the moment. The same love of the poets was felt by the ancients, as amidst many proofs of their amorous propensities, which are found scratched on the walls of the buildings at Pompeii, we have several passages from ancient poets in various parts of the town.

Thus, we have the two lines of Ovid (*Amor. I. viii. 77*):

Surda sit oranti tua janua, laxa ferenti :
Andiat exclusi verba receptus amans.

“Let your door be shut to mere prayers, but open to the liberal giver; let the lover within listen to the entreaties of him who is shut out.”

I was curious to see the burial-place of Alaric, the celebrated King of the Goths, who died here A.D. 410; and as he was afraid, from the cruelties he had committed on the inhabitants, that his dead body would be abused, he gave directions that the river Busento should be diverted from its course at its confluence with the Crati, and his body having been there buried, the river was again allowed to flow in its old channel. The peasants have an idea that large treasures were buried with the body, and I believe that various unsuccessful attempts have been made to recover them. I visited the spot where the two rivers met, a picturesque burying-ground, but I did not see any reason to suppose that the river Busento had ever been diverted from its present course.

Gibbon (vol. iii. p. 452) says of the burial of Alaric :

“The ferocious character of the barbarians was displayed in the funeral of a hero, whose valour and fortune they celebrated with mournful applause. By the labour of a captive multitude, they forcibly diverted the course of the Busentinas, a small river that washes the walls of Consentia. The royal sepulchre, adorned with the splendid toils and trophies of Rome, was constructed in the vacant bed; the waters were then restored to their natural channel, and the secret spot where the remains of Alaric had been deposited was for ever concealed by the inhuman massacre of the prisoners who had been employed to execute the work.”

It must have been a work of great labour to divert the river in such a way as to accomplish the object they had in view, and it is scarcely possible that, if they had cut another channel, some appearance in the form of the ground should not have been left. This, however, is not the case, so far as I can judge. At this period of the year there is a considerable stream of water, and in the winter season it evidently runs with great force. Orosius, a contemporary of Alaric, records his death, but says nothing of the barbarous transaction to which Gibbon alludes. It is to Jornandes, who lived one hundred and forty years after, to whom we are indebted for this account, and it may, therefore, be altogether a myth.

I am sorry to say that I find it impossible to understand the language of the Calabrese peasant, and my Italian is equally unintelligible to him. The Calabrese dialect is peculiar; I am not, however, sufficiently versed in it to decide whether it may not be the pronunciation rather than the roots of the language, in which it differs from the pure Italian. Several books have been published in it, and I believe that there used to be a society to promote the cultivation of Calabrese literature; but the political troubles have put an end to every association that had the slightest tendency to enlighten the community. Tasso has been translated into Calabrese by Carlo Cosentino, and you may be pleased to see a stanza of

that divine poet in the dialect of Calabria. The title of the work is "La Gerusalemme Liberata." Transportata in lingua Calabrese da Carlo Cusentino d'Aprigliano. Cosenza: 1737.

Musa che me fai cera de Santanu
 Te staii pregannu, cu Carru Cusentinu
 Chi scinni ppe dunareme la manu :
 E chi derizze l'acqua allu multannu
 En mi nvusgliu cantarede supranu
 Ma vascin, calavrise, stritiu è finu
 Dame assistenza e m'aje ppor scusatu
 Si vaju exiennu de lu si mminatu.

It may be interesting to you, who are acquainted with the Italian language, to have the words of Tasso before you, and I therefore give it, with Rose's translation :

O Musa tu, che di caduchi allori
 Non circondi la fronte in Elicona,
 Ma su nel Cielo infra i beati cori
 Hai di stelle immortali aurea corona ;
 Tu spira al petto mio celesti ardori,
 Tu rischiarà il mio canto, e tu perdona
 Se intesso fregi al ver, s'adorno in parte
 D'altri dilette che de' tuoi le carte.

O heavenly Muse, that not with fading bays
 Deckest thy brow by th' Heliconian spring,
 But sittest, crown'd with stars' immortal rays,
 In heaven, where legions of bright angels sing ;
 Inspire life in my wit, my thoughts upraise,
 My verse ennoble, and forgive the thing
 If fiction's light I mix with truth divine,
 And fill these lines with other's praise than thine.

I have been anxious to get acquainted with what is being done in regard to the education of the country, but it is not easy to do so. The authorities are not willing to say much on the subject; they maintain that the law is perfectly sufficient for the purpose, if it could be carried out, which it seems difficult to do. It appears that every parish is obliged to support a schoolmaster; but as they generally took part in the late unsuccessful insurrection, few of them have been allowed to retain their situations. An order has been lately issued, forbidding the election of any one except a priest, and it is said that many parishes have, on this account, refused to proceed to an election. While I was residing at Sorrento, last year, I visited one of these schools, and found that the branches of education taught in the higher-class academy by four masters were grammar, arithmetic, algebra, and navigation; but the small number of hours devoted to study precluded the possibility of any progress being made in what they professed to teach. I hear that in Murat's time the attendance at the primary schools alone amounted to 120,000 children; at present, I cannot hear that these primary schools can be said to be in existence at all. Every difficulty is thrown in their way, and the government seems well satisfied that ignorance should be the predominating feature of their people. I inquired whether private individuals were permitted to open schools on their own account; few of such are to be found, and where they are allowed, as in Naples, they are

subject to such strict regulations and so severe a surveillance, that the government plainly makes it to be known that it regards all such establishments with no favour. It is curious that in respect to elementary instruction Naples presents better opportunities for the instruction of young girls than for boys. The establishment of Miracle, founded by Murat for girls of noble birth, has acquired a well-deserved reputation.

I had seen nothing but mules since I entered the province, and I inquired of his excellency where were the spirited horses of Calabria, of which I had often heard. He ordered his groom to bring out a few good specimens: they were small, high-spirited, and of a compact build; but he allowed that their numbers were rapidly diminishing, as mules were gradually taking their place. He told me of another species, which is becoming rare, called *Riccio*, or curled. It differs little from those that were before me, except in the hair, which assumes a frizzled appearance when it is bushy and long, and is like scales when it is smooth and short. I have seen no oxen or sheep; these are pastured, particularly the latter, in great numbers on the grassy slopes of La Sila, to which the wealthier inhabitants of Cosenza migrate for the summer months, as this city is reckoned unwholesome from the heat. Though his excellency was unwilling to allow it, I have heard from others that the only way they are able to secure their safety is to pay *black mail* to the heads of some band of brigands, who secure them from all others.

Cosenza has a small theatre, to which I accompanied his excellency, and heard some of Rossini's music respectably performed. It was crowded by the fair ladies of Calabria. I am ungallant enough to confess that I was not particularly struck by their personal appearance.

It was much past midnight before we retired, and I shall long think of the pleasant evening I passed with Signor di Caria.

XIII.

I do not mean to conceal from you that I have some misgivings as to the wisdom of my present proceedings, and feel considerable alarm from the reports that have reached me from all quarters respecting the unsettled state of the country. Be assured, however, that I shall take every precaution that prudence may dictate, except giving up my onward movement. Indeed, I do not see that it makes much difference in which direction I turn my steps, as all seem equally dangerous.

I took leave of his excellency this morning at an early hour, with many entreaties on his part to be very cautious; if I met with misfortune, I might rest assured that he would attend to any representation I might forward to him. It will be no great comfort to know that these brigands are to be punished if they treat me as they did the young man of Acri; still I am glad to have a friend in the chief magistrate of the province, if I get into difficulty. His excellency seemed evidently to consider that it was a foolhardy undertaking, and that no good would come of it. He begged me at least to take a muleteer, and not attempt to travel on foot, as might be done with impunity in Switzerland and the more temperate parts of Europe. To this, however, I was averse, and gave as a reason that such a mode of travelling indicated the possession of money, whereas a traveller on foot drew no attention. Besides, the peasantry might

imagine me to be a "sfortunato," a "carbonari," flying the police of his excellency, and in that case I did not think that I would be molested by the brigandage of the country. He laughed at this idea, and observed that there was a good deal to be said in favour of my views, and he trusted that I would pass unharmed through what he considered a most perilous undertaking.

On leaving Cosenza, I had not determined where I should pass the night, as I find they have no very accurate idea of distance; they talk much in the same way as we do in Scotland of a mile and a bittock, which small addition turns out to be quadruple of what you had at first expected. I wandered at least ten miles along the great road, bordered in the immediate vicinity of Cosenza with white mulberry-trees growing in great luxuriance, and with the lofty Cocuzzo overhanging me to the west. Here and there were patches of cultivated ground, and in the distance I saw villages perched on the declivities of the mountains. The first I reached was Rogliano, situated on a lofty hill, which commanded a magnificent view of the picturesque country around. Here I paid my respects to Don Giuseppe Politi, the judge of the district, who showed me great civility, and invited me to remain to dinner. I spent several pleasant hours with him, and had some interesting conversation respecting the state of the country. The people are generally in wretched poverty, and he seems to think that it is increasing. They live chiefly on bread made from chesnuts, which are gathered in the extensive forests of La Sila, and in winter they migrate to Sicily in search of food, though I could not make out how they could procure it there more easily than in Calabria. With all their poverty, I was amused to hear that these peasants have generally two families—one which they leave to face the winter's storm in Calabria, and another in the more sunny clime of Sicily; at least, so I was told by my host. Rogliano had been destroyed in the earthquake of 1638, which caused greater damage to this part of Calabria than that of 1783. My host spoke in high terms of the mode of agriculture pursued in this part of the province. I confess that nothing met my eye this morning, as I laboured through the burning sun, to induce me, who had been accustomed to the heavy crops of Mid-Lothian, to suppose that they were in any way distinguished above their neighbours. He considered the wine to be good; to me it had a peculiar flavour which was not agreeable.

In talking of the religious habits of the Calabrese, he acknowledged that they possessed peculiar ideas respecting the mode of worshipping their Madonnas. If they do not obtain their wishes, they enclose the shrine of the Madonna as if in prison, and upbraid her in no measured language, in hopes that she may be shamed out of her conduct, and be induced to grant their prayers. It is in these remote parts of Italy that the customs of their Pagan ancestors have been preserved in their greatest purity. In the towns of Italy they have been subject to many changes, and their belief in the power of the Virgin is less strong; but here they may be seen expostulating with a favourite image, as if they expected an actual answer to be given by the mouth of the statue. You may recollect what Suetonius (Calig., 22) says of the Emperor Caligula: "During the daytime, Caligula used to talk in secret with Jupiter Capitolinus, sometimes whispering, and then placing his ear to the statue to receive an

answer, sometimes audibly and in reproachful language." For he was overheard to use the words of Homer (Il., 23, 724) :

ἢ μ'ἀνάσσει ἢ ἐγὼ σεί,

"Either destroy me, or I shall thee," till softened, as he said, by the entreaties of the god, and invited to be on terms of intimacy, he built a bridge, which connected his palace with the Capitol. Even Augustus (Suet., Oct. 16), who might have been expected to look on the chances of life in a more philosophic spirit, is said to have taken his revenge on Neptune for the loss of that fleet, to which I alluded on my visit to the promontory of Palinurus, by refusing to allow his statue to be carried in procession at the Circensian games which followed. Here, then, in Calabria we have still the same absurd ideas prevailing in religious worship, and it is difficult to imagine that we shall ever find a change. It may in a certain sense be called a Christian country, but the ideas and feelings are in reality the same as actuated their Pagan ancestors. The Madonna occupies the place of Cybele, divina mater, as she was called, and Mater Deûm, "mother of the gods," an epithet which is frequently applied to the Virgin.

My host was fond of horticulture, and pointed out a shrub, which he called Giurgiulea, possessing the peculiar property of increasing the milk of ladies who are nursing. There is more likelihood that this plant may have such an effect than that some Madonna, of whom he spoke, should assist the childbirth labours of the ladies of Calabria. They trust, however, in the aid of the Virgin, and have substituted her for the goddess Diana of Pagan times, of whom Horace (Carm., sec. 13) thus speaks :

Rite maturos aperire partus
Lenis Ilithyia, tuere matres :
Sive tu Lucina probas vocari,
Seu Genitalis.

Goddess of the natal hour,
Or, if other name more dear,
Propitious power,
Can charm your ear,
Our pregnant matrons gracious hear :
With lenient hand their pangs compose,
Heal their agonising throes.

Even at Rome we find the same superstitious notions to prevail, and that the ladies who are anxious for children offer their vows now at the church of Sta. Maria Maggiore, as they did formerly when it was the temple of Juno Lucina.

I find that they have the custom here of allowing the beard to grow for a month after the death of a relative, and that they show their grief also by wearing their linen unwashed and unchanged till it is worn away by filth. This custom, however, I suspect, is observed by many who are not mourning for the death of a friend. I remarked also round the necks of the children small pieces of rock-salt, which they imagine to have some power of guarding against the effect of an evil eye. The young women employ for the same purpose a small silver frog, called *granula*, probably a corruption of *ranula*, and some of them, which I examined, were executed with much taste.

When the judge heard that I was determined to proceed ten miles farther to the village Diano, he offered to give me a letter to his colleague, who might otherwise throw some difficulties in my way, as he was a testy old gentleman, and always glad to have an opportunity of exercising his authority. Of course I accepted his kind offer gratefully, and, having thanked him for his hospitable entertainment, bade him an affectionate farewell. The heat was even greater than I had yet experienced, and it required to muster up all my energies to continue my course along a dusty road. My directions were to proceed forward to Carpanzano, and there inquire my way to Diano. For six miles I met not a single individual, and saw no human habitation till I at last reached a few huts, which I found to be Carpanzano. Here I was informed that Diano was four miles distant from the great public road, and that the country through which I must pass was thickly wooded. I confess that I felt somewhat startled at this intelligence—not so much from the chance of meeting brigands, as lest I should be benighted in the wood. I was told that there was a small footpath that would lead me to it, and if I did not stray, I would have no difficulty in reaching Diano. Shutting my eyes to all consequences, I left the public road, and plunged into a narrow and deep glen, with a crystal stream running along the bottom. With all my anxiety, I could not help stopping to admire the beauty of the scenery. The banks of the glen were thickly wooded with fine oaks and chesnut-trees, while many flowers, the names of which I knew not, were in luxuriant blossom, and perfumed the air. The heat of the day had now abated, and the birds were singing in joyful chorus, preventing that feeling of loneliness which perfect silence is calculated to produce. The footpath ran along the side of the stream, and, on turning a corner, I lighted suddenly in the midst of a party of young Calabrese damsels, who were employed in washing. They were surprised at my sudden appearance, but we had much difficulty in understanding each other. They were the daughters of a miller, whose house I saw at a short distance. From them I received some further directions respecting my road, and then began to mount a rugged declivity. The country continued to be covered with wood. I saw no one, nor did I meet with a single habitation, till I reached the summit of a ridge, from which I looked down on a thickly wooded valley. As I sauntered along, I was much struck by finding here and there little boxes stuck up against the trees, in which a Madonna was placed, and where the peasant might offer up his prayers. There is evidently much more of the appearance of religion here than with us. You may call it mere superstition; still there is a recognition of a Supreme Being, though in an imperfect form, and you meet with it in all places. With us it is confined to stated places and stated times; in Italy you are reminded wherever you go. I know not how to account for this devotion of the Italians to the worship of the Virgin Mary, but it strikes an ultra-Protestant from Scotland very forcibly. Madame de Staël may possibly be right when she says: *Le culte de la Vierge est particulièrement cher aux Italiens et à toutes les nations du midi; il semble s'allier, de quelque manière, à ce qu'il y a de plus pur et de plus sensible dans l'affection pour les femmes.* "The worship of the Virgin is particularly dear to the Italians and all southern people; it appears as if it belonged in some degree to the pure and chivalrous feelings which they have for women."

Or it may be that it is a mere continuation of the customs of their Pagan ancestors, and that their minds rise no higher than Plautus did, B.C. 200, when he says (Merc. v. 2, 24) :

Invoco vos, Lares viales, ut me bene juvetis.

“ I invoke you, ye gods of the road, to bestow on me your aid.”

In these early times there were little altars decked with flowers placed at convenient distances along the roads, where travellers could step aside and perform their devotions at these rural shrines. In what do the present shrines differ from those at which the Romans offered up their prayers? In the beginning of the second century, Appuleius (Florid. i.) thus speaks of them : *Ut religiosis viantium moris est, cum aliquis locus aut aliquis locus sanctus in viâ oblatu est, votum postulare, donum apponere, paulisper assidere.* “ As it is the custom of pious travellers, when they come upon a secret grove or holy spot, to put up their prayers, to make an offering, and to rest a little.” With such religious feelings pervading the whole people, one might have expected that brigandage would die out and become extinct; but it seems that such feelings have no effect in putting it down, as the brigands are said to be most devout men, and to present part of their ill-gotten booty to the Madonna, thus making her a resetter of stolen goods. Often the ornaments with which she is adorned are nothing else than part of their plunder.

On reaching the summit of the ridge, I saw in the valley several villages; which of them was Diano I knew not. At a short distance I observed a large building, which I had no doubt must be a monastery, and proceeding to it began to hammer at the door with great violence; no attention, however, was paid to my summons. While I was thus employed, and considering what further steps I should take, a peasant-girl passed, from whom I tried to discover whether it was inhabited; it was vain, as I could not understand a syllable she said. I contrived, however, to convey to her that I wished to proceed to Diano, which she pointed out to me. On reaching the village, I found the judge employed in teaching a little child to read, and having presented my letter, inquired respecting the state of the country, and whether I ran any risk of falling into the hands of brigands. He acknowledged that it was dangerous to travel without a guard, and offered to send with me to-morrow two of the Guardia Urbana, a kind of rural police. To this proposal, however, I refused to accede, as I do not believe that these police officers would be of the slightest use, if I got into danger. I feel that it would only be drawing the attention of the country to me, and thereby make it more certain that I should be waylaid. The judge wrote a note, and giving it to a servant, told me to accompany him to a house, where I should be accommodated with a bed. On our way, I could not help pausing to listen to the beautiful notes of the nightingales, as they answered each other. What an unrivalled power of song, enhanced, no doubt, by the solemn stillness of such a summer evening as this, when every other voice seemed to have sunk to rest, for then

The wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal notes.

You may imagine my annoyance when I found by my reception that the note of the judge was nothing else than a kind of billet on the householder.

It was an abuse of the power which the judge possesses to compel the inhabitants to furnish lodgings to any officer of government that may be passing through the country. As soon as I understood the position I occupied, I stated that it was a mistake on the part of the judge, as it was not my intention to accept his hospitality without payment; that I was a foreigner, travelling through his country for amusement, and that, in addition to payment, I should feel grateful to him if he could accommodate me for the night. My host said that he would not accept payment, but he would give the best accommodation he possessed. He said this, however, with none of that cordiality which enhances the favour, and if I had not been unwilling to get into a dispute, in my unprotected state, I should have left his house at once. I thought it impolitic to excite bad feelings, and took no notice of his not very courteous reception. Everything, however, that I saw rendered me uncomfortable, and I felt so little at my ease that I determined to wait on the clergyman, as a person in whom I might repose confidence. His house was one of the largest and best built in the village. On knocking, the door was opened by a young girl, who, seeing a stranger, retreated before I had time to utter a syllable, and I heard the bolt grate within. I was not, however, to be balked in this way, and I continued to knock in a most importunate manner, when she put her head out of a hole in the upper part of the house, and inquired in a trembling tone what I wanted. I told her that I wished to see the clergyman; she assured me he was asleep, and could not be disturbed. I said that my business was of that deep importance that I could take no denial, and after waiting a short time an old shrivelled face made its appearance at the hole, which seemed for the purpose of reconnoitring, and stated that it belonged to the curate. I requested the favour of a private audience, and, as I suppose my appearance did not betoken any sinister designs, he granted my request. The poor girl, more dead than alive, opened the door, and I found myself admitted to a dark staircase, which I ascended by groping along the wall. I was ushered into a small but neat room, well furnished with books, which naturally prepossessed me in his favour. The old gentleman received me with much genuine kindness, and inquired how he could be of use to me. I stated that I had taken the liberty of waiting on him, as the most trustworthy person in his village, to inquire if the country were really in the dangerous state that the judge had given me to understand, and as I knew that there were three different roads by which I might reach Nicastro, I was anxious to find out which he considered the most safe. I saw by his cautious answer that he was unwilling to give his countrymen a bad character, at the same time he recommended that I should give no hints as to the direction in which I intended to proceed to-morrow morning. He stated that the people were in extreme poverty, and that this rendered travelling unsafe, if it were supposed that you carried property of any value with you. I found that I might have perfect confidence in the person in whose house I was to pass the night, and after thanking him for his kindness, and apologising for my intrusion, I returned to my host, where I found supper prepared. I exerted myself to overcome my un-

pleasant introduction; and whether it was the agreeable nature of my conversation, or more likely some excellent wine, which we consumed in considerable quantity, we became at last great friends. It was long past midnight ere we closed our bacchanalian orgies, and he ended by stating that he was happy to have made my acquaintance. I found good reasons why the judge had selected him to be my host, as he was one of those who was under the surveillance of the police, and the billet was a punishment on him. I had sent to request the judge to furnish me with a guide to Nicastro, determining at the same time to proceed to-morrow to Nocera, and the following day I hope to reach Nicastro, believing that I shall in this way diminish the danger, and be enabled at the same time to visit the site of the ancient city, Terina.

XIV.

THIS morning I found that my host had quite forgotten the manner in which I had been introduced, and we parted on friendly terms. The guide sent by the judge made considerable opposition, when I requested him to conduct me to Nocera instead of Nicastro; and it was only by threatening to complain to the judge, and by offering the same sum of money, though the distance to Nocera was not one-third, that he was induced to yield. I could not conceive the cause of this unwillingness; it did not tend to make me more at ease. The freshness of the morning was exhilarating, and if I could have thought only of nature and its beauties, I should have enjoyed the scenery around. I passed some patches of Indian corn, and a few vineyards of small extent; in general, however, the country had a desolate and melancholy appearance, from the want of inhabitants. We descended into the channel of the river Savuto, the ancient Sabbatus, which rises in the table-land of La Sila from a fissure in the hill, at a spot called La Fontana del Labro, and becomes at once a large stream. It had, even at this period of the year, a considerable body of water, which rendered it no easy matter to cross on my guide's back. In the winter season it evidently spreads over a larger surface than it did at present, and it made our travelling less fatiguing by keeping along its winter channel. We crept along slowly in this way for several hours, when my guide suddenly stopped, and, pointing to a deep glen which ran up from the river into the mountains, told me that brigands were constantly in wait there, and that many murders had been committed. I observed to him that I did not think he could run much risk from encountering these men, of whom he spoke, and that I had no alternative, unless he could point out some way by which we could avoid the spot. He then proposed that we should strike across the river again and ascend the bank, which was thickly wooded. During this consultation we had halted, and were facing each other. I looked fixedly at him to discover if there was any faltering or confusion in his appearance; I could, however, perceive none, and as we should certainly be able thus to avoid the mouth of the glen, I acceded to his proposal, though I was not sure that it would not be an exemplification of *Seylla and Charybdis*, or our more homely proverb, "Out of the frying-pan into the fire." It was no easy task to climb the bank, which was covered with short brushwood, and I was alarmed by observing the

number of vipers and serpents that we disturbed while basking in the sun. At any other time I should have beat a rapid retreat from such a spot, but I dreaded at this moment the attack of man more than that of any other animal, and I persevered in mounting to the top. When we came opposite to the mouth of the glen, you may imagine with what anxiety I examined as far as my eye could reach, and how freely I breathed, when I was satisfied that there was no human being within it. The opposite bank of the river was bare, and the white chalky cliffs made a disagreeable impression on the eye, particularly as the glare of the sun was directly upon them. As soon as we had left the glen a short distance behind us, I proposed that we should again descend to the bed of the river, as the bank, along which we were proceeding, had many inequalities, which rendered our progress slow and fatiguing. It must have been close to this very spot that Henry, eldest son of Frederick II., was drowned on passing this river, and on looking at its winter channel I could believe that such an accident might easily take place. After some time we again left the river, and struck across the country, arriving at last at a few houses, which I found to be San Mango. I had been told that if I reached this village in safety, the rest of my journey to Nocera would be comparatively without danger. It was not, therefore, without a feeling of pleasure that I entered the miserable village of San Mango, which assumed in my eyes the delight of a city of refuge.

I inquired for the house of the syndic, and, on entering it, a poor wretch came forward and acknowledged that he was the chief magistrate of the village. I stated to him that I was on my way to Nocera, and that I wished to know if the road was safe. He said that I should now meet with no danger, but expressed his astonishment that I had escaped bandits in my morning's walk. He assured me that no one ever ventured to Diano unless in company with others, and always with arms. This statement only made me the more thankful that I had been lucky enough to escape, and it would have been no easy matter to have tempted me to return to Diano. On entering into conversation with the syndic, I found that he had been elected to this office much against his inclination. It would appear that there are only two respectable families in the village, and they have carried on a deadly feud from time immemorial. Latterly the petty office of syndic had become additional cause of dissension, as they were thus able to employ their official power in oppressing the partisans of each other. The whole village was divided between the two rival clans, and I suppose that the poor man had been selected by government to his present office, as he was not likely, from his ignorance and stupidity, to wrest his power to the prejudice of either party.

A few weeks ago the two rival factions had come to an open rupture, and a brother of the head of one of the clans had been slain in a *mêlée*. I found that government had ordered all those immediately connected with the murder to be arrested, and transmitted to the capital of the province. On inquiring what steps he had taken to bring the parties to justice, he looked very grave, and said it was easy for government to issue orders, but if it were imagined that he had the slightest intention to execute them, his life would not be worth an hour's purchase. I was amused to hear that government would be opposed by both parties, if any attempt were made to interfere in this private feud. At the moment I entered, he

had just received a letter from government, threatening imprisonment and confiscation of his goods if he did not forward, without delay, the sum of money at which his parish was rated. He was ordered to call his council, and lay the matter before them. This council, however, he frankly confessed, treated his summons with supreme contempt, and as he had no means at his command by which he could compel them, he stated that he had taken care to have information conveyed to him if government sent gendarmes to put their threat into execution, when he intended to take refuge in the mountains, and in this way add to the number of the brigands. I have not the slightest doubt that the poor man was giving a true account of his position, and that he had no more power than I had to execute the orders of government. He inquired with great earnestness what I recommended him to do; but I saw no other step he could take, except to send a simple statement of the facts to government—a course from which he did not seem to anticipate success, as they would give no credit to his story.

Though this syndic had all the outward appearance of poverty, both in his house and in his person, he spoke with great animation, and, as is the general practice of the Italians, his words were accompanied with a most significant pantomime, which left no difficulty in understanding his meaning. A sign, a gesture, an exclamation, stamped an emphasis far more marked than any mere words could have done. His whole frame quivered, and the difficulties in which he was involved seemed to have made such an impression on his mind as gave him, for the moment, a species of inspiration. Yet I was afterwards told, by those who ought to have known their countrymen well, that after all it might have been an attempt to impose upon me.

The manners of the southern Italians are supple and insinuating; they are full of finesse and subtlety, qualities which they may in some respects have inherited from their Greek ancestors. I was amused at the compassionate way in which he talked of the brigands, of whom I had begun to feel so wholesome a dread; they were, in his eyes, "poveretti," "poor devils," apparently more sinned against than sinning; and indeed, if many of them had been driven to join them for the same reasons that seemed likely to induce him, I could scarcely help feeling indulgence for them.

My guide petitioned to be allowed to return home, and as I understood that I should have no difficulty in finding my way to Nocera, I granted his request. After I had rested a short time at San Mango, I proceeded on my solitary way to Nocera, which I reached with only one slight deviation from the direct road. It is prettily situated on the declivity of a hill, and near it flows the river Savuto, falling into the sea about two miles below Nocera. This is the first interruption in that mountain ridge which I had crossed at Paola. The valley is about one mile in breadth, when the mountains again rise suddenly to a considerable height, and are wooded to the top. It is one of the most romantic spots that I ever beheld; and as I now felt perfectly safe, I lay down under the shade of a tree, and enjoyed in undisturbed quiet the beauties of nature.

It was necessary, however, that I should take some steps to procure a lodging, and I accordingly entered Nocera, where I found the people crowding to church to wait on the bishop, who was visiting this part of

his diocese for the purpose of confession. It is said that many of the priests employ this power to discover the political sentiments of their people, and convey the information to government. All those who neglect this sacred ordinance of the Church are reported to the police, and taken under their surveillance, as likely to be disaffected to government.

I went forward with the crowd into the church, though I saw many inquisitive eyes upon me, and resolved to act like Naaman in the Temple of Rimmon, bowing my head that I might excite no uproar among the people. This was neither the place nor the time to show my heretical opinions. The church was small, and closely packed by the Calabrese of the lower orders. On entering, there was the holy water, which on this great occasion was sprinkled by an attendant priest, as you crossed the threshold, but in general you must apply it with your own hands. This custom, as you very well know, is a remnant of Paganism, like many others of the Romish Church. Virgil (*Æn.* vi. 229) alludes to it:

Idem ter socios pura circumtulit unda,
Spargens rore levi et ramo felicis olivæ;
Lustravitque viros.

Old Corynæus compass'd thrice the crew,
And dipp'd an olive-branch in holy dew;
Which thrice he sprinkled round.

Enough of the water reached me to enable me to find that it was a mixture of salt and water, as Theocritus (*Idyll.* xxiv. 95) says it was in former times, about B.C. 272.

“ἀλεσσι μεμιγμένον ὕδωρ”—“Water mixed with salt.”

We had on this solemn occasion high mass, *Messa Cantata*, as it is called, when the priest, standing in front of the altar, sprinkles the holy water towards the congregation before he proceeds to the performance of the service. The Romans seem to have had something of the same kind when they were performing sacrifice, if Propertius (*iv.* 6, 7) gives a correct account—

Spargite me lymphis; carmenque recentibus aris
Tibia Mygdoniis libet eburna Cadis.

“Sprinkle me with water, and let the ivory pipe offer a divine song, accompanied by a libation of Mygdonian wine on the fresh altar.”

Is there not the same idea in the Romish Church respecting the wine, which they confine to the priests? The bishop was a venerable old man, who went through his duties with great dignity, performing the *Sacrificio della Messa* very impressively. When the Host (*Hostia*), the wafer or consecrated bit of bread, was raised, the whole congregation prostrated themselves on the floor, as far as the crowd would permit, with unaffected piety; and yet, with Cicero (*De Nat. Deor.*, iii. 16), I could not help saying, *Sed equem tam amentem esse putas, qui illud, quo vescatur, Deum credat esse?* “Do you think that there was ever a man so mad as to take that on which he feeds as a god?” And yet this is the distinguishing article of faith in the creed of Rome. Of course we had incense without stint, and this hot day the odour was most grateful; it may be, too, that it is good in a sanitary point of view, otherwise the

smell from this weltering mass around me would have been overpowering. It is only a continuation of an ancient custom.

Da mihi thura, puer, pingues facientia flammæ.

OID, *Trist.* v. 5.

“Boy, give me frankincense sending forth odoriferous flames.”

Even so far back as the times of Homer, probably about B.C. 1184, we find frankincense used, so that we may imagine that the priests had a sufficient reason for the practice, and I do not doubt that it was to overcome the disagreeable smells that ill-washed and filthy bodies give forth in a hot climate. Homer (Il. viii. 48) calls the altar, *Θυήεις*, perfumed with incense.

The altar was lighted up with a profusion of wax-lights and lamps in beautiful figures, as is always the case on grand occasions. What can be the meaning of this? Are we to go for its explanation to Plato, one of the chief Athenian comic poets, who flourished from B.C. 428 to B.C. 389, and who says (Athenæus, x. 442),

Λύχνων γὰρ ἄσματος οὐ φιλοῦσι δαίμονες.

“Evil spirits love not the smell of lamps.”

We know that evil spirits are one of the bugbears of the Italians, and it is not unlikely that they have on this account continued a custom which they found prevailing in Pagan times.

The congregation consisted principally of women, and what astonished me was the small number of the more respectable class. The men seemed to be principally peasants, but the cause of this was afterwards satisfactorily explained. At the close of the service the bishop began a discourse on the merits of some saint, in whom I did not feel sufficient interest to induce me to remain, more particularly as I had still to search for my night's lodgings. I slipped away as quietly as I could, and proceeded to wait on the syndic, though I expected to have found him at church. He received me with the utmost kindness, and at once requested that I would do him the honour to spend the night in his house, promising next morning to accompany me to the ruins of Terina. It was soon noised abroad that an Englishman had arrived, when all the principal inhabitants did me the honour to wait on me, and I found myself again transformed into a personage of great importance. No British subject had ever set foot within their territory in the memory of man, and it was not, therefore, surprising that I should be an object of curiosity.

I found the syndic and all the respectable inhabitants in great excitement against the bishop and the ecclesiastical authorities, of whom they spoke in most disrespectful terms. It was the power of bearing arms that had created the turmoil, and it arose in this way. The syndic and his council had been directed to make out a list of those whom they considered trustworthy, which had been sent to the royal governor of the province. He had referred it to the ecclesiastical authorities, with orders to purge it of all who had been *legionarii soldati*, “soldiers in the army of Murat,” *carbonari*, *settari*, “sectaries”—all, in fact, who had a black mark against their name for any political delinquency. They had only got the list lately returned, and you may imagine their great indignation when they found fifty of the richest and most influential men excluded,

and none left except the poorest. They could scarcely credit their eyes, and were still more confounded when they found the syndic's name scored out. Here was the bishop to-day, and they ought to proceed to church to make confession, but they declared, as they were already under the suspicion of government, and arising principally from the information furnished by the bishop, they were resolved to set him at defiance, and had absented themselves from confession, as they did not think that they could be worse in the eyes of government than they were.

They had appointed no schoolmaster at Nocera because they could not find an individual among the clergy fit for the situation, and it was needless to fix upon a layman, as he was always rejected by the secret influence of the clergy. This little village was very much in a state of petty insurrection, and spoke in no measured terms against the government and its authorities.

In the evening I paid a visit to the Capuchin monastery, and was introduced to an aged monk who had spent upwards of sixty years at this retired spot. He was regarded by the inhabitants as a learned astronomer, and the poor old man was kind enough to give me a lecture on the solar system, with which I could have very well dispensed; politeness to himself and friends induced me to express myself much gratified. I was not, however, sorry to get away, and, on my return to the house of my host, found a good supper prepared, chiefly of fish in various forms. I found that the river Savuto was a good fishing stream, and my host was addicted to the gentle craft, though he did not dare to penetrate far into the country, on account of its dangerous state. Mulletts of a good size are caught at its mouth, and sword-fish in the months of July and August, with a kind of net which they call "indovinola." We had a small fish—*minuselle*—which, though tiny in form, were of exquisite flavour. We had also a dish of quails, which are sometimes caught in great numbers at this period of the year. They call it "quail fishing." The peasantry kill large quantities of eels and trout in the mountain streams with lime, or with the juice of certain plants, "*sugo di certe piancelle*," which have the effect of stupifying them.

There must have been an ancient city Nuceria, but whether this is the site may be doubtful, as I could hear of no remains in the immediate vicinity. The ruins of what is considered Terina are some three miles distant. Nuceria is not mentioned by any ancient author, though its existence is clearly established by its coins, which have the Greek inscription ΝΟΥΚΡΙΝΩΝ. They have on the obverse a head of Apollo crowned with laurel, and on the reverse a lion's head. The coins of Terina have the same figures. As I could hear of no other ruins, I am inclined to think that it may be the same city under different names. Time passed pleasantly in such conversation, and it was long past midnight before we parted.

XV.

WHATEVER may be the vices of the Italians, I think you will allow that they are not deficient in hospitality and kindness to strangers. I should be inclined to say that their virtues were their own, and that the defects of their character were mainly caused by their system of government. Everything is done to repress their energies and to keep their minds in an obscure twilight, not altogether forbidding the cultivation of their intellect, but preventing, as far as possible, all benefit to be derived from mental pursuits. The clergy and the lawyers are the two classes that monopolise whatever learning is possessed by the nation. The interests of the former are intimately bound up with the maintenance of the power of the present royal family, and of course the distribution of patronage must secure the allegiance of a considerable portion of the latter. Still it was found, in the late attempts to establish a more liberal form of government, that the lawyers were by no means unwilling to have a wider arena for the display of their talents, and many of them were able members of the House of Deputies. On the other hand, the clergy were, with few exceptions, opposed to change, dreading lest the remnant of their property left by the French should be confiscated. I can perceive, by the tone of conversation held by the various classes, that the clergy have lost the respect of the educated part of the community, and that whatever calamities befall them will not be regretted. While I was at Naples, I made myself acquainted with the university course of study, and in that course nothing was left out that could be desired. Theology, jurisprudence, moral philosophy, literature, medicine, natural philosophy, and mathematics, were all on the programme; all these chairs were worthily represented; but when I began to inquire when and where the lectures were delivered, I saw that my inquiry was considered an impertinence, and that most of the programme was a mere myth. Jurisprudence and its concomitant subjects might lead the youth of Naples to debate on the various forms of political government, and what might not result from such a discussion? Yet Greek and Latin occupied a large portion of time, and some were malicious enough to maintain that this was done not without due calculation. In devoting so much time to the study of the classical languages, it was thought that they would serve as a sort of bugbear to frighten the youth from entering upon a course of study which was so indefinitely prolonged.

I left Nocera at an early hour this morning with my friendly host, and proceeded down the banks of the Savuto, passing groves of mulberries, which were growing in great abundance. Nocera had at one time been the seat of a considerable manufacture of silk; like everything else in the kingdom, it had dwindled to nothing. The ruins of the ancient city Terina are found about three miles from Nocera, close to the sea, at a

spot called Torre del Piano. It had been placed at the extreme point of a hill, which has the appearance of having been levelled by artificial means; little, however, remains of the ancient city, except a few bricks scattered here and there, and the foundations of some buildings. The aqueduct, which had conveyed water to it from the Savuto, is still seen in some parts in tolerable preservation. This city must have been of considerable importance, as it gave name to the gulf on which it stood; which fact we learn from Thucydides (vi. 104), who tells us that Gylippus the Lacedæmonian, B.C. 413, was driven into it by adverse winds from the coast of Sicily. Strabo (vi. 255) informs us that it was destroyed by Hannibal when he found that he could no longer retain it; and it probably never recovered from this blow, though it is mentioned by Pliny and Ptolemy.

I met several shepherds at breakfast on excellent curds, and I was not sorry to partake of their hospitality. I bought a few coins and terracotta figures that had been found in this vicinity. The variety and beauty of the silver coins of Terina prove the importance of the town, and belong, for the most part, to the best period of Greek art. There is usually a winged female figure on the reverse, which is probably intended for the Siren Ligeia, who is reported to have been buried on a rocky islet, which was pointed out to me, and is known as Pietra della Nava. The Rivale, a rivulet which flows into the sea opposite, is thought to be the Ares of Lycophron (v. 730). I parted from my host amidst the ruins of Terina, and proceeded with a guide on my way to Nicastro. Our direct road would have been across the mountains and through the country which I had avoided yesterday; the longer and safer course was preferable. The ridge of the Apennines runs along about a mile from the shore, rising to no considerable height, and wooded to the summit. After walking a few miles, I was surprised to come upon a house whose neat and comfortable look was a striking contrast to the uninhabited appearance of the coast around. With us it would have been an unpardonable rudeness to have intruded on a gentleman to whom you had no introduction; strangers, however, are so seldom seen on this remote coast, that I did not doubt of a favourable reception. On approaching the house, which was surrounded by many of those plants which only grow with us under protection, I was met by two young ladies, whose manners at once showed that they had been accustomed to what the world calls good society. You may imagine how much surprised they were at my appearance, and still more so when I addressed them in French, and inquired for their father. They invited me into the house, and their father, Don Michele Procida, soon afterwards came forward, and, on entering into conversation with them, I found that they had resided a considerable time in France. He has a large property here, which he visits occasionally with his family, spending the greater part of his time at Naples. They had never heard of any one travelling through Calabria in the unprotected state in which I have been proceeding, and they could scarcely imagine it possible that I could have escaped. The old gentleman pressed me to pass the remainder of the day with him, and the young ladies joined their entreaties with such hearty good will, that, I do assure you, it required all my natural stoicism to keep to my original intentions. I feel, however, the heat increasing every day, and I

am anxious to get my face turned towards the north. With unfeigned regret, therefore, I bade them farewell, and proceeded on my course along the coast. No words can describe to you its desolate appearance, and the reflexion of the sun's rays from the heated sand gave me some idea of the difficulties of travelling in the deserts of Africa. For a distance of upwards of ten miles we passed only a single house, and here we were able to procure a flask of miserable wine. It was a large and gloomy building, strongly barricaded, in which I should have been sorry to pass the night, and as we entered its massive gateway I was surprised to find it occupied by a party of men deeply engaged in conversation. They started up hastily, and waited in silence to hear an explanation of my intrusion. Their glances towards me were fierce and forbidding, and, had I known that the house was honoured with such company, I should have been willing to endure my thirst a little longer. My guide had told me that the landlord sold wine, and I accordingly called for some, which I drank without sitting down, and at once proceeded on my journey. My guide said they were "*genti del coltello*," "*genti cattive*"—in other words, cut-throats or brigands—and I confess that I threw behind me many a fearful glance as I hurried along; but I saw no more of them. I believe that they were a good specimen of the Calabrese peasant; they were of the middle size, well proportioned, and very muscular. Their complexion was swarthy, their features strongly marked, and their eyes full of fire and expression. They were fully armed, and might easily have made me their prey. After a few more miles the ridge of the Apennines ended abruptly, and an extensive plain stretched before me. The isthmus, which separates the two seas here, is narrow, being not much more than thirty miles, and it is said that Dionysius the elder proposed to erect a fortification across to defend the southern part of Italy from the wild Bruttians; the Greek cities, however, were unwilling that this should be done, and Dionysius was obliged to abandon his proposed plan.

We now left the coast, and proceeded into the interior, reaching the small village of S. Biagio, which is celebrated for its sulphureous waters, considered a cure for many diseases. Here I wished to dine, but there was no *locanda*. The shopkeeper, however, of the village undertook to furnish me with dinner, and I tried to get some rest by stretching myself on a hard bench. Meanwhile the inhabitants collected round the door, and jostled each other to get a peep at me. To think of sleep was useless, unless I could eject a large body of the inhabitants, who showed much anxiety to question me on many points respecting England. The Thames Tunnel they had heard of, and that seemed to give them a higher idea of the power and riches of England than any fact in her history with which they were acquainted. One classical gentleman exclaimed that it surpassed any work which their Roman ancestors had executed, and that nothing which the Greeks had done could be at all compared with it, ranking, he said, with the Pyramids of Egypt.

The hills round Nicastro, from which I found that I was distant only two miles, are covered with immense groves of olive-trees, and the balsamic odours which were exhaled from the orange and lemon trees in this neighbourhood, might have led me to believe that I had come upon "*Araby the blest*." The olives rise to the height of forest-trees, but the

oil is of a bad flavour, and used only in manufactories. The income of the proprietors is mostly derived from this source, and would be large if they could find an outlet for their produce. As it is, they complain of great difficulty in meeting the demands of government. At the present moment the circulating medium has been almost entirely abstracted by the Austrian soldiers, who have been in the occupation of the country for the last few years. The Austrian soldiers are kept under strict discipline, and are in general a prudent, saving race of men. They have not expended in the Neapolitan territory a single farthing they could avoid, carrying off the greater part of their pay in silver to their own country. This immense drain of silver has reduced the provinces to the primitive operation of barter, and rendered the payment of taxes nearly impossible. In Apulia, I hear that the proprietors have been allowed to put under the care of officers appointed by government a certain quantity of grain, which is to be sold when a market can be found, and the proceeds will be considered as deducting in part from the sum at which they are rated. As long, however, as the grain remains unsold, the proprietors are considered liable to be called on for all arrears. It is said that they have proceeded in some instances to confiscate the furniture and even the agricultural implements of the poorer classes, but such a proceeding is more likely to have originated in the officious zeal of some of the magistrates than from orders issued by government. The poverty of the people is extreme, and the lower classes are kept often by the distribution of the superfluous produce among them.

I dismissed my guide at S. Biagio, and proceeded forward to Nicastro, which I found to be situated in the post-road, which I had left three days ago at Carpenzano. Observing the sign of La Gran Bretagna, I thought that I could not do less than honour it with my company, and I found it really a very respectable inn. Nicastro is a large, well-built town, highly romantic in its appearance, from the woody hills with which it is surrounded, and the lofty towers of an old castle that commands it. This is the castle in which Henry, eldest son of the Emperor Frederick II., was confined for having embraced the Guelph party against his father. Nothing could be more beautiful than the valley through which I passed after leaving S. Biagio. The ground was strewed with flowers, and hedges of laurels, myrtles, and pomegranates, made it a very paradise. The foliage gave an agreeable shade, and afforded shelter to thousands of singing-birds. In the evening I ascended the hill above the town, from which there is a most charming view—a vast horizon bounded by the sea and illumined by the setting sun, whose rays tinged the bay of St. Euphemia. The Sinus Terinæus, which I have already mentioned, was a picture of the most enchanting description, and I regretted when the shades of evening forced me to retire. I was surprised to find a small stream, Terravecchia, passing through a portion of the city, and this during winter becoming a mountain torrent, has frequently committed great depredations, carrying off the houses and even the inhabitants. It is a proof of their apathy that no means should be used to get rid of this nuisance. The inhabitants told me that the years 1662 and 1783 were marked in their calendar with a black mark on account of these inundations; in the latter year more than one hundred of the inhabitants lost their lives, and in the same year they suffered from an

earthquake. Wherever we find a river in this country, we are sure to discover that it is a source of danger and not of profit; it desolates the lands through which it passes, leaving in its course a noxious deposit of mud, which spreads the seeds of disease over a wide district. Whoever can afford it, fly the low ground and take refuge in the mountains, where they find a pure and more temperate atmosphere.

This morning I left Nicastro at daybreak, and passed through the plains, famed for a battle, 4th July, 1806, between the English troops under Sir John Stuart and the French under General Regnier. Our arms were attended with success; the French losing two thousand men, and the English only three or four hundred. The expedition, however, was ill judged, and after the loss of a considerable number of men by the noxious heats of summer, we re-embarked and retired to Sicily. The plain extends for upwards of twenty miles, is low and marshy, being traversed by the river Lamato, the ancient Lametes, which overflows its banks in the winter season. I had hired a mule this morning to convey me to Maida, though it was no great distance, as I was told that I should find some difficulty in fording the river. Except in the immediate vicinity of Nicastro the country was uncultivated, serving, however, for pasture to large herds of buffaloes and wild horses. The few peasants whom we passed had a sickly appearance, and showed evident marks of being subject to the pestilential effluvia of the marshes. As we crossed the Lamato, which was of considerable size, we met a party of gendarmes in attendance on one of the magistrates, and though they looked suspiciously they allowed me to pass unquestioned. Maida, situated on a hill overlooking the plain, contains about three thousand inhabitants, and though it would require little to unite the village by a good road to the main trunk which penetrates the country, I found that no attempt had been made to do so, and I had to climb by a narrow and rugged path, which could only be safely passed by the sure-footed mules of Calabria. Being situated almost equidistant from two seas, and in that part of Calabria which is least mountainous, it enjoys a free current of air that renders a sojourn here delightful at this season of the year. I reached Maida at an early hour, and as I had a letter of introduction to the judge of the district, I waited on him, and was received with great kindness.

Having explained the objects I had in view, I expressed myself desirous of conversing with any of the inhabitants, whom he might consider likely to give me information respecting the peculiar customs or antiquities of Maida. He kindly promised to attend to my request, and a short time afterwards begged me to follow him, when you may imagine my surprise at being ushered into a kind of court-house, where he had assembled all the respectable inhabitants of the village to meet me. The judge introduced me to them, when I rose, and, addressing them in the best Italian I could muster, expressed myself delighted to make their acquaintance, stating how much pleasure I had received from my solitary tour through this remote but beautiful part of Italy, and how much gratitude I felt for the hospitality and genuine kindness I had uniformly met from all classes, both rich and poor. One of them rose and said that he was expressing the sentiments of his friends around him, when he intimated his surprise that I should undergo all this danger and

fatigue for what they considered such a very inadequate object. To that I said that I would answer in the very beautiful language of one of the noblest poets in the world, their own Horace, and whose poems many of them, no doubt, knew by heart (Ep. i. ii. 16) :

Rursus, quid virtus et quid sapientia possit,
 Utile proposuit nobis exemplar Ulixen ;
 Qui domitor Trojæ, multorum providus urbes
 Et mores hominum inspexit, latumque per æquor,
 Dum sibi, dum sociis reditum parat, aspera multa
 Pertulit, adversis rerum immersabilis undis.

To show what wisdom and what sense can do,
 The poet sets Ulysses in our view,
 Who conquer'd Troy, and with sagacious ken
 Saw various towns and polities of men :
 While for himself, and for his native train,
 He seeks a passage through the boundless main,
 In perils plunged, the patient hero braves
 His adverse fate, and buoys above the waves.

I repeated the words with our Scotch accent, and one of them immediately remarked, that we must pronounce the Latin language as they did, as he understood the passage perfectly from my distinct enunciation. He said that he was afraid that the Italians had changed places with the "Ultimi Britanni," and that high civilisation had passed from Italy to Great Britain, which now occupied the noble position in the world which their ancestors had maintained in former times. To this I could only say, while acknowledging the compliment, that I trusted there was a good time coming, and that no one would rejoice more than the inhabitants of the British Isles to hear a rustling in the dead bones of their country. I passed, however, from this dangerous subject to the peculiar features of Maida and its vicinity. There are salt springs above the village; but what I thought to be of more value, seams of coal, antimony, and alabaster are found in the neighbourhood, which will, no doubt, hereafter be turned to account.

While we were thus seated, I observed the room gradually to fill with the peasantry, and found that a man was brought up for trial on a charge of assaulting a woman. The friends of the parties, however, had induced them to make up the matter, though the woman seemed still disinclined to drop the prosecution; the peasant was dismissed by the judge with a grave rebuke.

The French certainly conferred a great benefit on the country by reforming the legal code, which, before their time, exhibited a strange incongruous mass. This part of Italy had been in the possession of Normans, Lombards, French, Spaniards, Germans, and each in their turn had added to the laws already in force. The Code Napoleon now, however, supersedes these multifarious enactments, modified, indeed, by the immemorial customs of the country, though it was not without a struggle that it maintained its ground on the return of the Bourbons. They made an attempt to re-establish the ancient order of things; the benefit of the change, however, had become so evident, that the most devoted friends of the Bourbons insisted that the organic law of Murat should be continued, and Ferdinand I. was obliged to yield. Alas, however, if the

human agents be corrupt, quis custodiet ipsos custodes? Under the pretext of adding to the safety of the innocent, they have contrived to aggravate the difficulties to be encountered, and to make them nearly insuperable. Before a trial can come on, if more than one has been implicated, they require the presence of all the accused, however numerous they may be, of their defenders and their witnesses. It then only requires the real or imagined indisposition of one of the parties to lengthen out a trial to doomsday. The result of all this is, that the unhappy accused generally sink under the weight of these pretended securities. It is curious to find that the law of the Two Sicilies and Scotland agrees in this, that they admit on a trial a verdict of "non constat," "not proven," and that this verdict, as with us, is admitted whenever there is a presumption but not legal proof against the individual. In this country, however, the accused falls out of Scylla into Charybdis; it would have been better for him to have been condemned. He escapes, no doubt, from the hands of justice, but it is only to fall into far worse—into the hands of the executive. Like to that statue of antiquity which had the appearance of wishing to caress those whom they presented to it, and which stifled while caressing, the police lay their hands on such an individual, plunges him into its dungeons, and forgets his existence. Of such an one we may well say, in the words of their own poet Dante,

Lasciate ogni speranza, voi che 'ntrate.

O ye who enter, leave all hope behind.

The executive does not find the supreme court of justice always so obedient to its behests as it could wish; high-minded men refuse, as our Charleses and Jameses found, to carry out their unjust commands. This court tries, though, alas! not always successfully, to preserve intact the independence of the magistracy, and to defend the innocent against the oppressive acts of government. And what I was still more delighted to find, the advocates boldly defended the accused, speaking and acting in a way that showed they were prepared to brave the vengeance of an unforgiving government in the defence of what they considered right. I find by the last census that there are eight thousand advocates and attorneys, and of these Naples contains upwards of three thousand. Every church is still considered a sanctuary, and the influence of the Jesuits is so powerful, that their college and monastery are regarded in the same light. As a proof of this, I heard the following statement from one of the English merchants at Naples. In some pecuniary transactions he had been grossly defrauded by a Neapolitan, and he resolved to punish him by imprisonment, which the law allows. To escape this punishment, the culprit took refuge in the college of St. Ignazio, belonging to the Jesuits; and though the law does not recognise its sacred character, no officer could be found who would brave the vengeance of that powerful body by putting the order of arrest in execution. It is only between sunrise and sunset that a person can be arrested; and, accordingly, that gentleman returned to his family in the evening, where he remained at his ease. It was only after repeated application by the English authorities that the law was at last enforced.

As soon as the judge had transacted his business, he proposed that we should proceed to examine an ancient castle, and the ruins of the church

of St. Constantine. The castle has no appearance of being of an earlier date than the thirteenth century, and if a Roman station, called by geographers *Ad Turres*, ever existed at this spot, all vestiges of it have long since disappeared. None of the inhabitants had ever heard of any antiquities being discovered in this vicinity. The church—now called Constantine—to which they attached much interest, had been nearly destroyed by the famous earthquake of 1783, and it still remained as the earthquake had left it. It is said that the Emperor Constantine, on his way to found his eastern empire, stopped at this village and consecrated a pagan temple, which he found on this spot to the worship of the true God.

After dinner I proposed, while my host was enjoying his siesta, to visit the small village of Vena, a few miles from Maida, which I had learnt was an Albanian colony; and though my host thought the heat was so great as ought to deter me, I started, with one of the armed police as my guide. I wished him to leave his arms, as an unnecessary encumbrance, which, however, he refused to do. The heat was certainly excessive, and had I not been ashamed to return without accomplishing my object, I should have abandoned my intention of proceeding to Vena. We again descended to the channel of the river Lamato, which I forded on my guide's back, and on ascending the hill on the opposite side I found myself on a piece of table-land of several miles in extent, at the extremity of which the village of Vena was placed. We did not meet a single individual till we approached the village. The inhabitants were attending evening mass, so that I had a good opportunity of examining the costumes of the peasantry, and their external appearance. The chapel was small, and crowded principally by women, so devoutly engaged in prayer that even the presence of a stranger did not attract their attention. Their features were more distinctly oval than those of Italian women, and they had high cheek-bones, so as to remind me forcibly of my own countrywomen. I observed none striking for their personal charms, but there was a modesty and simplicity particularly pleasing. Their gowns were richly embroidered, the colours being generally bright blue or purple. Their hair was fantastically arranged, so as to tower above their head like an ancient helmet. Lord Broughton, in his "*Travels in Albania in 1809 and 1810*" (chap. xii.), says, "The dress of their women is very fantastical, and different in different villages. Those of Cesarades were chiefly clothed in red cotton (I never observed the colour elsewhere), and their heads were covered with a shawl, so disposed as to look like a helmet, with a crest and clasp under the ears." This helmet-like appearance of their hair was particularly striking. They had a perfect acquaintance with the Italian language, though they employed the Albanian in conversation with each other. I have much difficulty in discovering any of their peculiar customs, as it has seldom occurred to them that they differ from the rest of the world; but on inquiring whether their marriage ceremonies varied in any respect from that observed by the other Italians, one of them mentioned the following custom: "It is a dance called *Valle*, which must precede the ceremony. The women unite in a ring, clasping the hands of each other, and, with a flag carried in front, proceed dancing and singing the war-songs of their country, when they were fighting with the Turks. This takes place as they are conveying the young bride to her husband's house."

They still use the Greek rite at marriage. There are two crowns prepared for the bride and bridegroom, which, after being blessed, are placed on their heads, and then on the pillows of the bed. The armed Pyrrhic dance, they say, is still known to them under the name of Albanese, or Zamico. These Albanians settled in the kingdom of Naples in the fifteenth century, at the time that their own country was overrun by the Turks, preferring to be exiles rather than give up the religion of their fathers. They at that time belonged to the Greek Church; but it is long since they submitted to the authority of the Pope, and I do not hear that any force was used to bring about the change.

I regretted that the day was now fast drawing to a close, as it prevented any further intercourse with the inhabitants of Vena. I hurried away, and reached Maida after sunset, only too happy if I had been allowed to retire to rest; but I had yet to undergo the fatiguing honour of supping in company with the principal people of Maida. After they dispersed I had still to arrange for my next day's journey, and I found these brigands again start up as a bugbear. Everywhere they seem to abound, rendering life here little enjoyable. The distances, too, between the villages I find to be too great to allow of my continuing on foot, and I must therefore hire a mule and muleteer. On this I have determined; but would you believe it, that the judge knew no one on whose fidelity he could depend, or who might not give information to parties, who would waylay me? To obviate this as far as possible, it was arranged that I should have a muleteer for next day, without telling him the direction in which I should proceed; and this is what has been determined on.

XVI.

I HAVE invariably abstained from expressing any opinion respecting the political administration of the Neapolitan government, unless circumstances naturally led to the subject, and I have not then concealed the sentiments which a British subject usually holds respecting the advantages of a constitutional form of government, guarding myself, at the same time, against giving an opinion whether it would be suited for the present state of this people. I have observed the same rule in respect to religion, though, when I am asked to state what objections I have to the Roman Catholic Church, I have never hesitated to point out those doctrines and that part of her government from which I dissented. I have thus endeavoured to steer a middle course, not wishing to intrude my own opinions on others, and, at the same time, having no desire that there should be any concealment respecting them. Following this rule very strictly, you will be surprised, in my account of this day's proceedings, to hear that I was on the point of being arrested for using what my opponent was pleased to call language defamatory of the Holy Catholic Church.

I started at daybreak on a good stout mule on my way to visit Pizzo, the spot where the brave but unfortunate Murat met his fate. The country continued to exhibit a very uncultivated appearance, being at first covered with marshes, though the scenery was in many parts magnificent; the mountains were wooded to the top, and till I approached the sea I traversed a forest of oaks and cork-trees. It is from these woods that my guide told me the brigands issue on unprotected travellers, and he pointed to several rude crosses, which had been erected where murders were committed. They were adorned with faded garlands of flowers, which reminds us of what Tibullus (Eleg. i. 1, 2) says:

Nam veneror, seu stipes habet desertus in agris,
Seu vetus in trivio florida sarta lapis.

“For I offer my adorations, whether a lonely trunk in the fields or an old altar by the roadside has garlands of flowers.”

No brigands, however, made their appearance, and I cannot help feeling somewhat callous to the alarming reports with which the inhabitants are constantly assailing me. The road, running along a natural platform for many miles, was delightfully shaded by lofty trees, and occasionally we had glimpses of the sea, slightly rippled by a breeze, which reached us sufficiently to cool the air. I cannot conceive a more beautiful scene than that through which I passed. At last I reached Pizzo, which stands close to the sea, a short distance from the post road, and when I entered the principal locanda, I was surprised to be addressed in French by a *person who was seated* at one of the tables. I made no concealment as

to my object or my country, entering freely into conversation with him. He artfully led me to the subject of religion, and, believing that I was conversing with a person unconnected with the country, I made no secret of my opinions respecting the ignorance of the clergy, and the superstitious character of the people. You may judge of my surprise and indignation when, on rising from dinner, he coolly said that the sentiments which I had expressed on these subjects were of a kind that he, as lieutenant of gendarmes, should find it his duty to put me under arrest. The heat of the day had caused him to sit undressed, so that I was not aware that he was one of the officers belonging to government. I saw at once that he was an unprincipled bully, and I determined to meet him without flinching, thinking it likely that he would be afraid to put his threat in execution if he found that I was not so unprotected as my present appearance might have led him to believe. I told him that I had imagined that I had been addressing a French gentleman; I found, however, that I had been conversing with a person who had acted the dishonourable part of entrapping me into a conversation on a subject on which I had no desire to speak, and was then going to take advantage of my candour to curry favour with his government for zeal in its cause. My arrest could only inconvenience me for a short time, as I had letters to all the chief magistrates in his district from the most influential men in Naples, and their guarantee for my honour would, I trust, bear down any statement which he could bring against me. I should take care, at the same time, that his conduct should, through the English minister at Naples, be represented in the proper quarter for animadversion, and I should demand his dismissal as satisfaction for my unjust imprisonment. I told him that I was aware of instances in which Englishmen had been treated by Neapolitans in the way that he threatened, but I also knew that these very men were afterwards placed by their government at the disposal of those Englishmen for punishment. At the same time I pulled out a letter, and asked if he could read the address. He acknowledged that it was to the royal governor of his province. I showed him another to the supreme judge. I saw at once by his confusion and cowed look that I had judged rightly of my man, and I now dared him to put his threat into execution. His tone was completely changed, and he assured me, in a humble manner, that he had had no intention to exert his authority, though others in his place might possibly have done so. He showed a desire to make up for the annoyance he had given me, and I thought it impolitic to take any further notice of what had taken place. Though I showed a bold front on the emergency, I did not feel sure that I might not have been considered to have broken the law technically by my line of argument, as the penal code contains this enactment: "Whoever teaches against the Catholic doctrine in order to change it, shall be banished from the kingdom for life." I am quite certain that any faltering on my part would have ensured my arrest, which would have been very annoying, and I resolved in my own mind that I should be still more cautious for the future, and steer clear of such a pitfall.

Hearing that I was anxious to visit the spot where Murat had fallen, the lieutenant offered to accompany me, and to employ his official authority to obtain from the gaoler some account of his last moments. As I thought that I might, perhaps, have some difficulty in getting admittance

to the prison, I accepted his offer, though I had no confidence in his honour, and imagined that this kindness might only be a pretence to get me within the walls of the prison without exciting the attention of the inhabitants. I showed, however, no appearance of shrinking, though it was an anxious moment when I heard the gate grate behind me. The gaoler was introduced, and his appearance was not so prepossessing as to make me wish for a more intimate acquaintance. There was, of course, no longer any necessity for concealment, and as the lieutenant seemed to take no further steps, I became convinced that my suspicions were unjust.

You may have read a detailed account of Murat's trial and condemnation, but you may find it interesting to hear the statement of the gaoler, who evidently considered himself the most important personage in the transaction. It was on a Sunday morning, October 8, 1815, that two small vessels were seen to approach Pizzo without attracting much attention from the inhabitants, who were employed at the time in hearing mass. Murat and thirty of his followers landed immediately, without a single question being asked, and proceeded to the public square, where he found the legionary soldiers on duty in that very uniform which he had himself bestowed upon them. He exclaimed, "Ah, my brave legionaries, you still wear my uniform;" and, naming one whom he recognised, he said, "Do you not know me, your king, Joachim Murat?" To this one of them answered, "Ferdinand is our king, by whom we are paid." Meanwhile, a crowd of people had collected round him, and he urged them to cry, "Viva Joachimo Murat!" and to pull down the flag which was displayed on the castle, calling it a "mappino," a "rag." This word is Neapolitan, and is used to signify the towel made use of in the kitchen by the cook to clean her dishes, and was, no doubt, used by Murat in contempt. It is derived from the Latin, *mappa*. When no one offered to do so, he upbraided them as a mere band of brigands and traitors to their sovereign. As no one seemed willing to bring forward the horses for which he called, he inquired for the road to Monteleone, the chief city in the vicinity, and began to mount the hill to the post-road.

In the mean time a person had proceeded to give information to the commanding officer that Murat had landed, and was haranguing the soldiers in the public square. The result was soon known, and the direction in which he was proceeding. The officer immediately ordered a party of men to hurry forward to the point, where the road from Pizzo joined that to Monteleone, while he himself followed in the direction that Murat had taken. Murat had reached the heights where the two roads meet, when an officer stepped forward, and said, "I arrest you in the name of King Ferdinand as a traitor." Murat's men immediately prepared to resist, and had levelled their guns, when Murat called out to them not to fire, while the officer opposed to him ordered his men to aim at Murat, yet not one shot took effect. It is difficult to account for Murat's indecision at this moment, as no one who has read his history can doubt that he was brave to a fault, but instead of making any resistance, he fled down a precipitous bank and reached the shore. In all prints that you may have seen of him, you will find him represented with long cavalry boots and enormous spurs. He was dressed in this way at the time, and as he attempted to leap into a fisherman's boat, his spurs

got entangled in a net and held him fast till his opponents got up, when he was taken prisoner. Then began one of those disgraceful scenes which have only too often taken place when the tide of popular favour has turned against some unfortunate wretch. A few years before, the inhabitants of Pizzo would have crouched before his chariot-wheels; now, they heaped on him every species of indignity. They spat in his face, they tore his clothes, and even plucked the hair from his head and whiskers. I am ashamed to say that the women were more savage than the men, and if the soldiers had not come up and rescued him from their hands, his life would have been sacrificed to their fury. He was carried to the castle, and thrust into a low and dirty dungeon, into which I entered. A telegraphic despatch was sent to the commander of the forces in the district, General Nunziante, who hurried forward without delay, with all the troops he could collect, and took military possession of Pizzo. The ex-king was placed at his disposal, and he had no longer any reason to complain of his treatment. Everything was granted that was consistent with his safe custody, and it is only justice to the military officers whose duty it was to act against him, to state that from them he received no treatment unworthy of the high station which he had once held. On Thursday morning orders were received from government to proceed to his trial, and a military commission of twelve persons was formed in order that all legal forms might be complied with. He was even allowed to employ in his defence, if he chose, a person who is called the advocate of the poor. There could be no doubt that he had forfeited his life by an attempt to excite rebellion; every government must possess the power to punish by the extreme penalty of the law any one who shall attempt to depose it. The exact grounds, however, of his condemnation arose, I believe, from his contravention of a law which he had himself enacted. By the quarantine laws, death is the penalty incurred by any one who shall land in the kingdom of Naples from a vessel that has not received "pratique"—that is to say, which has not remained in harbour a certain time under the surveillance of the officers of health. The object, you know, is to guard against the introduction of the plague from the East, and the penalty was one which he had himself sanctioned. This, I believe, was the technical grounds of his condemnation, but even without this he must have fallen a victim to his want of success. After the examination of some witnesses, and no attempt of defence being made by Murat, the military commission retired for a short time to consider its verdict, soon, however, returning, when the president, General Nunziante, addressed Murat somewhat to the following effect: "General Murat, our consciences are clear; you are condemned to death by your own law, and you must die. If you wish a confessor, you shall have one summoned immediately." He requested that a confessor should be sent for, adding, that he could not believe that Ferdinand would confirm his condemnation; but there was to be no forgiveness for him; orders had already been given that the law should immediately take effect. It is said that General Nunziante was so deeply affected at the part he was obliged to act, that he retired from the room, and did not again make his appearance. While he was waiting for the confessor, Murat said, "Officers, you have done your duty," and at the same time requested that paper should be furnished him that he might write a few lines to

his wife. He then presented the note to the officers, who pledged their honour that it should reach its destination. He was then asked where he wished to die, being led into a small court-yard within the castle. He paced up and down for a few minutes, exclaiming, "Dove è il mio destino"—"Where is my fate?" when suddenly stopping at a spot which was nearly a foot higher than the rest of the court-yard, and facing round, exclaimed, "Ecco il mio destino"—"Behold the fated spot." He then addressed the officers to the following effect: "Officers, I have commanded in many battles; I should wish to give the word of command for the last time, if you can grant me that request." Permission having been given, he called out, in a clear and firm voice: "Soldiers, form line," when six drew themselves up about ten feet from him. "Prepare arms, present"—and having in his possession a gold repeater with his wife's miniature upon it, he drew it from his pocket, and as he raised it to his lips, called out—"Fire!" He fell back against a door, and as he appeared to struggle, three soldiers, who had been placed on a roof above, fired a volley at his head, which put him out of pain. Thus perished the brave Murat, whose fate we may indeed regret, but its justice we can scarcely deny. His body was placed in a common coffin, and conveyed without ceremony to the church by the clergy. He was buried in the vault set apart for the poor, which, however, has been closed since that period. I was shown the small room where the council was held, and two low-roofed dungeons in which Murat and his companions were imprisoned. The door against which he fell appears still stained with his blood. I then proceeded to the church where the bones of the hero were laid. It was small and neat, and on remarking that it seemed to be of late date, I was told that Murat himself had contributed funds for its erection. It appears that he had shown considerable favour to this village of Pizzo, and it was probably from a recollection of this that he selected Pizzo for his foolhardy attempt. In the middle of the church a small stone, with an iron ring by which it was raised, was shown as the entrance to the vault; and, suspended to the roof, the small banner which was to have led him to fortune waved mournfully over his tomb.

This was a painful story to listen to, and I could have wished to have been left to my own reflection, but the lieutenant stuck to me, wishing, no doubt, to obliterate any bad impressions he might have left on my mind. As he intended to proceed next morning to Catanzaro, he sent for a muleteer, with whom he tried to make a bargain; failing to make one to his own satisfaction, he threatened the poor man with castigation, and summoned the syndic to his presence. He employed the same haughty, overbearing manner with which he had begun to treat me, and I remarked in French that he was surely adopting a wrong method to gain his point. He assured me, however, that if he did not keep the whole district in awe of his authority, he might at once give up his command, as nothing but strong measures suited their wild and ferocious tempers. He maintained that they were all brigands, or connected intimately with them. He said that it was not unusual to hear the reproach addressed at other places to its natives on the slightest altercation: "Tu sei del Pizzo e questo basta"—"Thou art a native of Pizzo and that is enough." He threatened to report the whole village to government, if the magistrate did not furnish him with a horse at his own

rating. The poor syndic showed evident symptoms of terror, and stated that his excellency should be obeyed. This title is always given when they wish to propitiate the favour of the individual whom they address, and sounds in my ears as if they were a down-trodden race. It is like "your honour" of the Irish. This lieutenant is a native of the Roman States, and had been long in the service of the Austrian government in the north of Italy. He came down with the army of occupation, and has been retained by the Neapolitan government. He is, I should suppose, a fair specimen of the Italian soldier of fortune of the present day, living at the expense of both king and people. This is the force which the government is anxious to augment, as it fears to put arms in the hands of its own subjects. There are now nearly four thousand Swiss troops in the vicinity of Naples, who are intended for the personal defence of the royal family; such a force, however, must be galling to the feelings of the natives, and, like all mercenary bodies of men, they treat the inhabitants in a rude, overbearing manner. At Naples, a few months ago, as I was returning alone at midnight from the opera, I was alarmed by hearing loud exclamations, and a carriage driving towards me at full speed. As it approached, I found two Swiss officers with drawn swords pursuing the coachman with bloody threats, evidently intending, in a most cowardly manner, to cut him down. No one could allow such odds to be used against an unarmed man, and I rushed forward to the rescue, though I possessed no weapons of offence. The officers, of course, ceased their pursuit, and turned upon me, demanding in an excited tone who I was, and why I interfered. I said at once that I was an Englishman, and that it was not the custom of my country to see such treatment of an unarmed man without interference. They said that the man had refused to be hired, and demanded if I wished to adopt the quarrel of the coachman. I said, my object was that the man should escape, and, as he had done so, it was for them to say whether they thought the matter should proceed further. If they did, my card was at their service; but they were now cooled, and probably ashamed of their conduct, as, had they pushed it, our cause of quarrel must have become known to their commanding officers and the whole of Naples. They ended by saying that the coachman was a "birbone"—"a scoundrel"—and did not deserve to be fought over. I said that I was satisfied that the matter should thus end; and, bowing to my opponents, passed on. This little adventure led me to make inquiry respecting the conduct of the Swiss officers, and I was told that the cab-drivers always avoided them when it was possible, as they either paid nothing, or much less than their fare. Here I found the same conduct being pursued by this lieutenant in Calabria.

I made inquiries for ancient remains, as some geographers place an ancient city, *Napetia*, at *Pizzo*, giving the name of *Napetinus* to the Gulf of *Euphemia*, known also as *Terinæus*. No one had ever heard of any antiquities having been found here. They pointed out a valley called *Trentacappelli*, where marble of various colours is dug up, white, black, and yellow; and one of the inhabitants, who seemed to know something of geology, said that fossil remains were very plentiful in this neighbourhood. The rocks are calcareous, and this may very well be the case. *Pizzo* is prettily situated, with a harbour of some size, though it is much exposed. A good deal of fishing goes on, particularly of the tunny, and

they spoke of a fish called "cicerelle," a small kind of fish of an exquisite flavour. Lampreys also are found, and they maintain that they are equal to those caught a little farther south in the sea round Reggio. I heard also of another fish like to the lamprey, but said to be of a more delicate flavour, called "allampate." It has a snout somewhat hairy, curdled in its meat like our salmon when it is good, oily, with sweet flavour.

I would have willingly remained at Pizzo for the night, but the company of the lieutenant became so thoroughly distasteful to me, and I could in no way shake him off except by positive rudeness, which I did not choose to use, that I preferred the fatigue of a walk of six miles, as far as Monteleone, rather than submit to the torment of his volubility, even at the risk of falling in with the brigands. The ascent from Pizzo to Monteleone is long and steep, with terraces rising above one another, which are cultivated in the form of gardens. There are many streams at present with little water, though sufficient to irrigate the ground and produce vegetables of all kinds. It was long after sunset when I presented myself at the palace of the Marquis Gagliardi, by whom I have been received with the utmost kindness. He is one of the most influential proprietors in this part of Italy, and prefers to spend his time in the improvement of his property to a useless life in the city of Naples. His manners are those of a polished gentleman, and the marchioness is a lady, who would be an acquisition to the most brilliant court circle.

Another day of great excitement has elapsed, and though I feel thoroughly worn out, I have been amply repaid for all the fatigue I have undergone.

XVII.

I DETERMINED to spend a day with my kind host at Monteleone, and examine the beauties of the surrounding district. The city is built upon a hill of considerable height, which commands a wide view of the country, extending from the bay of St. Euphemia, along the shore of which I have been passing for the last few days, to that of Gioia and the Apennines. A magnificent spectacle strikes the eye all around, and the view is crowned in the distance by the bluish smoke of Etna. A castle, surrounded by fine trees, gives it a commanding appearance; and at a short distance lofty mountains, covered with forests, secure it from the cold winds of the north. It is, indeed, a lovely spot; and so far as my slight intercourse can enable me to judge, the inhabitants seem distinguished from those of Hither Calabria, through which I have lately passed, for a higher degree of knowledge and civilisation. The country being by no means so mountainous, affords facility to communications; the sea-coast is more accessible, and being nearer to Sicily, causes a constant intercourse to be kept up with Palermo and Messina. Monteleone, containing about seven thousand inhabitants, was the capital of a province till within the last few years, when the district was divided. Reggio and Catanzaro are now the seats of government, and in consequence of this arrangement the streets of Monteleone have a more deserted and gloomy appearance than you are prepared to expect from *the size and respectability of the houses.*

It is the site of an ancient Greek city called Hippo, said to have been founded about B.C. 388, by a colony from Locri; however, as the position is eminently fitted by nature for such a purpose, we can scarcely imagine that it was left unoccupied till so late a period. It is more probable that the inhabitants of Locri may only have taken possession of it at that time, and raised it to an importance which it had not before enjoyed. A few years later we find it a bone of contention between Dionysius the elder of Syracuse and the Carthaginians, by the former of whom the inhabitants were transferred to Syracuse. Subsequently it fell, with all the other Greek cities, into the hands of the Bruttii, who were the native inhabitants of this part of Italy. After the conclusion of the second Punic war the Romans sent a colony, B.C. 194, and changed its name to Vibo Valentia, when it seems to have become a city of great importance, being called by Cicero, who resided here previous to his quitting Italy at the time of his exile, "an illustrious and noble municipal town." The beautiful gulf, on which I was looking, had also witnessed an engagement between the fleets of Pompey and Cæsar (Cæsar, *Civ. Bell.* iii. 101). Strabo (vi. 256) mentions a grove and meadow remarkable for its beauty in its vicinity; and there was a magnificent temple to the goddess Proserpine, in whose honour the women used at her festival to gather flowers and to twine garlands. I was, of course, anxious to find out if there were any remains of this temple; but they have a tradition that it was entirely obliterated by Roger, Count of Sicily, in the eleventh century, who, from the desire to enjoy the odour of sanctity, transferred all the marble pillars and hewn stones to the Cathedral Church of Mileto, twenty or thirty miles to the south of Monteleone. There also may be seen an inscription, which was to the following effect, when it was more perfect than it is now:

L . VID . VIR Q . CINCIUS . C .
 AUL . IIII . VIRID SIGNUM PROSERPINÆ .
 REFICIUNDUM STATUENDUMQUE
 ARASQUE REFICIENDAS EX S . C .
 CURARUNT HSDCLXX M XC FUERE
 HELVIA Q . F . ORBIA M . FILIA .

The plains here are famed for the variety and beauty of the flowers with which they are covered; and hence the Greek colonists of Hipponium maintained it to be the place from which Proserpine was carried off. I find that the festival of the Madonna is now celebrated very much in the same way as we may suppose that of Proserpine was in ancient times. As her statue is conveyed through the streets, flowers are strewed before it by young virgins, and arches decorated with flowers are erected in various parts of the city through which she has to pass. There is more particularly a festa of St. Luke, in the middle of June, when they erect columns, round which they twine flowers. The remains of the ancient walls are still to be seen in the direction of the telegraph, of a construction similar to those I found at Pæstum, being immense square masses of stone placed on each other without mortar. In some stones are holes bored, into which strong bars of iron are supposed to have been introduced. An Italian geographer asserts that the circumference of the walls was eight miles; but though Hipponium was an important city,

this is, probably, an exaggerated statement. At the Porta di Piazza there are some sepulchral inscriptions in the Roman character, built into the wall of a house; and it is strange that no Greek inscriptions should have been preserved, except the epigraph of the medals and coins. At the church of St. Leoluca, the patron saint of Monteleone, there is a mosaic pavement in good preservation, though it is of coarse design; and at a spot where they have been lately levelling the ground for the passage of the post-road, they have exposed the remains of a brick building, the original use of which it is impossible to determine. The church of the Capuchins contains a tolerable painting of Salvator Rosa's brother; and in that dedicated to St. Leoluca there is a marble statue of the Madonna of considerable pretensions.

The Canonico Iorio, a gentleman of high literary acquirements, and well known to all English travellers who have visited Naples, was kind enough to furnish me with a letter of introduction to Signor Capiabi, one of the most intelligent and best educated gentlemen in the south of Italy, and whose family has been long distinguished for its love of literature. He possesses a museum of antiquities of considerable value, containing many rare coins, medals, and vases; but he had much cause to deplore the visit of the French, who deprived him of a great portion of his collection, and when they evacuated the country they were irrecoverably lost to him.

During the morning I paid a visit to the Collegio Vibonense, the exterior of which prepared me for a flourishing establishment. However, only the higher classes are able to send their children to this seminary, and out of a population of seven thousand only twenty-four pupils could be mustered. This is certainly an unfavourable sign, though we might, perhaps, form an erroneous estimate of the character of the people, if we were to judge merely from this circumstance. Still the love of literature must be at a low ebb, as the province is only able to support three booksellers' shops, if we can dignify with such an appellation those where you can only find prayer-books and a few religious works. Some of the inhabitants prefer to have a private tutor, as they are thus able to have some control over the political sentiments with which the minds of their children are imbued, and the learning of the professors is not of so high a character as to make their labours very strongly appreciated. Their general information is not very extensive, if we may form an opinion from the question put to me by their professor of poesy—whether Scotland was separated from England by sea, and how far distant it was. I could see the confusion of my host when this question was put, though I showed no surprise, and simply gave the information he required.

I observe by the last census that there are 27,612 priests, 8455 monks, 8185 nuns, 20 archbishops, and 73 bishops. What could they have been before the French turned so many adrift! In 1807, about two hundred and fifty convents were dissolved; only a few hospices, and the monasteries of Monte Casino, La Cava, and Monte Vergine, were retained, though much diminished in numbers and yearly income. The mendicant monks, from whom the state could derive nothing, were suffered to remain, and therefore you hear of my meeting the Capuchins in various parts of the country. Of late years, however, many convents and religious foundations have been restored, and some of my liberal friends

maintain that the ambition and arrogance of the clergy are again becoming intolerable.

Though there is no food for the mind to be found, you cannot pass through the streets of these small towns without being struck by the advertisements everywhere to be seen in the shop windows: "Qui si giuoca per Napoli"—"Here is a lottery for Naples." "Qui si giuoca per Firenze"—"Here is a lottery for Florence." This taste for gambling is very strong in every part of Italy, and is encouraged by the governments. A ticket is purchased for a few pence, and thus a temptation is held out to the lower classes, which they find it impossible to resist. The people have no serious occupations; politics are tabooed, and there is little commerce, so that they are left a prey to their own thoughts, and glad to escape from them by any course of excitement, however pernicious it may be. You will see even boys playing at ball, pay and receive grani at the end of each game. The system of lotteries is of old date in Italy; we find (Suet., Aug. 75) that Augustus sometimes amused himself by selling tickets for prizes of very unequal value (*inequalissimarum rerum sortes*), and placed pictures with their faces turned towards the wall, that he might enjoy the satisfaction or disappointment of the parties who had purchased the tickets.

In the afternoon I rode down to the village of Bivona, on the shore, which is considered to have been the ancient port of Monteleone. If it were so, it possessed a poor harbour, though we must recollect that the vessels of the ancients could be drawn up on the beach. There was much more protection at Pizzo. It was evident, however, that an attempt had been made to construct a port, as the remains are of a very massive style.

I was present at mass this evening, and everywhere I can see that the Calabrese are urgent in their demands on Heaven. If drought desolate their fields, and no attention is paid to their prayers, it is said that they proceed to put the statues of their most revered saints in prison, hoping that this humiliation may make their intercession more effective. What can be done with a people in this abject state of superstition? What effect would a more spiritual form have upon them? Their belief seems to be in harmony with their impressionable character, and I sometimes doubt whether the exterior form of religion may not depend a good deal on climate and the constitutional temperament of a nation; yet I have found men of the highest intelligence in this remote district, and who felt the necessity of something better and more ennobling in religion, but what could they do? They are kept down by the knowledge that to disclose their sentiments is worse than death, and they prefer to bow in the temple of Rimmon to the ruin that would come upon them by an open announcement of their principles. Even here I find a division in the Church. There are what they call "Papisti," men devoted to the Pope and those principles which are known to us as Ultramontane. But, besides these, there is a large body of men who are opposed to these extreme views, and may be regarded in the same position as the Low Church with us. What, however, speaks highly in their favour, when compared with the Spaniards, is, that all parties have refused to allow the Inquisition to be introduced into their kingdom. I inquired whether the feudal system still subsisted here in all its strictness, but I find that the French put an end to it in a great measure, and it has never recovered its

former power. Before the French occupied Calabria, the rich and powerful barons exercised a despotic sway long unknown in other parts of Europe, feudalism being never, as far as I can understand, seen in a more odious and disgusting form. Those who have read "I Promessi Sposi" of Manzoni, may have some idea of the miserable state in which the country was kept. The barons had an armed militia under the name of "Sbirri," who were ready to attend to the will, and very often the caprices, of their sanguinary masters. If a vassal questioned or resisted the commands of his lord, he was sure to fall by the stiletto of some of these armed followers without any notice being taken of so atrocious a crime. Now all this is, no doubt, ended, and the law is, to a certain degree, omnipotent. The great barons, however, have deserted their property in the provinces, leaving it to be managed by agents, and lead an idle, useless life, dangling about the court at Naples. They have country-houses along the shores of the bay, and alternate all the year between the opera and the "dolce far niente" of their country-houses.

I am now on the spot which suffered so much from the earthquake in 1783, destroying many thousands of the inhabitants, yet it is astonishing how tranquilly the mind can contemplate danger when it has once been accustomed to it. Whether it be on the edge of a slumbering volcano, or where nature is convulsed by the most fearful earthquakes, man lives and enjoys himself as calmly as we do, where no sudden convulsion of nature has in the memory of man overtaken us. This is a curious mental phenomenon, and may be accounted for by the strong feeling of hope that is implanted in the mind. We trust that, though all our neighbours may be destroyed, we shall escape.

I left Monteleone this morning before daybreak, with a muleteer, to proceed to Casal Nuovo. The air was cool and refreshing at this early hour; the country was well cultivated in the immediate vicinity of the town, and all Nature was clad in her loveliest attire. We might have expected to meet Proserpine, with her attendant virgins at every corner, gathering the flowers that were as beautiful as they were in former times. We proceeded along the post-road which leads to Reggio; being only lately constructed, it was in a very rough and unfinished state. As we receded from Monteleone, the country again began to assume the same desolate appearance which has so forcibly struck me in every part of my tour. When I use the appellation of desolate, I merely mean that man has left Nature to herself, and that he makes no use of those advantages which she offers to him. I have passed by many a lovely spot and many a beautiful landscape, but they wanted that charm which the industrious labours of man can alone confer. We met a party of gendarmes, with whom I entered into conversation, and found that they had succeeded in capturing three men who had been concerned in a murder, and that they were conveying them to Catanzaro. I confess that I was disappointed in their appearance, as they had none of that lofty daring in their looks and gait which we usually imagine to be found in an Italian brigand. It is seldom that these men suffer the extreme penalty of the law, even when they are laid hold of, as the government is inclined to deal leniently with all crimes that are not directed against itself. Though it is seldom that life is forfeited, I am not sure that the punishment inflicted is not

severer. They are condemned to the galleys, or, more correctly speaking, to be employed in the construction of public works. I have often seen fifty of them, chained two and two, working at a new road under a broiling sun, with half a dozen soldiers standing over them with loaded muskets. They are confined at night, and the food they receive is neither sufficient in quantity, nor to be commended for its quality. I believe that few of them survive any length of time the severe labours they are made to undergo. You know that they have no Botany Bay which they can colonise with their convicts. There is a small island, Ponza, a little to the north-west of Naples, to which the government usually sends those political offenders who are not considered worthy of death. The same island served for the same purpose to the tyrants Tiberius and Caligula.

We met with an old man carrying a quantity of "ricotto," a kind of curdled goat's milk, and on finding that he was conveying it to a neighbouring village to market, I became the purchaser of the greater part of it, that I might lose no portion of the coolness of the morning by delaying to breakfast. How often I have longed for a good substantial Scotch breakfast with "Finnon haddies," salmon, and all the other *et cæteras!* The Italians are sadly ignorant on many points, but I am sometimes inclined to think, when I am hungry in the morning, that they display their ignorance in nothing more lamentably than in not knowing how excellent a thing a good breakfast is.

Our route lay along the banks of the river Mesima, the ancient Medma or Mesma, till we approached a forest, which I found to be called Rosarno. The name sounded familiar to my ear, and the association with it was not of the most agreeable kind, when I recollected having heard at Naples, a short time ago, that two of my countrymen had been stripped here even of their clothes by a band of brigands. The muleteer confessed that it was a dangerous spot, and I consulted my map to see whether we might not, by some cross-roads, in a great measure avoid it. I saw at once that our distance to Casal Nuovo would be considerably shortened if we struck directly across the country, and I found from my muleteer that my chance of falling in with brigands would be pretty much the same. A narrow path led us to the river Mesima, which was now nearly without water, though it was evidently in the winter a turbulent stream. The bank was thickly covered with trees of all kinds, and we had now got into a path that was little frequented. It became so entangled that I was obliged to dismount, and at last we were pulled up by a thick natural hedge, through which, indeed, I contrived, with much difficulty, to insinuate myself, but it was vain to think that my mule could pass. My muleteer proposed that he should return some distance to a spot where we thought he might cross the hedge, and then join me on a path, which we found to be on the other side at the top of the bank. To this I agreed, and sat down to wait for his appearance. When about an hour had elapsed, and I could neither hear nor see anything of my mule, you may imagine that I was in some alarm for my goods and chattels, though they are of no great intrinsic value if I were anywhere else than in this remote part of Calabria.

It was a lovely spot where I was seated; I could not help being

struck, as I have been passing along this morning, with the almost tropical appearance of the country. In the neighbourhood of Monteleone I passed a continued grove of orange, lemon, and citron trees, which attain a size unknown in the north of Italy, and after I left the more cultivated parts, I found forests of arbutus and different kinds of oaks, having as underwood the oleander, the arborescent ericas, and the sweet-smelling myrtle. The hedge-row, which I had such difficulty in penetrating, consisted of alder and pomegranate bushes; but I had had sufficient time to admire its beauties, and I began to consider what steps I ought to adopt in such an emergency. I had luckily kept my money and my letters in my pocket, so that I determined to proceed forward in the direction of Casal Nuovo. Before I finally gave up all hopes, I travelled down the bed of the river for some distance, and made the echoes of the Mesima to resound loudly with my voice. An answer was at last made to my hallooing, and my muleteer appeared in the distance. He apologised for his long absence by assuring me that he had been obliged to descend a great way down the river before he found a spot where he could ascend with his mule to the top of the bank. I began, therefore, to doubt whether I had adopted the wisest plan in making this attempt to cross the country. Ere long, however, we issued from the wood, and came upon a shepherd's solitary hut, which was unoccupied. We again descended into the channel of a river which I found to be called Vocale, and along it we proceeded for many miles without meeting a human being, or observing the slightest appearance of the country being inhabited. At a short distance I saw the ridge of the Apennines rising to a great height, thickly wooded. At last, the bell of a church struck upon my ear, and roused a host of pleasing recollections of times long gone by. I forgot for a moment the spot where I was, and the village church of my earlier days stood before me. This mental mirage, if I may so call it, was only momentary, for there were too many causes of physical suffering to allow long forgetfulness of the present. The village was called San Fili, in a gorge of the mountains, and as I had been upwards of seven hours astride of my mule, it was necessary to have some rest. My muleteer, however, maintained that we were only a few miles from Casal Nuovo, and I agreed that we should continue on our journey. We entered upon a plain, which is said to be nearly thirty miles in extent, and is thickly covered with olive-trees. It reaches between the rivers Mesima and Muro, and might be made one of the most fertile spots in Italy. These olive-trees are different in form from those to which I have been accustomed in other parts of Italy; instead of the knotted, hollow trunk, the stems were tall and straight, the branches not twisted into fantastic shapes, but smooth, and at equal distances from each other. The ground beneath was covered with beautiful ferns, through which paths are cut, and I believe that the ferns are moved every year, as it would otherwise injure the roots of the olive-trees. They are always very anxious respecting this crop, as it is apt to fail for various reasons. It is very much like our own apple-trees in Scotland, whose blossoms are often blighted by the dry east wind. So here the flowers of the olive-tree are liable to early destruction from cold dry winds, or else from too much damp, and even after the fruit is set and far advanced a heavy

shower of rain may utterly destroy it. They speak also of a glutinous fluid appearing upon the olive like a blight after the continuation of a south-west wind, which they believe to bring some poisonous vapour from Mount Etna, and this causes the olive to rot off the branch. After having passed upwards of eight hours on muleback, it may be easily conceived that I hailed with pleasure the small village of Casal Nuovo, where I meant to spend the night. The Marquis of Gagliardi had been kind enough to recommend me to the care of a gentleman who was agent on his estates here, and nothing could exceed his attention to me.

I was now on the central spot where the earthquake of 1783 had been felt most severely, when the greater part of the village had been swallowed up. The houses are now built principally of wood, as few months pass without a shock more or less severe being felt, and yet they speak of the insecurity of their situation with the utmost nonchalance. About a week ago they had felt a severer shock than had taken place for many years before, and they had thought it prudent to spend the night in the open air. Several of the inhabitants were old enough to have a very vivid recollection of what had taken place in 1783, and shuddered at the thought of what they had witnessed. They said that the appearance of the sky gave warning of some fearful catastrophe impending; close, dark mists hung heavily over the surface of the plain; the atmosphere appeared in some places so red hot that they would not have been surprised to see it burst into flames; even the waters of the river had a turbid colour, and a strong sulphureous smell was diffused around. The violent shocks began on the 5th of February, 1783, and continued to the 28th of May. It was on the 5th of February that Casal Nuovo more particularly suffered, when the greater proportion of the inhabitants were crushed under the ruins of the houses. I was anxious to see some of the more striking effects of the convulsions, and I was conducted a few miles to a deep glen, which they said had been formed by the earthquake. They pointed to a forest which had been hurried down to the bottom of a deep ravine, without having been in the least separated by the shock. In other parts, rivers had been arrested in their course by the fall of mountains, and had become large lakes, but of this I saw nothing. It is astonishing to what remote distances these shocks are felt, and in countries where nothing serious has ever been experienced. On Sunday, the 1st of November, 1755, the great earthquake in which Lisbon suffered took place, and at the same moment the small Castle loch of Closeburn, in Dumfries-shire, was so violently agitated, as the people were going to church, that they dared not enter, and service was performed in the open air. The Princess of Gerace happened to be at Casal Nuovo at the time of the earthquake, and perished with many thousands on the occasion. To the south my host pointed to the highest mountain, Aspromonte, and said that all their calamities arose from that central point. They would be safe if a volcano would burst out there, and give ease to the throes of the earth, letting off gases or pent-up air, to which he ascribed these disasters. This was the opinion of one who had watched for half a century the shocks to which they were constantly subject, and this man, *abnormis sapiens*, may not be far from the truth. Sir W. Hamilton places the focus of the earthquake of 1783 at Oppido, a village

close to Aspromonte, and says "that a radius of two-and-twenty miles from this point would inscribe a circle, including within its boundary all the cities and villages which were entirely overthrown, while one of seventy-two would comprise the farthest range of its less destructive effects."

I have been surprised to hear the bitterness with which the inhabitants speak of their countrymen in other parts of Italy, even of those of another province. Imagine a Lancashire man looking upon a man of Yorkshire as scarcely belonging to the same country, and you will have some idea of the feelings that prevail here. It is this that will always render it difficult to unite Italy into one homogeneous nation, and make it anything else than a "geographical expression." When they come to understand the meaning of the word patriotism, and the sacrifices it imposes; when they shall be persuaded that their country can only be freed by subordinating their individual interests to those of the national unity—it is then only that Italy will be ripe for freedom. But, alas! how far is the reality of things from this pleasing perspective, and how long must the friends of Italy wait before these sad words be effaced, which have for so many ages been engraved on her forehead,

Servir sempre, o vincitrice o vinta!

"A slave always, whether conquering or conquered!"*

I suspect that we must attribute much to the enervating effects of the climate. A three years' residence has enabled me to understand that it requires much mental energy to withstand its weakening influences. It is vain to expect that man can oppose with success the strong hand of necessity, or get over this perpetual round of vice and indolence; yet the climate of Rome is that of the ancient Romans, and the climate of the kingdom of Naples is that where lived the warlike Samnites and Lucanians, and where the Norman adventurers afterwards settled. Such inspiring recollections only place in stronger relief the degeneracy of these once valiant races, now sunk into effeminacy and feebleness.

* This opinion of the Italians, formed forty years ago, has been somewhat modified by late events, and yet I fear that Italy will require to be baptised in blood before she be able to form that homogeneous whole which all her friends would rejoice to see her present to the world. She has yet to learn to stand erect without the patronage of her great friend, Napoleon.

XVIII.

BEFORE I left Naples I had fixed on Gerace as the most southern point of Italy that I cared to visit, and you will please to observe that I have kept to my determination, a circumstance for which I intend, of course, to take credit. You will wonder what great attraction Gerace possessed; but this is easily accounted for, as it stands not far from the site of Locri, the most southern of the celebrated cities of Magna Græcia. I have now only to continue my course northwards along the coast for two hundred miles, and I shall visit the site of every ancient city that was famous in former times in this part of the world. I have no doubt that you imagined that I was wandering through the country without any definite object; you will now fully understand this part of my plan, and the rest I must leave to be developed by time. You will recollect that I started from Naples on Tuesday, the 29th of April, and I have reached Gerace on Sunday, the 18th of May, having not loitered much on my journey.

Casal Nuovo stands at the foot of that ridge of the Apennines which terminates near Reggio, opposite to Sicily. It rises to a considerable height, though I found that I should have no difficulty in crossing it, mounted on one of the surefooted ponies of the country. This passage of the mountains is called *Il Passo del Mercante*, and, as you will not be surprised to hear, is beset with brigands. I found that the Marquis of Gagliardi had, with a degree of kindness for which I feel deeply grateful to him, given directions to his agent that several of his tenants should be sent, fully armed, to accompany me across this dangerous pass. I could have willingly dispensed with this attendance, and, indeed, made strong remonstrances against it; my kind host, however, pleaded so strongly his master's imperative orders that I had nothing for it but to submit, and as all with whom I have conversed declared that it would be a miracle if I escaped, I am inclined to believe that there must have been some real danger. My guard consisted of four men, of whom two were mounted on horseback and two were on foot; they were all, I could see, of very different calibre from the armed police, of whom I have spoken with such contempt. They were men of quick eye and firm purpose, on whose effective assistance I might confidently rely if any danger should present itself. They were furnished with long-barrelled rifles, and were not unprepared for a closer onset and a more deadly struggle. As for myself, my only weapon of defence, if weapon it could be called, was my dilapidated umbrella, which I fear the Italian brigand would not be inclined to consider very formidable. If we met them, however, I intended to flourish it in the way we sometimes alarm cattle; and as they are pro-

bably unacquainted with such an article, they might imagine it some deadly weapon of war, and take to flight.

As soon as we left the village our ascent of the mountain began, and continued for upwards of three hours without intermission through a thick wood. Occasionally there was an open glade, and then the eye stretched across an extensive plain to the sea, which lay unruffled in the distance, studded with small islands, among which was Stromboli, sending up without ceasing volumes of smoke. Of the island my eye could distinguish nothing; but the lofty peak with the smoke was a remarkable object, and at night my companions said the flames were distinctly visible. As we approached the top a very different scene awaited us, for we got enveloped in so thick a mist that I could have thought myself suddenly transported to my native hills; at last we reached a region where a fearful tempest of thunder and lightning was raging. The wind blew a hurricane, and rain fell in torrents. The climate had completely changed, and I had now to complain of being nearly frozen. I cared little for myself, but my papers and maps stood a great chance of being completely spoiled. I avoided this, however, by transferring them to my companions, who were all furnished with long Calabrese black cloaks, descending to their heels. We were now traversing the territory of the brigands, and though I could not be persuaded that there was the slightest danger from man amidst so fearful a manifestation of the powers of nature, my companions thought otherwise, and took those precautions which their experience of such scenes dictated. Strict silence was enjoined, though I considered this very needless, as the brigands must have had very quick ears to hear even the loudest trumpet amidst the roar of the thunder, as it ran echoing along the mountain's side. One of my guards preceded us by a few yards, and, with his finger on the trigger, kept a sharp look-out on every tree and bush which we passed, while my other companions seemed to be equally on the alert. The beech and the oak were growing in great luxuriance, and the open glades were covered with green grass, reminding me of my native hills. On the summit there was a small piece of table-land, which I was surprised to find partly cultivated, and the grain was just beginning to make its appearance above ground, showing that the temperature of this high-lying spot must not differ much from our own more northern latitude. Here the wind blew with such terrific fury that it was dangerous to remain on horseback, and we all dismounted, prepared to throw ourselves on the ground to avoid being swept away. I thought of the havoc I had witnessed near Paola, and of the wish that had crossed my mind, that I had been present to see Nature in all her terrors, and it seemed as if I were going to be gratified more speedily than I had then imagined. Sometimes there was a pause in the storm, but we found it was only nature collecting her forces for a grander onset. The lightning was most vivid, and the peals of thunder seemed as if the heavens were rending. Virgil might have been present when he sketched his beautiful description of a thunder-storm (*Georg. i. 328*):

*Ipsæ Pater, mediâ nimborum in nocte, corusca
Fulmina molitur dextrâ; quo maxima motu
Terra tremit; fugere feræ; et mortalia corda*

Per gentes humilis stravit pavor: ille flagranti
Aut Atho, aut Rhodopen, aut alta Ceraunia telo
Depicit; ingeminant Austri, et densissimus imber;
Nunc nemora ingenti vento, nunc littora plangunt.

The father of the gods his glory shrouds,
Involved in tempests, and a night of clouds,
And, from the middle darkness flashing out,
By fits he deals his fiery bolts about.
Earth feels the motions of her angry god;
Her entrails tremble, and her mountains nod;
And flying beasts in forests seek abode:
Deep horror seizes ev'ry human breast;
Their pride is humbled, and their fear confess'd,
While he from high his rolling thunder throws,
And fires the mountains with repeated blows;
The rocks are from their old foundations rent;
The winds redouble, and the rains augment:
The waves on heaps are dash'd against the shore;
And now the woods, and now the billows, roar.

I could not help thinking that this was a disagreeable introduction to *Magna Græcia*, on the frontiers of which I was now standing, and if I were inclined to be superstitious I should consider it a bad omen.

Our descent was by a far steeper path than that by which we had mounted, and it was not long before we had left the storm above us. We met a woman with a careworn countenance, and two men, who were completely enveloped in their long cloaks; but, though we stared at each other with suspicion, neither party entered into conversation. As we gradually issued from the dark clouds with which we had been surrounded, the eye rested on the wide expanse of the Ionian sea, with its whitish-blue colour, which not a breath of wind seemed to have ruffled, and on which the sun was shining brightly. We reached a small village, *Agnana*, consisting of only a few houses in the gorge of the mountains, and whose inhabitants were said to act as spies to the brigands, and to warn them if an unprotected traveller attempted to cross the mountain. Here we got some coarse bread, cheese, and execrable wine. About a mile below this village all danger was declared to be at an end, and, though we were still many miles from *Gerace*, my guard thought they might return to *Casal Nuovo*. I wished to pay them for the trouble they had taken, but they refused to accept anything, saying that they were only too happy to be of use to any friend of the *Marquis of Gagliardi*; and here I took a farewell of my companions, and proceeded on my solitary way, allowing my muleteer to return, that he might have the protection of my guard in recrossing the mountains. I was not sorry to be left alone, as I felt little inclined to keep up a conversation with those with whom I had so few ideas in common. I know not whether the scenes through which I had just passed might not have imparted a feeling of melancholy to the mind, and made everything appear less joyous than it would otherwise have done, but I suffered an oppression of spirits, for which I could not account. Though the sun shone brightly, and not a drop of rain had fallen where I now stood, there was a gloom and melancholy around which pressed heavily on the spirits. The *Apennines* run here nearly parallel to the shore, and at the distance of about four miles from it. As far as

the eye can reach, the intermediate space is intersected by numerous undulating ridges, which run down to the shore, and allow of no plain of any extent. At some distance stood the village of Gerace, on a high point, and the gloomy and dark appearance of its houses seemed well to harmonise with the deserted aspect of the surrounding country. I can scarcely tell in what this eastern side of the Apennines differed from the western, for there was loneliness in both, but it was more striking here. The sides of the hills had no marks of cultivation, and even the footpath along which I was proceeding seemed seldom to be trodden. In fact, I could have imagined myself in the midst of an uninhabited country, if I had not seen the castle of Gerace towering in the distance. After some time I reached Gerace, and inquired for the Sotto-Intendente, to whose care I was recommended by my kind friend the Marquis of Gagliardi. A respectable house was pointed out as his residence, and on entering it I was introduced to an old gentleman of a mild and benevolent countenance, who received me in the kindest manner. I dare say that I was a spectacle well suited to call forth a feeling of compassion, as I had been thoroughly drenched on the mountains, and I must have looked jaded and worn out. His excellency's clothes were scarcely suited to my spare figure, but I was glad of any change, however ridiculous might be my appearance.

I am now at last in that part of Italy which I have long wished to visit. It has been sometimes asked why it should have been called *Magna Græcia*, and various ingenious reasons have been suggested, but the one which is most obvious is probably nearest to the truth—that it was from the importance and power of the Greek colonies, which had at a very early period extended over the whole of this part of the country. The name, indeed, does not seem to have had any very definite application, including sometimes even the island of Sicily, yet it was more usual to restrict it to the portion of Italy lying between Locri and Tarentum. It thus contained eight republics, which were generally independent of each other—Locri, Caulonia, Seyllacium, Croton, Sybaris, Heracleia, Metapontum, and Tarentum. Many other smaller cities might be enumerated, which were included under the appellation of *Magna Græcia*; these, however, were the most important. The shore, of which they had taken possession, was well provided with spacious bays and gulfs, its fertile plains were watered by numerous streams, and its climate could not be excelled. Everything, therefore, concurred to raise it to as high a degree of perfection as nature could possibly reach without the assistance of art. The activity and industry of man exerted on such a country produced the results that might naturally be expected. Abundance of everything that could gratify the desire was the reward of his industry, and if the same exertions were now made, Nature would pour forth her riches with a not less niggardly hand. The secret spring, however, that called forth these exertions is now wanting. Liberty and independence have left those shores, and I am told that I shall find the whole little else than a barren desert.

Of the Greek cities in this part of Italy, the oldest was Locri, the ruins of which are found at no great distance from Gerace. It is said that it was founded principally by a colony of slaves, who, during the absence of *their masters*, had carried off their wives. Whatever may be the truth

of this tradition, its citizens became in later times famed for their riches and importance, which they owed in a great measure to the wisdom of their code of laws conferred on them by Zaleucus. Their prosperity was injured by what at first appeared calculated to promote their interests. They became intimately connected with Dionysius the elder, who married the daughter of one of its principal citizens, and in consequence of this alliance the city fell into the hands of his son Dionysius, who tyrannised over it in a manner that can scarcely be credited. From that time the prosperity of the city gradually declined, and after it became part of the Roman Empire, it sank into insignificance.

Such was the city the site of which I proceeded, in company with a friend of my host, this morning to visit, and found it to be upwards of four miles distant from Gerace, close to the shore. Its ancient walls can be traced nearly round its whole circumference. A portion of them to the south are in a tolerable state of preservation, and show that they were constructed of large blocks of calcareous limestone, in which the country round abounds. For half a mile on the side next the sea the remains of the wall are visible, so that the sea seems to have undergone no change in this part of the coast for the last two thousand years. The site of the city occupied a space of ground about two miles in length by less than a mile in breadth, extending from the sea-coast, at what is called Torre di Gerace, to the rising ground leading to the Apennines. From the slopes of these hills the city extended towards the sea, and had its harbour, if harbour it can be called, at the mouth of the little river St. Ilario. A French nobleman, the Duc de Luynes, was here a few days ago, and caused the foundation of a building of considerable size to be excavated. The basement is constructed of massive blocks of limestone, placed over each other without mortar, and close by are scattered pieces of immense columns of the same material, which had no doubt decorated the building. It is situated outside the walls, on the brow of a hill of no great height, yet so as to overlook any building lying between it and the sea. All the intervening space is covered with fragments of ancient buildings, of which only one at the north-east corner would appear, from the immense blocks of stone for its foundation, to have been of considerable size. I examined with care every spot close to the shore for the site of the Temple of Proserpine, which Strabo mentions as the richest and most magnificent that Italy possessed, but not a vestige of it can be seen, if it is necessary to suppose that it was close to the shore. We know that it suffered severely from Pyrrhus, but we can scarcely imagine that its foundations should not still exist. It may possibly be the building which I have just mentioned as having fragments of pillars lying around. There is a hill called Esopis, mentioned by ancient geographers, on which the citadel of Loeri was situated. I vainly tried to determine which of several ridges ought to be considered the spot where it stood. There is no hill of a very decided character, though several ridges run down to within a quarter of a mile of the sea. There are three small hills, on one or other of which may have been the fortress; three ruined forts are now seen on them, called Castellaccio, Mantelle, and Sietta. Some have thought that Gerace was the ancient Esopis: this is impossible, as it is at least four miles from the site of these ruins; and, besides, no ancient remains have been discovered in its immediate vicinity. There are, indeed, a few

ancient marble pillars in the cathedral and a single inscription; these, however, could easily have been transported from the shore, and we know that this has been often done elsewhere. I have not the slightest doubt that Locri was situated on this site, and did not include Gerace, which had its origin in the middle ages, when the inhabitants took up their residence at some distance from the sea, that they might be in some degree beyond the reach of piratical corsairs. As I was not pressed for time, I wandered away towards the mountains, and stumbled on what must have been the remains of an aqueduct, which had to penetrate through a rock for a considerable distance. Along this shore, in the summer season, water must have been brought from the hills to supply such a population as Locri contained.

Having satisfied my curiosity respecting the ruins of Locri, I proceeded on my return to Gerace, passing through a grove of olive-trees and a vineyard, where that peculiar species of vine, from which the *Vino Greco* is procured, was trained to a trellis-work five or six feet in height. In the vicinity of Naples the vines are trained from tree to tree; it is seldom the case here. We passed also a few mulberry-trees, which supply food for the silkworm, and I find that the manufacture of silk is pursued with considerable success. I expressed a wish to see their cocoons (*bacche di seta*), but I observed from their answer that they were averse to the proposal, and I afterwards found the cause of the refusal to be not particularly flattering to me. They are afraid to expose the silkworm to the gaze of a stranger lest an ill-omened look should destroy them. I am thus subject to the imputation of a *Jettatore*, of whom I have already spoken. They have, however, a mode of neutralising the effect of the evil eye by making use of incense, together with palms that have been blessed on Easter Sunday; olives, too, that have been blessed have the same effect, if they are burned in the room where a *Jettatore* has been. This superstition respecting the evil eye is found everywhere throughout Italy, and seems to be applicable to everything. Sannazaro, who was born A.D. 1458, says, in his sixth eclogue:

*L'invidia, figliulo mio, se stessa macera,
E si dilegua come Agnel per fascino.*

“Envy, my son, wears herself away, and droops like a lamb under the influence of the evil eye.”

This, as you are aware, is merely a continuation of a Roman superstition, as they, too, had evidently some dread of an evil eye. Thus Virgil (*Eclog.* iii. 103) says:

Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos.

“I know not what evil eye it is that is casting its envious glance over my tender lambs.”

This idea of the palm averting the danger is also handed down from the ancients. Pliny (*xiii.* 9, 2), speaking of the dwarf-palm (*chamærepes*), which he says grows in great quantities in Sicily, and which is still to be found in this southern part of Italy, states that the “hard interior of the fruit, when polished by the elephant’s tooth” (*dente politum*), has a good effect against the evil eye (*contra fascinantes*).

I told you that spitting in the direction of the person supposed to pos-

sess this power was a mode of averting the danger. Pliny (xxviii. 7, 1) says the same thing: *Simili modo et fascinationes repercutimus.*—"In the same way, *i.e.* by spitting, we hurl back on the individual the effects of his evil eye."

I was curious to see the contents of the little purse made by the Capuchins, and suspended round the necks of the children, but I found the matter was regarded in too serious a light by mothers to venture on such an examination. It might have cost me dear, as the Italians are of a revengeful nature. It would have been strange if they had been found to contain a representation of the membrane virile, which we know was suspended round the necks of the Roman children. Varro (*de L. L. vi.*) says: *Pueris turpicula res in collo quædam suspenditur, ne quid obsit, bonæ scævæ causâ.* There was lately found at Pompeii, over the mouth of a baker's oven, a stone priapus with this inscription: *Hic habitat felicitas.*—"Here dwells good luck."

In this province there are seventy-two cultivators of the silkworm, but the only silk manufactory on a large scale that I can hear of is at San Leucio, near Naples. It is supported by government, who supply it with children from the poorhouse, called *Alberzo de' Poveri*, paying at the same time fourpence a day for every child thus employed. In the plains of Sorrento I found, on inquiry, that there were nearly three hundred persons employed in the manufacture of silk stockings, but they could not compete in colour or fineness with the workmanship of France or England; in strength of material they were far superior. In Penne, a city of the Abruzzi, the nuns of S. Chiara are celebrated for their silk embroidery; and in Teramo there is a manufactory of some importance.

In respect to linen they have made but little progress, if I may judge from the tablecloths and sheets which I have had an opportunity of examining. They are generally coarse and ill bleached. The village of La Cava, near Salerno, has been most successful in its manufacture of linen, and employs about fourteen hundred and sixteen individuals.

I had often heard it positively asserted by some of my learned Neapolitan friends that there were several villages in the remote parts of Calabria whose inhabitants had preserved the ancient Greek language, without much change, from the period when the whole of this coast was colonised by the Greeks. Bova, about twenty miles to the south of Gerace, was said to be one of them; and you will not be surprised that I was anxious to solve the problem, when it was so nearly within my reach. I had determined to visit it, if I could receive no satisfactory information at Gerace. I made my intention known to my host, when he stated that there were two muleteers from Bova in Gerace at that moment, and he immediately gave directions that they should wait upon me. I have been studying Romaic for the last six months, under one of the few Greeks who survived the fatal siege of Missalonghi, and it occurred to me that they might understand this modernised Greek. They had no difficulty in conversing, though my pronunciation sounded somewhat strange in their ears. In respect to their origin, they understood that they had come from beyond seas a few centuries ago, and I have no doubt that it was a colony of Greeks, that had emigrated from the Morea at the same time that the Albanians came over. Their language appeared, with *some slight variations*, to be much the same as that now

spoken in the Morea. I have thus been saved a journey of forty miles, and however insignificant this may appear to you in your temperate climate, I can assure you that it is a matter of great joy to me.

I give you a few words collected from the muleteers of Bova, which, if you knew Romaic, would satisfy you that I am correct in my belief: *Ψωμί*, bread, *τυρί*, cheese, *κρασί*, wine, *γυνήκα*, woman, *άνδραν*, man, *βοδί*, ox, *άλογο*, horse, *πρόβατα*, sheep, *βοσάλι*, cow, *ψικάνια*, shirt, *χοιραδί*, sow, *πούδα*, hen. The words for cow, shirt, and hen seem peculiar, as I do not know them in Romaic.

On my return from the ruins of Locri I visited the cathedral of Gerace, which I found to have suffered severely from the earthquake of 1783, being rendered useless for public worship. The ancient columns of which I spoke, as probably brought from the Temple of Proserpine on the shore, are of white marble, fluted, with the exception of three, which are verd antique, coarse red limestone, and granite. The capitals are of inferior workmanship, and can scarcely be supposed to have originally surmounted them. The great altar remains untouched, but it is in the crypt that divine service is now celebrated.

In the cathedral the inscription to which I alluded was built into the wall, and was to the following effect:

IOVI OPTI
MO MAXIMO
DIIS DEABUS
QVE IMMOR
TALIBVS ET
ROMAE
AETERNAE
LOCRENSES.

XIX.

WHATEVER fault we may find with this people for their superstition and ignorance, there is a loveliness in their character which I am not utilitarian enough in my philosophy to resist. Amidst much superstition there is also a great deal of genuine piety and humble submission to the severest strokes of Providence, and I sometimes wish that my own countrymen were equally attentive to the performance of their religious duties. My worthy host was a good specimen of the higher class of Italians, of amiable character, strict in his devotions, and though firmly attached to the doctrines of the Roman Catholic religion, tolerant to those, like myself, who differed from him in opinion. I had an interesting conversation with him on the subject of religion, and stated many of the usual objections which Protestants bring against the corruptions of Popery, and, among other things, I drew his attention to the circumstance that the Bible, which we considered to be the "Word of God," was not allowed to be circulated or read by the people. He had the common answer, that it would be dangerous to put it into the hands of the ignorant, as they would wrest it to their own destruction; but

opening a desk he brought out an Italian Bible, and said, "Here it is, and I value it above all books!" He said that there was an abstract of the Old and New Testament, and this could be read without danger by the least learned. Besides, he maintained that the doctrine of his Church was that Jesus Christ had established a church on earth, and an order of succession in the priesthood, and that to this priesthood were entrusted the inspired writings as the guide of that church, and through them alone was instruction to be communicated to the people; they were ordained to *preach* the Gospel to all nations. The question had evidently been considered by him, and he was armed at all points.

I objected to the indulgences for sins which the Pope is in the habit of granting; but he maintained that this was one of the calumnies of the Protestants, and that he gave no such indulgences. He granted, indeed, abatements of purgatory, and explained it in this way. They believe that the devil has permission to torment the saints in purgatory for a certain space of time, to cleanse them from the pollutions they may have contracted in this world, and thus make them fit for heaven. Now the Pope has the power of abating this space, and from what I afterwards learnt it seems as if, by proper management, the devil might be in a great measure cheated of his right. There are certain crosses in and about Rome, the kissing of which clears off so many days; and the holy staircase—that is the staircase of Pilate's judgment-hall, which has been brought to Rome and there preserved—if you climb up on your knees you will succeed in making a very serious impression on the period you are to be confined in purgatory.

The family of the Sotto-Intendente resided at Castel Vetere, and he pressed me so strongly to remain a day with them that I yielded to his wishes. I left Gerace a little after daybreak. The country through which I passed differed little from that which I had traversed on my way to visit the ruins of Locri. There was the same want of cultivation, the same feeling of loneliness as yesterday. Proceeding along the sea-coast I reached a few huts called Roccella, I then turned my steps into the interior, up the channel of a winter torrent, at this time without water. In the winter I do not see how intercourse can be kept up between the different villages. As I advanced, the country presented still greater desolation. It appeared as if some awful convulsion of nature had torn the hills asunder, and then thrown them together at random. The soil was of a dry clayey nature, and being without herbage or trees, the spot was a strange contrast with the usual scenery of Italy.

The small village of Castel Vetere was seen at some distance on the summit of a hill, which seemed perpendicular on all sides; but its gloomy appearance served only to increase the melancholy feelings which the scenery around was calculated to excite. The rock on which Castel Vetere stands is ascended by a winding path, and before the invention of artillery might have sustained a considerable siege. I was received with kindness by the friends of the Sotto-Intendente, and the day passed quickly away in very agreeable conversation. I found here Baron Musco, a gentleman well acquainted with the English language, and who had spent much time in the society of the English. He is now *residing on his property*, and showed me some valuable gold rings and bracelets which had been found in some sepulchres at Giosa,

in this vicinity. On one of the rings were the letters P H V, without any device to determine to what epoch it belonged.

Caulon, or Caulonia, one of the earliest Greek colonies founded on these shores, stood somewhere in the neighbourhood. It was destroyed by Dionysius the Elder, B.C. 389, and its inhabitants removed to Syracuse; it must again, however, have risen from its ruins, as we find it espousing the cause of Pyrrhus, and subsequently attacked by the Romans during the second Punic war. It is said to have stood on an elevated situation, which would suit very well with Castel Vetere, if it were not stated at the same time that it was near the sea, while Castel Vetere is at least four miles distant. Besides, no ancient remains, cameos, or coins have been discovered here, while at a place called Calamona, about one mile from the sea and three from Castel Vetere, many sepulchres are visible, and coins of various Greek colonies have been found there. Near this spot, on a hill called Foca, are the remains of buildings, and from a personal inspection of the ground I should be inclined to place the site of the ancient Caulonia there. When I visited it the site was covered with the prickly pear, and hedged round by the gigantic aloe. Beneath it stretches a plain nearly two miles in breadth, through which flows the small stream Alaro, which there is little doubt is the ancient Sagras. It was on the banks of this river that the inhabitants of Croton sustained a memorable defeat from the Locrians; and so extraordinary was the result that it gave rise to a proverbial expression, "more true than the event that happened at the Sagras." In talking to the inhabitants of the country, I could hear of no other level piece of ground within twenty miles where two large armies could be drawn up. There is a spot in the plain called "Sanguinaro," which may be considered a corruption of "sanguinarius," the Latin word for "bloody."

During our conversation, the Baron Musco said of a child belonging to one of his friends in Naples, that it was "un fanciullo della Madonna,"—"a child of the Madonna;" and on inquiring what he meant, he said that it was a custom in this country, when a woman loses her child in birth, to take a foundling and bring it up in its stead; this is called taking a child from the Madonna.

This morning, mounting my mule, I proceeded on my journey, undecided whether I should seek Squillace by the sea-coast or try to reach it through the mountains. I crept slowly through the plain of the Sagras, where the battle is thought to have taken place, and then leaving the sea crossed a hilly country for several miles. On either side of me I saw small villages perched on heights. Intending to visit the iron mines worked by government here, I received from my friends of Castel Vetere a letter of introduction to the overseer, Capitano Natzi, who resided at a village called Pazzano. Being disappointed in finding him, I pushed forward to the mines, which were about three miles in the mountains. My road lay up a deep glen, with the mountains rising on both sides to a great height, and thickly covered with wood. The scenery was most magnificent, and I determined to bid defiance to the brigands and penetrate through these passes. On reaching the mines by a road which was kept in a good state of repair, I could perceive no appearance of any human being, but after much hallooing a little boy came forward. I proposed to accompany him into the mine, though we had no light, as I found that the workmen were now employed in the shaft. He attempted

to frighten me by extraordinary stories of a spirit who haunted the mine, and had a great antipathy to strangers. To this I of course paid no attention, but tying a strong cord round his arm to prevent his escape, I ordered him to precede me, and threatened summary punishment if he dared to play any trick. As we were proceeding to enter, one of the head workmen came up, and I then found no further difficulty. There are four shafts, of which only one is productive. The vein is three to four feet in breadth, and I found that they had penetrated about half a mile into the mountain, and that the vein is descending.

The southern part of Italy is rich in mines, which were worked in former times. In the vicinity of Locri there were four silver mines, and in the district of Caulon there were several at Bivonica, Argentaria, Fiumara, and Stilo. In the territory of Amantea, at Monte Cocuzzo, there were mines of rubies and emeralds, but no attempt has been made in the present day to derive any advantage from them. The government claims the possession of all the mineral riches of the kingdom, and one of its greatest errors is that it will neither itself attempt to explore, nor give permission to others to do so.

The miners recommended that I should keep along the coast. I was so charmed, however, with the appearance of the mountains and the coolness of the air, that I resolved to face the brigands. Accordingly I proceeded to ascend the mountain-range, which was covered with magnificent oaks, beeches, and gloomy pines, that had borne the blast of many a winter. Every step presented new beauties, and opened to the eye fresh objects of admiration. There was a wildness in the scenery, and a gloom in the darkly-wooded mountains, that overpowered the mind. All was silent save the sound of some distant waterfall, or the low moaning of the breeze through the aged forest. At times the piercing scream of the eagle startled the ear, or some wild goat would dart away to its secret recess. I afterwards heard that the woods abounded in foxes, weasels, polecats, squirrels, and even wolves are scattered over them. While I was thus quietly admiring the beauties of nature I was alarmed at the appearance of a large body of armed men, reclining under the trees. The gleam of their muskets first attracted my eye, and I soon perceived by a movement among them that my approach was not unobserved. Several ponies and mules were quietly grazing beside them, while panniers and cloaks lay scattered on the ground. I cannot say that I did not begin to repent having allowed my admiration of scenery to lead me into this dangerous rencontre. I had sufficient time, before I reached them, to recal to my recollection all the barbarities that the brigands of the mountains are accused of having committed. As I approached the spot where they were assembled, a person, who seemed by his dress and superior bearing to be the Robin Hood of the party, stepped forward, and relieved me from all anxiety by addressing me in French. He said that he saw by my appearance that I was a foreigner, and requested me to join their party at dinner, an invitation which I was noways loth to accept. I found that they belonged to the iron-foundry at Mongiana, and were employed in marking trees to be cut down for charcoal. They were guarded by a body of wild-looking peasantry, whom I should not have cared to encounter in my solitary ride. They told me I had only to proceed a few miles farther to reach Mongiana, the village where the

foundry was situated, but that I had acted with great foolhardiness in advancing into this part of Calabria without a guard. They never ventured beyond their village unless protected by a body of armed men, nor does it appear that they were safe from attack even then, as is well illustrated by the following story which they told me: "A short time ago, when the government ordered all the arms in the country to be collected in the capital of each province, a band of twelve brigands had marched through some village in the vicinity, and proceeding to the house of the curate had carried him off to their fastnesses, regardless of the excommunications of the Church. They fixed on a large sum for his ransom, and despatched a shepherd to convey the information to the village. As the curate was beloved by his parishioners the money was collected, and the poor clergyman released from his unpleasant thralldom." This may give you some idea what degree of security there is in travelling through this country, and I confess that I shall not be sorry when I have left it.

In the distance, my companions pointed to a village called *Fabrizia*, the inhabitants of which are said to be of a ruder and wilder character than their neighbours. If a father be slain, and the years of his son preclude immediate vengeance, the bloody shirt is preserved as a memorial, and is presented to the son when he arrives at the age of manhood. It is thus that the feuds between rival families never cease, but are transmitted from one generation to another. When the only son of a family dies here, the father and mother tinge their under-clothing with *legnuolo*, and wear them till they are destroyed by age.

I found the iron-foundry of *Mongiana* to be of considerable size, but foolishly erected at a great distance from the mines. It was intended that the foundry should be surrounded by wood, from which charcoal might be procured, as no mineral coal has yet been discovered in this vicinity. On leaving *Mongiana*, I proceeded across a level plain several miles in extent, which had none of the characteristics of an Italian climate. The fields were covered with green grass, or the grain was just springing up, while the coolness of the air made me feel that I was less warmly clothed than the climate required. It was a miniature table-land on the top of the *Apennines*, which I could perceive grew narrower as the mountains proceeded to the south, till they became nearly perpendicular at the spot where I had crossed them near *Gerace*. The temperature is very cold during the winter season, and snow continues more or less from the end of November till the beginning of April. Crowds of peasants were returning from the fair of *Serra*. They were much taller, and of a more masculine frame of body, than the inhabitants of the sea-coast, and their women rivalled them in strength and height.

Having reached the small village of *Serra*, I found it to consist principally of wooden houses of the most miserable description. The frequent earthquakes to which they are subject render it the only material to which they can have recourse with any degree of safety. *Serra* possesses nothing to interest a stranger, and is only worthy of a visit from the picturesque nature of the scenery with which it is surrounded. Everything betokened a temperate climate; the vine was no doubt there, producing grapes, but the cold weather sets in too early to admit of their reaching such maturity as to enable wine to be made, while apricots and peaches never ripen.

There are several small churches built, like the houses, principally of

wood ; the belfries have a strange appearance from this circumstance. At no great distance are the ruins of the monastery of St. Stefano del Bosco, the most ancient of the Carthusian establishments in the kingdom, having been founded by St. Bruno himself, and where his remains were deposited. It was levelled to the ground in less than three minutes by the earthquake of 1783, and all its magnificence passed away like as it had never been.

XX.

You will be glad to see that, having reached Catanzaro, I am again in a part of the country somewhat more civilised than that through which I have been lately passing. I am not sorry that I should have spent a couple of days in those wild and mountainous regions, though it was not without risk. I have no doubt that the people are the genuine descendants of the Bruttii, the ancient inhabitants of this part of Italy, as few would think the possession of their country worthy of a contest. These Bruttii are first mentioned in history B.C. 356, and have no high origin to boast of, as they are said to have been the runaway slaves of the Lucani, a more northern tribe. This may likely be a mere scandal on their origin, as shortly after B.C. 335 we find them making common cause with the Lucani against the Greek cities on the coast. Terina, Tempsa, and Hipponium, all of which I have already mentioned, fell into their hands ; and after the defeat of Alexander, King of the Molossi, B.C. 326, nearly the whole of the southern parts of the peninsula, as far as the rivers Lao and Crathis, acknowledged their power. They assisted Pyrrhus, B.C. 280, in his invasion of Italy, and this called down the vengeance of the Romans, who overran their country, and obliged them to yield at least a nominal dependence on Rome. Matters continued thus till the second Punic war, B.C. 218, when, after the battle of Cannæ, B.C. 216, the Bruttii, as well as all the rest of the south of Italy, joined the standard of the Carthaginian general. In the later period of the contest, when the Romans became decidedly superior, Hannibal maintained himself in this mountainous country for several years. The revolt of the Bruttii was severely punished by the Romans ; still we hear of no steps being taken to remove them from their country, as we know to have been the case in other instances. It is not, therefore, unreasonable to suppose that the great body of the nation remained in their mountain fastnesses, and that the present inhabitants are their descendants.

This morning I continued on foot my course to the north without a guide, passing through the village Spatola, famed in this quarter for its cheese, yet still more wretched in appearance than Serra; and as I had heard that it contained a church called Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, I was desirous to ascertain whether there were any ancient remains. Velleius Paterculus (i. 15) mentions that Minervium was colonised at the same time with Scyllacium. I waited on the clergyman, whom I found in a hut nearly devoid of furniture, and you may imagine that he stared when he was made acquainted with the reason that had induced me to call upon him. No one had ever visited his village on the same errand, and I might have spared myself the trouble for any information that I gained. The church, he said, had once possessed an ancient altar, but he could give no

account of the manner in which it had disappeared. He had never heard of any ancient remains in this quarter.

All the villages through which I passed were equally miserable, though the country was beautiful, and the scenery of a different kind from that which I had traversed yesterday. The descent was gradual, and the mountains had less of an Alpine character. There were magnificent chesnuts and oaks, while the hedges were formed of the holly, the sweet-briar, and woodbine. I was struck by the abundant crop of wild strawberries, and the cherry-orchards in full bearing; indeed, along this coast I found this fruit most delicious. When I reached San Vito, I determined to strike again into the mountains, that I might visit the black-lead mine at Olivadi, said to be the only mine of this material in Italy. Again I was warned by the chief magistrate that it was unsafe, and, as it was necessary that I should take a guide, he sent with me one of the armed police. All these villages through which I have passed continue to be built of wood, having an open gallery in front overhung with vines. Our path lay through a thick wood, and as we proceeded, I cannot say that I felt my spirits raised by having the spots pointed out where robberies had lately taken place. We entered a deep glen, which my guide assured me had been the scene of several murders, but my luck still adhered to me, for we met not a single individual. On reaching Olivadi, I was hailed by a sentinel, who ordered me to halt and give an account of my intentions. In this I had no difficulty, and received permission to call on the superintendent of the mine. The examination of the mine scarcely rewarded me for the labour and danger I had undergone. The lead is found in nodules, and, as the mine belongs to government, a very little portion of it had as yet been wrought.

On my way to Squillace, I passed through a wood of oaks and chesnut-trees, of the largest size I had yet seen. One of the oaks was twenty feet in circumference, at the distance of three feet from the ground, and a chesnut-tree exceeded thirty-five feet. Of course this is nothing compared with Damory's oak in Dorsetshire, which was sixty-eight feet in circumference, and, according to the common calculation, was two thousand years of age. The Boddington oak, in the vale of Gloucester, was fifty-four feet in circumference. Still, how many generations must have passed away since these trees sprang from the ground! After passing through the village of Palormiti, I came within sight of Squillace, situated on a rising ground about three miles from the sea, and I was glad when I got safely within its walls. I have been received with much kindness by a friend of the Sotto-Intendente of Gerace, who seemed to take pleasure in showing me whatever is worthy of my attention.

Squillace is a city of considerable importance, and, with the exception of Cosenza, has more appearance of commercial activity than any I have yet visited. The ancient Scylacium was situated nearer to the sea, where the ruins of the monastery Vivariense are found. This monastery was built by Cassiodorus, a native of this place, secretary and intimate friend of Theodoric, King of the Goths, towards the end of the fifth century. Cassiodorus spent the latter years of his life within its walls, and close to it the inhabitants point out a fountain, which they call Fontana di Cassiodoro. The remains of the monastery prove that it must have covered a large space of ground. From an inscription that has been

found, it appears that the Emperor Antoninus had contributed a considerable sum of money from his treasury to convey water from a distant spring. Three noble arches of this aqueduct are still to be seen at a spot called Simari, and if a more minute examination was made than my time allowed, I have no doubt that it might be traced from a considerable distance. It was the assistance granted by the Emperors Adrian, Trajan, and the Antonines for the erection of such useful public works in the provincial cities of the empire that rendered them so justly popular. Another curious inscription in the Greek language has been found here, which shows that Greek games were celebrated in this city to a late period of the empire.

Squillace was at one time under the Patriarch of Constantinople; it has long since submitted to the authority of the Pope. One part of the town is called *Quartiere de' Giudei*, showing that the Jews had formerly occupied a portion of it. The ruins of the castle are picturesque, and the cathedral, which is a building of some pretensions, possesses holy reliques, valuable in the eyes of the superstitious devotee, such as a small fragment of the holy cross, and a portion of the hair of the Virgin Mary and of Mary Magdalene. They were shown to me as of the most sacred character, and I have no doubt that it was expected that I should show them some honour, but I made no sign.

On inquiring whether the bay of Squillace was still subject to sudden storms, as I knew from a passage in Virgil (*Æn.* iii. 553) it had been in former times, I was told that they had long since ceased, and as this appeared a curious natural phenomenon, of which I was of course sceptical, I inquired if they could at all account for the change. They told me that the storms had been caused by a set of evil spirits, who had taken up their abode in a grotto close to the village Stallati, but they had been put to flight by a band of angels, who had wafted the body of the holy Saint Gregory to this grotto, to whom it is now consecrated. The evil spirits have never since made their appearance, and the storms that infested the bay no longer bring disaster on the mariner. I went down to the shore, but there is no harbour or anchoring-place except when wind is off land. The water is said to be very deep close to the shore, and consequently there is no shelter in case of vessels finding themselves on a lee shore with a strong gale of wind. I decline, therefore, to believe that the coast of the bay of Squillace is more safe than it was in former times.

Feudal habits and customs still maintain their ground in this remote part of the world, and I find that every village possesses its noble families, who pride themselves on the purity of their blood. Feudal enactments, which have no longer the force of law, still exercise an influence over the customs of the people. There used to be a particular dress for each class in society, and severe penalties were enacted against the use of swallow-tailed coats by any person who could not satisfactorily prove his title to nobility. Though this law is no longer in force, the different ranks are still to be distinguished by their dress, and in the costume of the women it is still more marked.

On leaving Squillace this morning I descended into the eastern part of the plain which I had crossed about ten days ago between Nicastro and Maida. About twenty miles before me rose once more the lofty

mountains of the Sila in all their gloom, and with no pleasing associations connected with them. The road lay through extensive fields of wheat and Indian corn, with groves of mulberry-trees as food for their silkworms. I had been informed that I should pass the remains of an ancient temple at a spot called Roccelletta, close to the shore; I was a little disappointed to find it a large building of the middle ages, of which it was impossible to determine the use. At all events, it was neither of Roman nor Greek construction, and the tradition is that it was destroyed a few centuries ago by the Turks, who used to keep all this part of Italy in a constant state of terror. It is here, however, that geographers place *Castra Hannibalis*, and here possibly it might have been, but I could find not a vestige of ancient remains. I find this part of the isthmus more fertile and better cultivated than the western side. It is composed of undulating ridges, clothed with the olive and the vine, while the numerous villas of the more opulent inhabitants of Catanzaro gave a liveliness to the scene to which my eye had long been unaccustomed, and contrasting strongly with the desolation through which I had for some time been passing. There was an appearance of industry and activity, announcing my approach to a provincial capital; but on entering Catanzaro the exterior of the houses did not impress me with a high idea of its opulence, and the opportunity I have since enjoyed of examining the interior of some of them has fully confirmed my first impressions. It contains several shops, which had a respectable appearance, and seemed to be well filled even with English cloth. Indeed, I have been much surprised to observe in every part of Calabria that neither the cutlery nor the cloth of England have failed to penetrate into the country in defiance of the fiscal regulations of government, while there is the greatest abundance of sugar and coffee supplied by the contraband trade. The immense extent of coast renders it nearly impossible to prevent smuggling, and the officer stationed at each tower, who starves on eightpence a day, can scarcely be expected to possess sufficient resolution to withstand a bribe; and even if it were so, it would be no difficult matter to elude him. Malta, the Ionian Islands, and Gibraltar serve as an entrepôt for our goods, and from them the inhabitants of Calabria are furnished with many comforts at a cheaper rate than the fiscal regulations would allow them. The higher authorities even are said to connive at this infraction of the law.

I had a letter to the royal governor of the province, but learning that he was in bad health, I forwarded the letter, and took up my abode at the *Giglio d'Oro*—the Golden Lily. I inquired if there were any booksellers' shops in Catanzaro, as I have lost a copy of Horace which I had brought with me, and which I wished to replace. Their answers in the affirmative delighted me; I was disappointed, however, when I found that it contained nothing but prayer-books in Latin, and such catechisms as the following: "Question. Define monarchy. Answer. It is a power which is born of God, and created by the hands of man. Q. But are not kings sometimes tyrants? A. That is a calumny of foolish and silly men. Wrongs never proceed from kings, but arise from the corruption and malice of human nature. Q. Can the people be its own legislator, or originate political reforms? A. Danton, Robespierre, St. Just, and the *National Convention*, of impious memory, show how far that is possible. Q. Why were our ancestors more fortunate, or less unfortunate,

than we are? A. Because they preferred their petitions to their princes for everything, and thus only obtained things that were useful and just. Q. What is the most glorious attribute of the Neapolitans? A. To be faithful to their king." Such is a specimen of the silly nonsense to which the government grants its protection, and the kind of learning which it would wish to diffuse among the people.

XXI.

AFTER resting for some hours at Catanzaro I determined to visit Tiriolo, a village nine miles distant, picturesquely situated on a declivity of the Apennines, from which I could look down on the Tuscan and Ionian seas at the same time, and from which the water flows into both seas. It was the post-road to Naples from the capital of the province, and yet the path was only intended for mules. The inhabitants of Tiriolo are a race of sturdy mountaineers, and its women were particularly striking for their Amazonian figures. Their dress adds to their masculine appearance, and I confess that I felt no inclination to do anything to excite their indignation. I met several who were carrying water on their head, and I could not but admire the magnificence of their form. They had their gown tucked up so completely behind them that it could scarcely be observed, while a piece of red cloth, employed as a petticoat, was carelessly wrapped round them, and as it opened displayed a snow-white chemise reaching to their knees. They wore neither shoes nor stockings, and from the appearance of their lower extremities I imagine that they are as great a luxury as to my own countrywomen in former times. The men were clothed in a loose mantle, and wore the conical-shaped hat which is the usual protection for the head in the south of Italy.

It is curious that we should have no account of any ancient city being placed at this spot, though many coins have been discovered; and what is more strange, a bronze tablet was found in 1640, on which is inscribed a decree of the Roman senate, B.C. 186, against a society devoted to the worship of Bacchus, which had excited their alarm from the licentious and profligate character of its devotees. This decree is alluded to by Livy (xxxix. 18), and it is surprising that a copy of it should be found in this remote part of Italy. The tablet has by some means been transferred to the Royal Museum of Vienna, where I have seen it. The position of the ancient city is considerably below the present village, and at this spot the peasants are continually picking up valuable coins and cameos. I ascended to the summit of a lofty hill behind the village, from which Mount *Ætna* and *Stromboli* can easily be distinguished when the horizon is unclouded. Though my view was not so extensive, I was amply repaid for the fatigue of the ascent. I was standing on the last of that lofty range of mountains, which, shooting out from the Alps, runs down through the centre of Italy, and here sinks abruptly nearly to a level with the sea. The plains of *Maida* and *Catanzaro* lay before me, and beyond them the mountains again rose with the same abruptness, and continued their course to the extreme point of Italy. To the north my view was confined by mountains towering one above another; to the east my eye rested on a point of land which I knew to form the promontory of *Capo delle Colonne*, the site of an ancient temple, which I am on my

way to visit. Through the narrow isthmus which extended below me, separating the Tuscan and Ionian seas, it has been proposed to cut a canal; but in the present unsettled state of the country no work of that importance will ever be attempted. Murat cherished this idea, and might have carried it out, if his love of war had not absorbed his thoughts.

On entering the locanda I was addressed by a gentleman who had heard of my arrival, and who was kind enough to show me a manuscript history of Tiriolo, giving a minute account of all the ancient remains that had been discovered in this vicinity. It was written by the clergyman of the parish, and was a curious instance of diligence devoted to a small subject. There is scarcely a village of Italy that does not contain a topographer, and it is amusing to observe what importance the most trivial facts assume in their descriptions. We may ascribe the number of these innocent productions to the rigid censorship of the press, and to the prohibition of every kind of publication which can act practically upon human feelings or interests. Topography and local history are subjects on which the mind may be allowed full liberty to expatiate, and may be permitted, without molestation, to communicate thoughts to the world. It is needless to say that the freedom of the press is unknown in this country, and that the information communicated by the government is of the most meagre kind.

Having fully satisfied my curiosity at Tiriolo, I hastened back to Catanzaro, and had scarcely reached my inn when one of the officers of government waited on me, to express the regret of the governor that he was unable to receive me, at the same time requesting to know in what way his authority could forward my objects. He told me that there was a museum belonging to Signor Ferraro, which might be worthy of my attention, and the governor had deputed him to introduce me. I visited the collection, and found it to consist of many coins, cameos, and other curiosities, which, however, had not been arranged.

The following are the enacting clauses of the decree of the senate, to which I have alluded, respecting the Bacchanalians, and which was found at Tiriolo:

CENSVERE . HOMINES . PLOVS . V. OINVORSEI .
 VIREI . ATQUE . MVLIERES . SACRA . NE .
 QVISQVAM . FECISSE . VELET . NEVE . INTER .
 IBEI . VIREI . PLOVS . DVOBVS . MVLIERIBVS .
 PLOVS . TRIBVS . ADFVISSE . VELET .

This morning I mounted my mule long before the dawn appeared in the east, that I might make some progress before the heat of the day became overwhelming. As the sun rose I found myself in a wood with open glades here and there, in which large herds of horses were grazing, that started away into the recesses of the wood as soon as we made our appearance. The country had little signs of cultivation, and it was not without feelings of pleasure that I perceived at some distance before me a large house, which looked somewhat like an old baronial mansion in England, though on our approach it lost considerably of its dimensions. It belonged to a family called Petrizzi, who possess a large property in this quarter; but the chief members have been obliged to leave the

country for the following reason. It appears that one of them paid his addresses to a young lady of Catanzaro, who was an object of affection to another gentleman in the same city. She was believed to feel favourably inclined to the latter, and did not seem so sensible of the honour done to her by the Petrizzi as they thought due to their rank. This was an unpardonable offence, though it did not produce, as you might have expected, an open and so far honourable collision between the two rivals. The Petrizzi waylaid their opponent, and got rid of him by the dastardly stiletto. This is one of the worst peculiarities of the Italian character, and it is difficult to imagine how it should have become so deeply rooted in the whole nation. In this case the government interfered, and two of the brothers have been obliged to leave the country.

At daybreak a few muleteers passed me on their way to Catanzaro, having panniers well filled with cheese and fruit. It is in this way it is said that they introduce smuggled goods. The cherries along this coast are the largest and most delicious I have ever tasted, and on them I made my breakfast as I jogged along. In a distance of fifteen miles there was only one locanda, which was closed, as its master was engaged reaping at a considerable distance. The water which I could procure was quite warm, and I have never suffered more from heat than in my ride to-day. The grain is already nearly all cut, and to-day I witnessed what I had not before seen, the mode which they employ to separate the grain from the stalks. They use horses for the purpose of treading it out. I saw a peasant driving eight horses round in a small circle, four abreast, and under them was spread the corn.

The thrashing-floor was a raised place in the field, open on all sides to the wind. It was covered with clay, which was very hard, and had evidently been smoothed by a roller. In fact, we had here Virgil's directions (*Georg.* i. 178) exactly followed out at a distance of two thousand years :

Area cum primis ingenti æquanda cylindro,
Et vertenda manu, et cretâ solidanda tenaci,
Ne subeant herbæ, neu pulvere victa fatiscat.

And let the weighty roller run the round,
To smooth the surface of th' unequal ground ;
Lest, crack'd with summer heats, the flooring flies,
Or sinks, and through the crannies weeds arise.

Towards evening I saw their mode of winnowing, which was done by merely throwing up the grain against the wind, which blew away the chaff, while the heavier parts fell down. The man had a wooden spade, vanga as they call it, which is the ancient *pala lignea* mentioned by Cato (*De Re Rust.* cap. xi.), or *ventilabrum*. I inquired if they ever made use of a basket, and the winnower said that they did so occasionally, but it depended on the strength of the wind. They could modify the quantity thrown up more easily with a spade. This basket is the *vannus* of the ancients, which Virgil (*Georg.* i. 166) calls "*mystica vannus Iacchi*," the mystic basket of Bacchus. It will remind you of what Matthew (iii. 12) says: "Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner; but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire." Columella (ii. 21) alludes to the use of the *vannus* in cleaning corn: *Ubi paleis immista*

sunt frumenta, vento separentur: at si compluribus diebus undique silebit aura, vannis expurgentur.

My road lay along the coast for nearly twenty miles; at last I struck into an arid and dreary plain. A ridge of bare hills of no great height stretched away towards the promontory called Capo delle Colonne, and obstructed the view towards the sea. On the opposite side, at the distance of ten miles, rose the well-wooded mountains of the Sila. The plain through which I was passing was not wholly uncultivated: a few fields of wheat and Indian corn ripe for the sickle prove that it only required the industrious hand of man to be applied to it to cause it to be as fertile as it was in former days, when it furnished subsistence for the numerous inhabitants of Croto. I have passed to-day the dry channels of several mountain torrents, which must render the road impassable in winter, and the river Tacina, the ancient Targines, in which there was a considerable body of water. At the ford I was surprised to find a large party of women, and, as I could see no village in the vicinity, I inquired whence they came, and they pointed to a village on the hills, five miles distant. They were employed in bleaching linen, and seemed to be very merry, when I approached.

This confined plain, with scarcely a breath of wind, stretched for upwards of seven miles, when I reached a nearly perpendicular ridge, at the summit of which the small village of Cutro is placed. I was obliged to take refuge in the miserable locanda, and felt so thoroughly knocked up that I resolved to give up my intention of proceeding forward to Cotrone. A pretty fair modicum of wine, however, revived my spirits, and, after resting a couple of hours, I again proceeded on my journey. The country became better cultivated as I approached the city of Cotrone, and it was with feelings of great delight that I beheld its castle as I issued from the small valley of the *Æsarus*. This river, which is the scene of some of the most beautiful bucolics of Theocritus, I found to be less picturesque than I was prepared to expect, but it is curious how much our feelings influence our opinions even of external objects, and it may be that my jaded spirits made me unable to appreciate the beauties of the *Æsarus*.

Cotrone is a walled town, and, as I entered its gates, I was prepared to be pulled up by the sentinel; however, I passed unchallenged. It was evening, and the public square was crowded. The descendants of that Milo, whose feats of strength are among the wonders of our boyish days, stood before me. It was in vain that I looked round to discover the athletic forms and brawny muscles of former times. The stare of stolid ignorance, the look of unintelligent curiosity, were the only striking features in the character of the modern inhabitants of Cotrone. Yet nature is still unchanged; the same mountain protects its harbours from the storms of the south; the soil of the surrounding country would yield as abundant crops as it ever did in former times. To support the physical powers of the human body, nature is as lavish in her gifts as she was two thousand years ago. It is the mind that is degenerated, the intellectual powers that seem to be extinct. The walls of the city once encircled a space of twelve miles, now they scarcely form a circuit of one mile, and the inhabitants have abundant room within the precincts of the ancient fortress.

As I alighted in the public square, I seemed to be an object of curiosity

to the inhabitants, who were enjoying the cool of the evening at the door of the principal coffee-house. My muleteer discovered a house where I could be furnished with a bed, and, though it was not particularly clean, I had little doubt that I should sleep soundly. As I had no letter to any of the inhabitants of Cotrone, my first object was to secure myself against the annoyance of the police, who are far more troublesome in my eyes than the brigands, and I thought it my wisest plan, though much tired, to present myself before the chief magistrate of the city. This person, I found, was called Baron Brancaccio, and from his rank I imagined that I should find gentlemanlike behaviour. The entrance to his house did not prepossess me in favour of its interior. The weighty cares of office seemed so entirely to have absorbed the attention of his excellency, that his external senses were not alive to the nauseous odours that arose from his court-yard. Having found a servant at the entrance, whose face and hands might well have vied with any sweep in London, busily employed in preparing supper, I requested that my passport might be presented to the magistrate. After waiting some time in a ruined ante-chamber, I was somewhat amused to see a little consequential fellow, dressed in a very puppyish manner, protrude his head from an inner chamber, and say, "Cosa volete?" meaning, in our language, "What the devil do you want?" This unceremonious address and insolent tone, of course, excited in me an unwillingness to show any more deference to him than was required by a regard to my own self-respect. I stated briefly that, being a stranger, I had imagined that it was necessary for me to show my passport to the chief magistrate of the village (not caring to dignify Cotrone as a town) where I passed the night, and I had, therefore, waited on him. Besides, I had reason to believe that the country was not always quite safe for travellers, and I had always found the magistrates in every part of Italy ready to throw the shield of their protection over me, and to point out in what direction I could best avoid dangers. He told me that he had nothing to do with my passport, and addressed me in a most discourteous tone. As I neither cared for nor feared him, I concluded the interview by saying that I had expected that he would have treated me, as an unprotected stranger from a distant land, with at least common civility, and that he was the first magistrate, in the station which he held, from whom I had not received assistance and kindness. His master, the royal governor of the province, had deputed one of his officers to wait on me to inquire in what way he could forward my views, and I had, consequently, little expected this treatment from the *sotto intendente* of Cotrone. The little fellow seemed bursting with indignation, but as I kept my temper, and said nothing that was not strictly true, I was safe from the exertion of his authority. I have no doubt that he was more annoyed from the circumstance of our interview taking place in presence of his servant, whom I observed to be grinning in the corner. It was scarcely worth taking notice of this adventure, except to show the various annoyances to which a traveller is subject in this remote part of Italy.

On returning to my hostess, I found that I must forage for myself, and proceeded to the Giglio d'Oro. The shades of evening had already set in when I entered the eating-house, a low-roofed chamber, the gloom of which was only heightened by a few glimmering lamps. I stopped an instant on the threshold, and threw a hurried glance over the inmates of

the apartment. It was furnished with several long benches of the rudest construction, and the tables consisted of a single plank supported by four pieces of wood, from which the bark had not been stripped. In one corner sat a sailor supping on a dish of salad, not apparently of the most inviting sort, and throwing many a wistful eye on a flask of wine which he had just emptied. In another part of the chamber lay a peasant of the lowest class, who rose as I entered, and paid his bill with four grani, or twopence English. The landlady offered me macaroni and treglia, a kind of fish plentiful on the coasts of the Mediterranean, and if she and her cooking utensils had been a little more cleanly, I should have found little fault with her supper. The wine was detestable, and yet what could be expected, as my whole expenses only amounted to eightpence.

Cotrone is the site of the ancient Croto, one of the most celebrated of the republics of Magna Græcia, founded as early as B.C. 710, and flourishing for five hundred years. It was the residence of Pythagoras and of many of his most distinguished disciples, being indebted to the principles and doctrines inculcated by them for much of the eminence to which it rose. Its youth was remarkable for that robustness of frame which is requisite to ensure success in athletic exercises, and it was a common saying that the least able of the wrestlers of Croto was superior to the first of the other Greeks. The conquest of Sybaris was a brilliant epoch in its history, but from this period the inhabitants became enervated by luxury and love of pleasure. The city extended on both sides of the river *Æsarus*, of which not a vestige can now be seen in that direction. Time has obliterated every trace, and I found vineyards and corn-fields where lofty buildings once stood. It is said the harbour which now exists was formed of the stones of old buildings, and this is by no means improbable, though the stones are small and have no appearance of having been used for any other purpose. The old harbour is supposed to have been at the mouth of the *Æsarus*, and the present town is thought to have been the ancient fortress of Croto. About six miles from Croto, on the promontory of Lacinium, stood a temple of Juno, which was scarcely inferior in celebrity to the city for the magnificence of its decorations, and the veneration with which it was regarded.

At daybreak I issued from the gate of Cotrone to visit the ruins of this temple, situated on the promontory, now called Capo delle Colonne, from the pillars that once adorned it, but which have all disappeared except one. It is mentioned by many of the Greek and Latin poets:

Hinc sinus Herculei, si vera est fama, Tarenti
Cernitur. Attollit se diva Lacinia contra,
Caulonisque arces, et navifragum Scylaceum.

VIRG. *Æn.* iii. 551.

From hence Tarentum's bay appears in view,
For Hercules renown'd, if fame be true,
Just opposite, Lacinian Juno stands;
Caulonian tow'rs, and Scylacæan strands
For shipwrecks fear'd.

I passed along a barren, uninhabited coast, and as I approached the point the hills gradually became less high, till they at last entirely disappeared, and a level plain of about a mile in extent lay before me. A single column rose in the distance, a monument of distant ages, the connecting

link between the past and the present. The grove of pines and the gloomy forest, which gave solemnity to the imposing ceremonies of a false religion, and filled with awe the minds of a superstitious people, had yielded to the effects of time. A few stunted cedars and some low brushwood were all that now remained in the immediate vicinity of the promontory. There was nothing but this solitary column to remind me that I was approaching a spot rich in historical recollections. One or two ill-constructed houses, the summer residence of some of the more opulent inhabitants of Cotrone, and a ruined watch-tower, were the only indications of human existence. There was also a small chapel, dedicated to the worship of the Madonna del Capo, who now occupies the place of the pagan goddess. The painting of the Madonna was exhibited to me with much reverence by an old man, to whom the care of the chapel is entrusted. I thought of the famous Helen painted by Zeuxis which had once adorned the temple of Juno, and sighed to think that the Virgin Mary was represented by such a daub.

The painter was allowed to select as his models five of the most beautiful virgins of Croton. To this circumstance Ariosto (xi. 71) refers :

E, se fosse costei stata a Crotona,
Quando Zeusi l'immagine far volse,
Che por dovea nel Tempio di Giunone,
E tante belle nude insieme accolse ;
E che per una farne in perfezione,
Da chi una parte, e da chi un' altra tolse,
Non avea da torre altra che costei ;
Che tutte le bellezze erano in lei.

Or in Crotona dwelt, where the divine
Zeuxis in days of old his work projected,
To be the ornament of Juno's shrine,
And hence so many naked dames collected ;
And in one form perfection to combine,
Some separate charm from this or that selected,
He from no other model need have wrought,
Since joined in her were all the charms he sought.

I was only a few days too late to witness the celebration of the festival of the Madonna, which is observed with great ceremony by the inhabitants of Cotrone, and at which a fair is held on the plain. This is a custom handed down from time immemorial, as we know that Juno was honoured in the same way, though with still greater magnificence, as the inhabitants of all the great cities on the coast assembled for this purpose.

I did not hear that the Madonna had continued the miracle of her predecessor, Juno, which is mentioned by Livy (xxiv. 3) : *Fama est, aram esse in vestibulo templi, cujus cinerem nullus unquam moveat ventus.* "There is a report that there is an altar in the porch of the temple, the ashes of which can be blown away by no wind." The temple stood on the extreme point of a narrow tongue of land, where the view must have been confined to the clear blue sky above, and to the darkly rolling ocean beneath. The castellated towers of Croton and the lofty mountains of the Sila were objects of interest, but their beauty was lost in the distance

Far off, near Cape Rizzuto, a rocky islet was visible to the south, which is believed to represent Ogygia, the island of Calypso, so beautifully described by Homer. I could have wished to visit it; there was no boat, however, at my command. A few yards below the lofty column the waves dashed lazily against the rock, which for ages had withstood their ceaseless roar, and now was cut into a thousand fantastic shapes. The founders of this temple seem to have built for eternity, so massive are the stones of its foundation. On one side, which is most perfect, five rows of stones, ten feet in length, had supported this magnificent edifice. Above this a thick wall of brick, no doubt of a later date, had been raised, the unbroken masses of which lie in various directions. Towards the sea a portion continues still entire, and reaches a height of nearly thirty feet. The column, which seems to be about thirty feet in height, and which gives name to the cape, is of the Doric order, being fluted and broader at the base than at the capital. It is supported on a pediment of four rows of stones, placed on each other without mortar. The length of the temple on the western side, which is most perfect, is upwards of four hundred feet. Scarcely any attempt has been made to clear away the earth, so that the true dimensions cannot exactly be made out. It was impossible to wander amidst its ruins and reflect on its ancient grandeur without recalling to recollection the names of Pyrrhus and Hannibal. Polybius (iii. 33, 56) tells us that the most interesting monument the temple possessed was an altar, on which the Carthaginian general had inscribed, in Punic characters, a brief account of his various exploits. At no great distance I looked on three capes, Japygum tria promontoria, now known by the names, Capo delle Castelle, Capo Rizzuto, and Capo della Nau.

On my return to Cotrone I visited the harbour, which contained only a few boats and feluccas; nor could any vessel of a large size enter from the accumulation of sand at its mouth. I then strolled through the streets, and found the houses small and dirty. I attempted to enter the castle, within which there is said to be several ancient inscriptions. This, however, was a vain attempt, as the sentinel stepped forward and said that I could not advance without the permission of his commanding officer. As he was confined by sickness, I was unable to satisfy my curiosity, and retired to my lodgings, where I meant to remain for the rest of the day to recover from my fatigue. Here, however, an enemy attacked me in a way that made me speedily evacuate Cotrone. I found my room possessed by legions of flies, brought out by the mid-day sun, and I could invent no method by which I could obtain a moment's rest. I found that it was one of the peculiar plagues of Cotrone at this period of the year, and to me they were far more annoying than the mosquito—no very agreeable companion, I can assure you. This attack determined me at once to leave Cotrone, and proceed forward to Strongoli, which was at least twelve miles distant. I was on the point of mounting a mule, when the head police-officer presented himself, warned no doubt by some of his myrmidons that I was on the point of taking my departure. His civility contrasted strongly with the insolence of his superior, and I had no difficulty in satisfying him that my passport was correct. I was glad to learn from him that I ran no danger in proceeding to Strongoli, and, mounting without further delay, I issued from the walls of Cotrone.

I passed several bands of reapers, who attacked my muleteer with

volleys of clownish raillery, the wit of which I am sorry I was unable to understand. It was answered with great good humour, and a quick succession of sarcastic repartee passed between them as long as we continued in sight. This is the same custom to which Horace (*Sat. i. 7, 28*) refers to as prevailing among the vine-dressers of Italy in these early times :

Tum Prænestinus salso multoque fluenti
Expressa arbusto regerit convicia, durus
Vindemiator, et invictus ; cui sæpe viator
Cessisset, magnâ compellans voce cucullum.

A vine-dresser he was, of rustic tone,
Whom oft the traveller was forc'd to own
Invincible ; with clamorous voice oppress,
When Cuckow, cuckow, was the standing jest.

The language of these reapers sounded strange to me ; and, indeed, in this part of Italy it is curious to observe the varieties of dialect and even distinct languages that are spoken. The fisherman implores the aid of San Niccolo, and addresses his favourite Madonna in language little understood by the bold brigand, who swears by Santo Diavolo, and demands your purse in the jargon of his lawless companions. To-day you stumble upon an Albanian peasant, and again a few hours' ride places you among a colony of modern Greeks. The cause of all this variety of dialect and language may in a great measure be attributed to the difficulty of communication, and the little intercourse that exists between villages only a few miles distant. Unless urgent business draw them from their native valley, they live and die without seeming to dream that the world is larger than the little space bounded by their own horizon. The regulations of the police throw difficulties in the way of locomotion, as it is necessary to receive permission from the magistrate, and also from the police, to sleep a single night away from their village. Only imagine the annoyance, if you could not visit your country residence for a night without applying to the superintendent of police in Liverpool, and yet this is exactly what the inhabitants here must do. They are, of course, obliged to pay for this permission, and as they are not rich, they will not move from their house without a sufficient cause. They are frightened also by the dangers they imagine they must encounter. Their fears are proportioned to their ignorance. Before they depart, prayers are offered up in their village church, and the Madonna is always sure of a votive offering to ensure their safe return.

The coast along which I passed exhibited the same uncultivated appearance as yesterday, having large salt-pools here and there ; and, after having struck into the interior for five or six miles, I reached the largest river I had yet seen, called Neto, the ancient Neæthus. It was navigable in the time of Strabo for several miles, but its mouth has long been barred by sand-banks. I crossed it without much difficulty, with my muleteer behind me, though in winter it would require a boat to pass it in safety. In the interior the hills rose to some height, and this was the Mons Clibanus of Pliny, where Siberena was situated, now S. Severina. Here, too, was Mons Physeus, spoken of by Theophrastus in conjunction with the Neæthus. I inquired about the wines of this quarter, as Pliny (*xiv. 8, 9*) alludes to them under the name of Sebe-

riniana; what I tasted, however, could not be commended. Strongoli now began to appear at some distance on the summit of a hill, and I rejoiced to think that my day's labour was drawing to an end, though I was ignorant as to my night's lodgings. The day was fast coming to a close as I ascended the steep hill on which Strongoli is situated, clinging with difficulty to the uncomfortable saddle of my mule. I entered a half-ruined village, and proceeded at once to the house of the judge to procure me shelter for the night. His daughters invited me to enter, while they despatched a messenger for their father. I was shown into a small but neat apartment, where I found three handsome girls, assisting each other at their toilette, who seemed not in the least disconcerted by my intrusion. Their manners were simple and pleasing; their father requested me to accept a bed in his house, and when I hesitated, from an unwillingness to intrude upon him, the young ladies joined with such evident good will in urging the request, that I could not refuse. They have spent the greater part of their life in Naples, and they consider their residence here to be a kind of exile. How strongly contrasted is my reception here to what met me last night in Cotrone!

As I found that there were some remains of antiquity in the vicinity of the village, I proceeded at once to visit them. The village itself presents nothing remarkable, having never recovered from the severe treatment it had received from the Turks. It is supposed to be the site of Petilia, dating its origin from the time of the Trojan war, if geographers can be believed, but it is chiefly remarkable for the long and obstinate resistance it made to Hannibal in the second Punic war. Philoctetes is said to have been its founder, and, as a proof of this, the inhabitants of Strongoli point out the ruins of an ancient edifice, and call it the Temple of Philoctetes. Here they are constantly discovering coins, bronze figures, and terra-cotta lamps. Near their cathedral, which is large and handsome, lie several fragments of pillars of cipollino marble, with some sepulchral inscriptions, that have been already copied; one of them is curious, as it records the will of a citizen, who leaves to the Augustal college of Petilia a sum of money and a vineyard. In this will we have the candelabra of the Romish Church anticipated, for the sum of money is directed to be laid out in the purchase of certain candelabra holding two lights, which are to be used at a particular public festival, at the celebration of which the wine produced by the said vineyard, called *Cædicium*, is to be drunk.

One of the respectable inhabitants is in the possession of a considerable collection of valuable coins; there was one beautiful medallion that arrested my attention more particularly, but it looked so new, that I suspected it to be of modern date. On one side is a warrior in the act of offering incense on an altar, with an ancient galley in the distance. The inscription is in well-formed letters:

EXSOLVUNT GRATES CAESAR ET IMPERIUM.

On the reverse is a warrior seated on the banks of a stream, with some buildings in the distance, and the inscription,

HÆC TANDEM MARS AD THERMAS ABLVISSEM.

I was now invited to join a party who had assembled at their usual

rendezvous in the public square, at the door of the principal and only shop of the village. Here they discuss the various transactions of the day, and the appearance of a stranger among them was of course an event of no common occurrence. Many years had passed since any one had visited their village, and the objects of my journey did not appear in their eyes of sufficient importance to justify my having exposed myself to the dangers I must have encountered. This is a very general feeling among them, and is always likely to exist among a people who are chained to the spot where they are born. I inquired if their immediate neighbourhood was infested by robbers, and if they were afraid of riding unarmed to visit their property; but they allowed that all was quiet around them.

The evening was now far advanced, and I proposed to my host that we should return to our fair friends. I found an excellent supper prepared, and a few of the inhabitants invited to meet me. The sparkling eyes, however, of the younger sister proved the most attractive object of the company, and induced me to prolong our social meeting to the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal'." They gave me a pressing invitation to spend at least part of the following day with them; there are many reasons, however, why I must press forward.

XXII.

BEFORE the stars had disappeared I was descending by a narrow and rugged footpath from the village of Strongoli, having parted with regret from my hospitable friends. I passed the ruins which I had examined the preceding evening, and found myself obliged to scramble down a path too precipitous to allow of keeping safely on my mule. The country had a wild appearance from the thick forests that crowned the surrounding heights; and when I entered a small but picturesque valley, it seemed as if I were shut out from all intercourse with the world. Some of the oaks seemed so gnarled and old, that they might in their younger days have sheltered the armies of the Carthaginian general, and witnessed the melancholy though glorious fall of the patriots of Petilia. As the sun rose, I was ascending the rising ground on which the village of Ciro was placed, and passing several patches of Indian corn and small vineyards. A plain of several miles in extent lay towards the sea, where herds of wild ponies were seen galloping through the brushwood. A promontory, on which an ancient Temple of Apollo is said to have been situated, appeared at some distance, and I would have been strongly tempted to visit the spot if I had not known that it had been examined by Swinburne towards the end of last century, when no remains were visible. It is now called Capo dell' Alice, a corruption possibly of Alæus, the appellation given to Apollo here. The small village Ciro is walled, though its fortifications seem in so ruinous a state that little resistance could be made to a hostile attack. There was nothing within to induce me to enter, though it is believed to be the site of Crimisa, which, like Petilia, was founded by Philoctetes. One of its inhabitants, Luigi Gigli, was a celebrated astro-

nomer, and assisted Pope Gregory XIII. in adjusting the Roman Calendar.

The oaken gates of *Ciro* were now open, and a few of its inhabitants were idling with some girls washing linen at the fountain outside the walls. I have in general been disappointed with the appearance of the women, as they lose at an early age whatever personal beauty they may have possessed by the laborious and toilsome life to which they are exposed. I have been particularly struck by the number of women I have observed in field labour; and on calling the attention of one of the natives to the circumstance, he acknowledged that the women were more industrious, and performed more labour, than their husbands. The education of women of the lower ranks is entirely neglected, and I believe that, even in the higher classes, it is not uncommon to find that they are unable to write. Their manners, however, are pleasing from their simplicity, and I was often astonished to observe with what perfect nonchalance they talked on subjects which are not usually introduced by us in presence of ladies, and I felt at times rather out of countenance, while they evidently were not aware that they were doing anything of which they need feel ashamed. You will understand how matters are in respect to marriage, when I tell you that the law enjoins no marriage to take place before the bridegroom is fourteen and the bride twelve years of age. The ceremony must be contracted in the sight of the Church, if it is to have civil validity either for the parties themselves or for the children. There is, however, a civil act (*atto civile*), for the execution of which civil officers are appointed, but it limits its provisions concerning marriage to the civil and political effects, leaving all the duties that religion imposes untouched and unchanged. Separation may be obtained, but there can be no complete divorce. The husband may prefer a complaint for adultery, and the guilty wife is confined from three months to two years in a house of correction. The adulterer is fined from fifty to five hundred ducats.

Leaving the young damsels at *Ciro*, I continued to advance for several hours through thick groves of olive-trees, without, however, meeting a human being. It is this want of population scattered over the country that weighs down the spirits; the inhabitants are collected in villages along the heights at some distance from the shores, and you may wander for several hours without seeing any one. On this part of the coast a ridge of hills, of moderate height, runs along parallel to the shore, and at no great distance, the summits of which are covered principally with that species of ash which produces the manna, being larger in leaf than our ash, though it grows to no great height. At last I reached the small village of *Cariati*, which gives title to one of the most respectable families of Naples. The young Prince of *Cariati* is an able man, and is believed to have been shamefully treated by the King of Naples.

In the revolution of 1820, though he did not openly take part in it, he was considered to be friendly to a liberal form of government, and was pressed to accept the office of ambassador at the court of France. To this request he refused to accede, unless he received the commands of his majesty. The king then issued his orders, and the prince proceeded to France. By the interference of the Austrians, you are aware that the old form of government was restored, and the Prince of *Cariati* was then removed from his office. As he had only accepted it in obedience to the

commands of the king, he did not imagine that he should be considered implicated in the proceedings of the deposed government; but the king has refused him permission to return, and he is now an exile from his country.

Cariati is a wretched village, containing not more than a thousand inhabitants, with a church of Gothic architecture, and surrounded by walls in the last state of dilapidation. It has been often plundered by Turkish corsairs, has suffered from the hordes of brigands, and was nearly destroyed by the French in 1806.

I rested at Cariati for a short time, till the insects became so annoying that I was fairly driven out, and I determined to push on four hours longer to Rossano. As the day drew towards a close I entered a beautiful wood of olive-trees, and as I was thoroughly tired of the jolting of my mule, I alighted and walked leisurely forward. It was a lovely scene, and I was willing to linger as long as daylight would allow; but my muleteer quickly put an end to my meditations, by assuring me that we were now in a very dangerous wood, called Nierto, where robberies were constantly committed, and that it would be our wisest plan to move forward as rapidly as possible. He pointed to the brow of a hill about half a mile distant, and said that he had observed four men running rapidly along, as if they intended to reach a defile before us, which we must necessarily pass.

At this moment we reached an opening in the wood, with a cross, to mark where a murder had been committed, and at the same time I was able to get a glimpse of the hill, where I could perceive three or four men proceeding with great speed, as my muleteer had asserted, while my imagination bodied forth the glance of rifles in their hands. Not a moment was to be lost, as they were already nearer to the defile than we were, but we had in our favour the speed of the mule. I mounted without a moment's delay, and my muleteer leaped up behind. The mule was excellent, and moved forward at a rapid rate under its heavy load. Our opponents evidently saw our intention of getting before them, as they increased their speed as soon as we commenced our operations. The wood in many parts was thick, and the windings of the path rendered it impossible to see many yards before us. To an unconcerned spectator it would have been an amusing race; to me, however, it was of too serious import to allow of anything but feelings of the deepest anxiety. I felt, truly, that death or captivity hung in the balance. I placed a few pieces of gold in my hand, that I might have a chance of saving a small remnant of my purse. The muleteer said that one half-hour would enable us to reach the defile at the rate we were proceeding, and, if we passed it in safety, we might expect to reach Rossano without further molestation. Fortunately we gained the race, and when we passed the dangerous spot, without seeing a single individual, I was tempted to toss up my hat and cry huzza for the victory. It was necessary, however, to push on, that we might not be overtaken, and I was obliged to repress any outward signs of joy.

The hills on both sides of this defile rose to a considerable height, more particularly to the left, on the side on which my enemies were approaching, and every moment I expected to hear the report of a rifle, as they would look down upon us while we were galloping through. I

know not whether it may not be one of those defiles of which Procopius speaks, when he mentions Roscianum, the village Rossano, towards which I was proceeding. He says, *Lucani montes usque in Bruttios pertinentes in angustum invicem coeuntes duos dumtaxat hic aditus, et hos angustiores efficiunt, quorum alter Petra Sanguinis dicitur, Lambulam alterum accolæ nuncupant. Ad litus Ruscia est promontorium Thuriorum*—"The Lucanian mountains reaching to the country of the Bruttii, coming together to a narrow point form here two defiles, and these very much contracted; the one of which is called the Rock of Blood, the other Lambula by the natives. On the shore is Rossano, a promontory of Thurii." At all events it might very easily have proved a bloody spot to me.

Another half-hour placed me in the village of Rossano, where I proceeded to the house of the judge, to whom the Prince of Satriano had furnished me with a letter. I confess that I did not like the appearance of the inhabitants as I passed through the streets of Rossano, and was sadly disappointed when I found that the judge was performing his duties in some other part of his district. I left the letter, and proceeded to search for a lodging. The first locanda that I entered was so miserable, and the landlady so forbidding in looks, that I shuddered at the idea of passing the night under her roof. When I inquired if Rossano possessed no other lodging-house, she was highly offended at my being dissatisfied with her accommodation, and loaded me with abuse, though it was utterly lost on me, as I did not understand a syllable of her tirade. Here, however, I could not remain; and as she had brought a crowd around me, I found that there was another locanda, to which one of the inhabitants conducted me. There was not much to choose between them, but I had no alternative. I felt, however, little at my ease, and was proceeding to wait on the syndic, as the head magistrate of the village, when I was stopped by a person, who inquired if I had not left a letter at the house of the judge. I acknowledged that I had done so, and he said that the lady of the judge hoped that I would remain during the night at her house. I can assure you that I was much delighted to receive the invitation, and accepted it without hesitation. The old lady received me with great kindness, but was in perfect horror at the idea of my proceeding to-morrow without a guard: and as all her friends concurred with her that the country was unsafe, I agreed, rather to get rid of their importunities than from personal fears, to wait on the lieutenant of gendarmes and request that he would send a couple of men with me. On proceeding to the guard-house, judge of my surprise on being introduced to my old plague, the lieutenant, who had threatened to arrest me at Pizzo. He professed himself glad to see me, and ordered his servant to produce wine. I stated at once the object of my visit, and inquired if he thought there was any real danger. He assured me that there was no doubt about it, but that he durst not send two men, as it would be only sacrificing their lives as well as my own. He would send half a dozen, if I would remain one day longer at Rossano. It would appear that to-morrow is the birthday—name-day, or some such thing, of the king—and therefore a holiday to all the troops. I thanked the lieutenant for this offer, and said that I should inform him to-morrow if I intended to accept it, though I had no such intention. However, he has induced me to give

up one part of my plan—a visit to Lungobucco, in the Sila, where a lead mine has been lately opened by a company of English capitalists. It would be vain to hope to escape if I proceeded in that direction.

In this vicinity I hear of nothing but robberies and murders, and they hold up their hands in amazement that I should have ventured to approach Rossano, except under a strong guard. The principal proprietors are completely blockaded, and dare not move a step beyond the precincts of the village, unless in company with others, and strongly armed. It seems that there is a *comitiva*, or band, of twenty individuals, who are spread in all directions, carrying terror and dismay into the bosom of the inhabitants. They have lately waylaid several, and one of them has had to pay five thousand piastres—upwards of eight hundred pounds sterling. About a month ago they killed a boy fifteen years of age (this is the poor boy, no doubt, of whom Signor di Caria told me), because his family was unable to pay the ransom they demanded. They have committed upwards of twenty murders in this neighbourhood, and yet the government has only lately sent a small force under my friend, the lieutenant of *gendarmes*, to make an attempt to suppress such a disastrous state of matters.

Murder seems to have been the chronic state of the *Silva Sila*, along the outskirts of which I am now passing, from the earliest times. In the year B.C. 138, I find a curious trial going on at Rome, arising from the murder of some of the rich proprietors in this district. The *Publicani*, a joint-stock company for the farming of the public revenues of the Roman state, had taken on lease from the censors of B.C. 142, P. Scipio Africanus and L. Mummius, the pitcheries of the *Silva Sila*. It was then, as now, covered with forests, and supplied the state with pitch and timbers for ships. Some of the slaves employed by the company, and even the freemen, were charged with being implicated in the murders, so that the directors felt that they themselves might be blamed if they were found to have employed servants who could be guilty of such enormities. The senate issued a special commission to examine the matter, and the celebrated C. Lælius was employed to defend the company, which Cicero says (*Brut. c. 22*) that he did with great ability. He appeared twice for them, and so ably was he thought to have maintained their cause, that the members of the company attended Lælius to his house—a mode of showing respect which was usual at Rome. Through his exertions and that of Servius Galba, the company and members implicated in the charge were acquitted. Here, then, we find still the same insecurity for life and property to exist, and I do not hear that it has ever been otherwise.

While I was seated at the window in conversation with the lieutenant, the funeral of an old man passed; he was stretched at length on an uncovered bier, with a book in his hand, and followed by a number of women dressed in black dominoes, with white handkerchiefs over their heads. I met at the house of my hostess an intelligent Albanian priest, Don Angelo Masci, and I find that they have a college at Bisignano, a small village a short distance from Rossano. They originally belonged to the Greek Church, but have long ago conformed to the Latin. Their library contains several manuscripts in the Albanian language, and, among others, a grammar written by one of the professors, and a volume of native songs collected by a person called Varibobba.

While I was at Naples a dispute arose between the Albanians and the congregation of the Greek Church there. The Albanians insisted on their right to be considered as members of that church, and as the government threw the weight of its authority on the side of the Albanians, I need not say that the question was decided in their favour. The dispute arose respecting a sum of money which had been left to the Greek Church, and of which the Albanians wished to participate.

Signor Masci accompanied me to the house of a canon of the church of Rossano, who possessed a manuscript of the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark in Greek characters, illuminated with small figures at the beginning of each chapter. It is in excellent preservation, and must be of an early date, though I could not discover how it had come into his possession. I intend to proceed to-morrow to Cassano, in the vicinity of which stood the ancient city Sybaris; yet it is a hazardous undertaking. The lieutenant has told me that the whole village of Rossano, as he said of Pizzo, are a set of brigands, and as I know this to be an exaggeration, I trust to find the other statements to be equally so. At all events, I am resolved to face the danger.

Rossano is the ancient Roscianum mentioned in the Itinerary of Antoninus, and noticed by Procopius (B. G. iii. 30) during the Gothic wars as a strong fortress, and one of the most important strongholds in this part of Italy. It was taken by Totila A.D. 548, but continued through the middle ages to be a place of importance. Though it stands on a hill, it is overlooked by higher ground, and has now, therefore, lost its 'vantage ground.

This has been a day of great anxiety, and I cannot say that I am sorry I am now bidding adieu to Calabria, though I have every reason to be grateful for the kind and hospitable manner with which I have been almost invariably received. Still it is harassing to be constantly in the expectation of being either robbed or murdered, and during several hours of this day I was fully prepared to encounter some such fate. Thank God, however, I have escaped, and I do not intend ever again to throw myself in the way of a Calabrese brigand.

This morning I was surprised to find that I had been unconsciously exposed to another danger during the night which had never occurred to me. A severe shock of an earthquake had taken place, and the whole inhabitants of the village had been so much alarmed that they had spent the greater part of the night in the public square, afraid of being buried in the ruins of their houses. Of course no one felt any particular interest in my safety, and I was allowed to sleep undisturbed amidst all their alarm. I have no doubt that I was entirely forgotten, and as there was no disastrous result, I am not sorry that I was allowed to remain quietly in bed. They are constantly subject to shocks in this quarter, but it seems to have been more alarming last night than it had been for several years.

My friends had procured me a muleteer, in whom, they said, I might repose entire confidence; still the old lady continued most urgent that I should remain another day, and accept a guard of gendarmes. I had, however, made up my mind to run all risks, and I left the village Rossano at daybreak. I found a party of the inhabitants, fully armed, proceeding in my direction, but, to my disappointment, they only continued with

me a short distance, being on their way to Corigliano. Our road lay through a wood, principally of olive-trees, mixed with myrtles, growing in great luxuriance, and clumps of low brushwood; it was evidently a continuation of that through which I had passed yesterday. It extended for about ten miles, and I was of course anxious that no time should be unnecessarily spent in crossing it. My mule was, however, a sad contrast to the animal I had yesterday, and the muleteer seemed to take matters very coolly. I dismounted, and tried to induce the mule to go somewhat quicker; but it was true to its nature, and refused to budge beyond a snail's pace. At last I gave up the contest in sheer despair, and quietly awaited the result. When we got clear of the wood, and I saw a level plain of several miles in extent before me, I cannot sufficiently express my delight, as I had been told that my dangers would then be at an end. Here, then, I consider that I bid adieu to Calabria and its dangers; for, though it continues a little farther north, I understand that I shall hear no more of brigands.

You may ask what opinion I have formed of the country and its inhabitants. The three Calabrias have been always, in a great measure, separated from the rest of the world. In this respect the district is unique, and the manners of its people have been little influenced by intercourse with their more civilised neighbours. Enclosed by two seas, having in the middle that lofty range of mountains which I have traversed thrice in different directions, covered for several months in the year with deep snow, without sufficient roads or communications between the different divisions, they have all the productions of the north and south, ice and tropical heat, at the distance of a few miles. Recollect the sudden change of temperature I came upon in a couple of hours, when I penetrated into the mountains of Serra. In what other part of Europe will you find another country like this? Then as to the inhabitants, I met men of the highest intelligence and polish, that would have done honour to any country, and, at the same time, the mass of the population sunk in rudeness and ignorance. It is not merely rudeness, but I heard of a ferocity of character which perpetuates family feuds from generation to generation, and regards revenge as a right and a duty. They seem now to be in the state that the Highlands of Scotland were some five hundred years ago. This disposition, inherited from their heathen progenitors, has never been in any degree softened by the influence of religion, or even of the nobility and persons of note, who are generally absentees. In former times the great feudal barons, no doubt, used to live on their properties, but wholly apart from the people, on whom they had no influence, at least for good. In fact, they composed two distinct worlds. With us, the nobility live a portion of the year on their estates, and take a deep interest in every measure that is likely to benefit themselves or their tenants. Here it is quite otherwise; agents manage everything, and transmit the rents to be spent in Naples. The feudal system subsisted in all its strictness till the beginning of this century. All the principal taxes were laid upon the lower classes, while the nobility and clergy were mostly exempted. It was a law of Joseph Bonaparte that broke up this system. He enacted that "the feudal system and all feudal jurisdiction be abolished, and all towns, villages, hamlets be subjected to the general laws of the country." These changes,

introduced by the French, had so far taken root, that, on the restoration of the Bourbons, it was impossible to replace things on their former footing; yet some such attempts have been made, and the present government strives to secure for the nobility more favourable rights, and has confirmed the succession in fiefs which the law had done away with.

I soon reached the banks of the Crati, the ancient Crathis, which you may recollect that I crossed at Cosenza on my way to the south. I had some difficulty in fording it from the depth of the stream and the rapidity with which it flows. Indeed, if we had not met with a shepherd, who piloted us across, I should inevitably have been swept away. I tried what effect its waters would have on my hair, as Euripides says that they have the power of giving a golden-red tinge, but, alas! no such beautiful change took place, and I am obliged to remain as nature intended me. The words of Euripides (*Troades*, 228) are as follows:

ἀν ὑγραίνει καλλιστεύων
ὁ ξανθὸν χεῖταιν πυρσαίνων
κράθις, ζαθέαις παγαῖσι τρέφων
εὐανδρόν τ' ὀλβίζων γᾶν.

“Which is watered by the beautiful Crathis, imparting yellow locks, nourishing and blessing the well-peopled land with its divine stream.”

Ovid (*Met.* xv. 315) refers to the same curious property in the waters:

Crathis, et huic Sybaris nostris conterminus arvis,
Electro similes faciunt auroque capillos.

“Crathis, and Sybaris near to it in our country, impart an amber and golden hue to the hair.”

I inquired afterwards if any such peculiarity was known to the inhabitants to be in the waters, but they were not aware that they possessed such powers.

Grain of every kind wavered over the drier parts of this plain, and my guide said that towards the sea herds of cattle abounded, though I saw none. The marshy ground afforded shelter to wild boars and water-fowls of every species.

XXIII.

A FEW miles below the spot where I crossed, the Crati is joined by another stream, the Coscile, the ancient Sybaris, having the same name as a celebrated city which stood in this vicinity. This river had the property, according to some authors, of making horses shy that drank of its waters; my muleteer knew of no such power. The exact position of the ancient city of Sybaris has not yet been satisfactorily fixed, though we are told by an ancient historian (*Diod. Sic.* xii. 9) that the river Sybaris, which originally flowed into the sea by a separate mouth, had its course changed by the victorious inhabitants of Croto that it might flow through and destroy the city. It is natural, therefore, to look for its remains near the confluence of the two rivers. At the same time, you must know that it is said to have been completely destroyed B.C. 510, and we can

scarcely expect that much of it will have survived such a lapse of time. However, I resolved to examine the exact appearances at the confluence of the two rivers, and accordingly, as soon as I had crossed, I proceeded down the banks to that part of the plain which is called Gadella. I heard afterwards that excavations had been attempted here, but water always rises as soon as they have penetrated a few feet below the surface. I persevered till I reached the confluence, notwithstanding there was a great deal of marshy ground, and in the winter season it must be quite impassable. There was not the slightest appearance of any buildings having been at this spot, nor can I imagine that Sybaris was placed here, unless nature has completely changed the ground on which I was standing. This city of which I am speaking was not a small village, like many of the others which I have visited, but contained a population, if we can believe ancient writers, of three hundred thousand; and even if we should consider this an exaggeration, still it must be allowed to have been of great size. The inhabitants were famed for their luxury and opulence to such a degree, indeed, that a Sybarite and voluptuary became synonymous terms. One of the dresses of its inhabitants, which came into the possession of Dionysius of Syracuse, was sold to the Carthaginians for 120 talents, upwards of 20,000*l.* You can thus have some idea of the size and importance of Sybaris, and it is strange that its remains should have so entirely vanished. I tried to get across the river Coscile, but the plain through which the river flowed was soft, and the stream ran so rapidly, that I had to creep slowly along its banks for several miles before I reached a spot where I could safely pass. I proceeded on to Cassano without encountering any further difficulties, and was received with great kindness by a friend of the judge of Rossano, Signor Cafasi, to whose care the old lady recommended me. The appearance of Cassano is highly picturesque, as it rises gradually like the steps of an amphitheatre up the sides of a steep mountain, extending round the rock on which stands the ruins of the ancient baronial castle belonging to one of the noblest families of Naples, the Duke of Cassano. The town contains somewhere about five thousand inhabitants, and exhibits considerable commercial activity from the manufacture of liquorice and even cotton and silk, which are grown, spun, and wove in Cassano. At the entrance of the town there is a spot called Bocca d'Auso, from which smoke is occasionally seen to issue, and near it are some sulphureous hot springs, with baths constructed for public use by the Cassano family. It was still early in the day, and I resolved to examine a little more of the site of Sybaris on the other side of Coscile. I ordered two active little ponies, which my host offered to procure for me, and, accompanied by Signor Cafasi, started for the site of the ancient Cossa, which was said to be situated at a spot called Cività, three miles distant from Cassano. It is mentioned by Cæsar (B.C. iii. 22), who calls it "Cosa in agro Thurino," and states that Milo laid siege to it, and was killed under its walls. These very walls may be imperfectly traced, and the foundations of some buildings are scattered here and there on the summit of a rising ground. What remains is very little, and shows that it had at no time been of great size. I looked round for inscriptions, but nothing of the kind could be seen. There is a tower called *Torre di*

Milone. After I had satisfied myself—as to the ruins of Cossa, we rode towards the confluence of the Coscile and Crati, keeping down the left bank. There are no remains of buildings to be seen, but there are numerous irregular hillocks, which I do not doubt would be found to be the foundations of buildings. It was quite evident to the eye that the channel of the Coscile had been changed, whether by some convulsion of nature or by the hand of man it is impossible to say. History says that it was by the hands of the inhabitants of Croto, who wished to obliterate the very existence of their enemy Sybaris. The old channel is called Abbotitura, and contains a good deal of water; and at no great distance from it is what is called Laghetto, a small lake which communicates with the sea, and which my guide told me abounded with eels, mullets, and a variety of other fish. Some have considered Laghetto as the site of the port of Sybaris, but no remains of buildings are to be seen. The agnus castus was growing in these marshes very luxuriantly. Both species were abundant, the larger with white and purple flowers, and the smaller with purple flowers alone. It was called “castus,” as you are aware, from its alleged anti-venereal properties, though modern naturalists, I believe, are not quite agreed on this point. At all events, the ancients were of this opinion.

I looked at the spot where Sybaris is supposed to have stood, and found it difficult to believe that it could have been selected for such a purpose. Within a couple of miles of the mouths of two rivers, it must at all times have been subject to the effluvia of much stagnant water, and, indeed, we know that it was unhealthy from a proverb among them “that he who did not wish to die before his time ought not at Sybaris to see the sun either rise or set.”

I inquired of my intelligent host respecting the position of Thurium, but its supposed site would have carried me back to the country of the brigands, and I need not tell you that it would have required a strong temptation to induce me to place myself once more within their grasp. He said that there is a spot called Turione between the villages Spezzano and Terra Nuova, where coins, vases, and images are frequently found in great numbers, and where he himself has seen the fragments of a marble column. This he considered to be the site of the ancient Thurium.

It was now necessary to return to Cassano, through which I strolled, visiting the Capuchin monastery, situated on a hill from which there is an excellent view of the plain through which the Crati flows, and in the distance the Ionian Sea is seen, while behind rose the lofty mountain Polino, on which snow lies till the middle of July. The eyes stretched over a wide plain, covered here and there with patches of grain, but the greater part is uncultivated. Varro (R.R. i. 44) speaks of it as of surprising fertility, producing wheat a hundred-fold, and if it were reclaimed I do not doubt that nature would be as ready as in former times to reward man for his industry. I turned towards Rossano, which I had left this morning in no very joyful mood, and my eye could not help resting on its dark woods, feeling something in the same way as the person alluded to by Lucretius (ii. i.) is said to regard from shore a ship on the point of being wrecked:

Suave, mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem ;
Non quia vexari quemquam est jucunda voluptas,
Sed, quibus ipse malis carceas, quia cernere suave est.

“It is pleasant, when the seas are roughened by violent winds, to view the dangers of another when we are safe on land, not because there is any pleasure in seeing another in distress, but because it is pleasant to witness those anxieties from which we ourselves are free.” I felt a delight, which only those who had gone through the anxieties that I had endured during the last few weeks, can fully understand.

You may ask me why these plains, on which I was looking, should be uncultivated. It is easily explained to you, who are a political economist ; they have no outlet for their surplus produce ; the inhabitants can derive no benefit from their industry. This is the complaint which I have heard in every part of the country, equally from the friends as from the enemies of the present government. The very parties who are carrying on the government have exclaimed, “Could not his sacred majesty, whom may God bless, find some means by which we could get rid of our produce ? This is the only change for which we pray.”

The Capuchins are employed at the present moment in raising Angelo di Acri, who had been some hundred years ago one of their fraternity, to the rank of a saint in the Roman calendar. A hundred years must always elapse before any such attempt can be made, and it then altogether depends on the sum of money that can be raised to bribe the Papal See, or, to speak less offensively, to pay all necessary expenses, whether he shall receive the honour solicited. The question is considered in Rome, and a regular trial takes place, in which the character of the embryo saint is freely canvassed by a lawyer appointed for the purpose, who is called *Avvocato del Diavolo*—“the Devil’s Advocate.” The trial is, of course, a mere farce, if the money is forthcoming, and the objections of the advocate are considered to be the mere ebullitions of his Satanic Majesty’s envious spirit. The money—about eight hundred pounds, I believe—is paid into the papal treasury, and whoever dares to call in question the high honour assigned to the individual is excommunicated by the canons of the Church. Those whose sanctity does not entitle them to this rank must rest contented with the lower dignity of *Venerabile* and *Beato*. This is one of the absurdities of Popery introduced during the dark ages of the Church, and it is strange that this pretension should not now be allowed to fall into desuetude. The number of saints in the Roman calendar is often matter of surprise ; but it need not be so, when we find that this small district of Calabria has furnished ninety individuals who have been considered worthy of being canonised. Seventy have been entitled to the honour of “*Beati*.” Ten of the Roman pontiffs owe their birth and education to Calabria.

The quantity of holy relics possessed by this remote part of the world is astonishing. In the monastery of Belforte there is a finger of Stephen, the first Christian martyr, a piece of the holy cross and of the sepulchre in which our Saviour was buried ; but, what is still more wonderful, there is a fragment of the rod of Aaron. At the village of Soriano there is a statue of St. Dominic, which was brought, in the month of October, 1530, from Spain, and presented to a chapel here by

the Virgin Mary herself. This legend somewhat resembles that of the holy shrine of Loretto.

You may recollect that I mentioned a miracle that was taking place at Ajeta, and that I tried to convince the judge of Scalea that it was a gross imposition. I have just heard the end of that silly trick. It would appear that the bishop of this diocese received orders from Rome to proceed to Ajeta, and put an end to what the papal authorities had no doubt would be found to be a device of Satan. I wonder if they were aware of the monks of St. Biagiò practising the same imposition? You will be surprised to hear how simple was the plan adopted by Lo Monaco, and nothing can show more clearly how gullible people are in this part of the world. All that was done—and he has confessed it—was to throw the liquor over the statue, and to place basins full of the water near it, before he admitted the people. They saw the liquor still trickling down the statue, and did not doubt that the contents of the basins had been collected in this way.

I hope to reach Taranto in three days, and I am glad to hear that there is little danger of my encountering brigands. The coast is such a desert that I am told I shall have great difficulty in getting along. I understand that there is no road, and that the villages are generally situated far inland. However, I shall not allow myself to be turned aside by any common difficulty.

On consulting with my friends at Cassano, I thought that my next stage must be to the village of Roseto, and accordingly, at daybreak, I started, with the pleasant feeling that I had now nothing to fear from brigands. The freshness of the morning was delightful; a thick fog hung over the marshy ground, where the mighty Sybaris once stretched with its luxurious inhabitants, whose indolent repose a crushed rose-leaf was sufficient to disturb. There was a fragrance in the air from the orange and citron blossoms, and the distant Ionian Sea reflected a trembling light in the mirror of its gently moved waters. With what inimitable grace does Dante (*Purgatorio*, i. 115) describe such a scene:

L'alba vinceva l'ora mattutina,
Che fuggia 'nnanzi, sì che di lontano
Conobbi il tremolar della marina.

The dawn had chased the matin hour of prime,
Which fled before it, so that from afar
I spied the trembling of the ocean stream.

Need I remind you that this trembling light of the waters is a favourite idea of Italian poets, and I am not surprised that it should be so, as I have never seen the appearance so vividly portrayed elsewhere. It seems to require the pure and bright air of such a climate as this to bring it out in perfection. Trissino, in the *Sofonisba*, says:

E resta in tremola l'onda marina.

And, again; Fortiguerra, in his *Ricciardetto* (c. ix. st. 17):

—visto il tremolar della marina.

You must not, however, imagine that these Italian poets were the first to observe this peculiarly beautiful effect, as you will find it alluded to by

Virgil (*Æn.*, viii. 25), "aquæ tremulum lumen"—"the trembling light of water."

The breeze blew gently, while the morning song of the birds resounded everywhere through the leafy boughs. It was a terrestrial paradise through which I was passing, and might have suggested to Dante (*Purgatorio*, xxviii. 1—23) his description of such a scene :

Un' aura dolce senza mutamento
Avere in se, mi feria per la fronte,
Non di più colpo che soave vento :
Per cui le fronde tremolando pronte
Tutte quante piegavano alla parte
U' la prim' ombra gitta il santo monte ;
Non però dal loro esser dritto sparte
Tanto, che gli angelletti per le cime
Lasciasser d'operare ogni lor arte ;
Ma con piena letizia l'ore prime
Cantando ricevieno intra le foglie
Che tenevan bordone alle sue rime,
Tal qual di ramo in ramo si raccoglie
Per la pineta in sul lito di Chiassi
Quand' Eolo Scirocco fuor discioglie.

A pleasant air,
That intermitted never, never veer'd,
Smote on my temples, gently, as a wind
Of softest influence : at which the sprays
Obedient all, lean'd trembling to that part
Where first the holy mountain casts his shade ;
Yet were not so disorder'd, but that still
Upon their top the feather'd quiristers
Applied their wonted art, and with full joy
Welcomed those hours of prime, and warbled shrill
Amid the leaves, that to their jocund lays
Kept tenor ; even as from branch to branch,
Along the piny forests on the shore
Of Chiassi, rolls the gathering melody,
When Eolus hath from his cavern loosed
The dripping south.

The country through which I was now passing was quite changed in character from that to which I had been lately accustomed. The hills were low, with many picturesque glens running inland.

To wander along this coast during winter must be an arduous task, as I crossed many broad ravines full of loose stones, evidently brought down by the torrents. The water spreads over a large space, as some of the channels were not less than a mile in breadth, though they gradually narrowed as they ascended the heights. Immediately after leaving Casano, I crossed a small stream, Ragganello, the ancient Cylistarnus, and soon reached Francavilla, a wretched-looking village, though myrtles, pomegranates, figs, and oranges, showed that Nature was ready to bestow her choicest blessings.

The villages still continued to be on the heights at several miles from the sea, to protect them from the Turkish corsairs, who used, as I said before, to land and carry off the inhabitants as slaves. This state of things still *continued* to exist within the memory of the present genera-

tion, as I found a coast-guard at the village of Trebisacce, where I stopped a few hours during the heat of the day, who had been taken prisoner about thirty years ago and carried to Algiers. I was amused to find that he rather regretted his release from slavery, as he acknowledged that he used to receive plenty of excellent mutton, to which in his days of freedom he is now an entire stranger. This old fellow was a great oddity, and as I had nothing better to do, I confess I furnished him with somewhat more wine than was exactly consistent with propriety. He was a most bigoted adherent to the forms of the Romish Church, and spoke with delight of some poor young priest on whom he had brought the reproof of his bishop, because he had elevated the host once less than the rubric required. He became at last so obstreperous in his mirth that I was put to flight, and took refuge on the back of my mule. Ere long I reached the small village of Roseto, picturesquely situated amidst broken ravines, where I was received with great hospitality by a gentleman, Signor Mazzaria, to whom my host at Cassano had given me a letter. Though he is residing in this remote spot, I found him a well-educated and intelligent man, intimately acquainted more particularly with the woods and forests of the country. We cannot understand the importance of such a question, as our fuel depends not on wood to be turned into charcoal, but on mineral coal; here, however, it is a matter of serious moment, and the government has found it necessary to exercise control even over woods belonging to private individuals. The subdivision of land which arose on the suppression of the feudal system proved no doubt extremely beneficial to industry and agriculture; and the result, my host tells me, led to the felling of woods and the conversion of much land to tillage. If this went on to the extent that seemed likely, a scarcity of fuel was sure to arise; and to prevent this, about ten years ago a general law was passed by which the superintendence over all the forests in the kingdom was committed to a special board, without whose permission no proprietor of forests shall fell timber or break up the ground either for tillage or for new plantations. One of the results that arose from denuding the surface of trees was that its exposure to the violence of storms and torrents of rain brought down gravel and large stones on the lands that lay below. By this law, to which I have alluded, no land could be converted to tillage, unless where the site is so level that there need be no apprehension of the lands below suffering. The management of this public board was probably not particularly judicious; at all events, there were so many complaints against its vexatious interference with private property, that a new law was issued in 1826, by which the superintendence of the authorities over private woods was confined to the preservation and improvement of them. Still, woodland is not allowed to be tilled without permission, and this is not to be granted for ground which has a rapid incline. It seems, according to my host, that the immoderate conversion of woodland to tillage has been stopped, but by no means the immoderate felling of timber. He believes that, ere long, there will be a serious want of wood for fuel. I found my host well instructed in such matters, and I regretted when the evening came to a close.

It is curious to observe the peculiarities of nations in small matters. *With us "good night" may be said when we take leave of each other*

dark at any hour; but the Italian says "*felicissima notte*"—"the best night to you," only once, and that is when the candles or flicker-amp is brought into the room. On going to bed, they will often say "*felici sogni*"—"happy dreams to you," or "*dormite bene*"—"good sleep to you."

was warned by my friends at Roseto that little intercourse was kept with the eastern part of Italy except by sea, and that I would find the coast for the last fifty miles in approaching Taranto so barren and ill-shaded with water that it would be no easy task to accomplish the purpose. I have learned, however, to look with considerable scepticism on the reports of even the most intelligent Italians as to difficulties; are so little accustomed to exertion, and the climate makes them so loth to move, that they cannot understand what a resolute spirit can accomplish, who refuses to introduce into his vocabulary the word "*impossible*." Onward I was resolved to go, till I knocked my head against an impenetrable wall, and you will be amused to see how gradually one after another disappeared.

The coast continued of the same uninteresting character as yesterday. I crossed the dry channels of several mountain streams, which evidently received a large body of water during the winter season; at this point not a particle could be seen. At last I reached the picturesque banks of the river Sinno, the ancient Siris, which was finely wooded, and shaded with a profusion of flowers in full blossom. Nothing could exceed the beauty of this secluded spot; it was a perfect paradise, and I could not help thinking that some of Ariosto's descriptions must have been derived from what I saw before me. I refer to that beautiful description of an arbour (*Orland. Fur.*, vi. 20), with which all readers of the poem are so well acquainted:

Non vide nè 'l più bel nè 'l più giocondo,
Da tutta l'aria ove le penne stese,
Nè, se tutto cercato avesse il mondo,
Vedria di questo il più gentil paese;
Ove, dopo un girarsi di gran tondo,
Con Ruggiér seco il grande augél discese.
Culte pianure, e delicati colli,
Chiare acque, ombrose ripe, e prati molli.

Vaghi boschetti di soavi allori,
Di palme, e di amenissime mortelle,
Cedri, ed aranci, che avéan frutti e fiori
Contesti in varie forme, e tutte belle,
Facean riparo ai férvidi calori
De' giorni estivi con lor spesse ombrelle;
E tra quei rami con sicuri voli
Cantando se ne giano i rosignuoli.

A more delightful place, wherever hurl'd
Through the whole air, Rogero had not found;
And, had he ranged the universal world,
Would not have seen a lovelier in his round
Than that, where, wheeling wide, the courser hurl'd
His spreading wings, and lighted on the ground,
'Mid cultivated plain, delicious hill,
Moist meadow, shady bank, and crystal rill.

Small thickets, with the scented laurel gay,
 Cedar and orange, full of fruit and flower,
 Myrtle and palm, with interwoven spray,
 Pleached in mixed modes, all lovely, form a bower,
 And, breaking with their shade the scorching ray,
 Make a cool shelter from the noontide hour,
 And nightingales among those branches wing
 Their flight, and safely amorous descants sing.

I gazed with delight on such a scene, and thought that the vivid imagination of the poets was exceeded by the reality of nature. The wonderful beauty of the flowers has made it to be supposed that the gardens of the inhabitants of Heraclea, situated some three miles distant, must have been at this spot, and that these flowers had been introduced by them. Numerous flowering creepers hung in graceful festoons from the branches of the poplar; the underwood consisting of the lentiscus, thorn, wild vine, oleander, arbutus, and sweet bay. The dwarf oak abounds everywhere along this coast, and the liquorice plant grows wild and in great luxuriance. It was the rich plains in this neighbourhood that occasioned many wars between the inhabitants of Tarentum and Sybaris, and which induced the latter city to found Metapontum, in order that the Tarentines might be excluded from the Siritis. I have no doubt that the nature of the soil is as rich and productive as it was in those days, but there is no population to turn it to account. Since I left Roseto, I have only seen in the distance one or two small villages, perched picturesquely on conical-shaped hills at some distance from the sea, and have not encountered a single human being. The Sinnò is a considerable stream even at this season of the year, and we know that, in ancient times, it is said to have been navigable for several miles into the interior. I passed it about a mile from its mouth on the back of my mule, and I am sure that at present no vessel could ascend it except a very flat-bottomed boat. I attempted to penetrate to the sea along its left bank, but I got so involved in marshy ground and thick brushwood, like what I had seen at Pæstum, that I gave it up in despair. I cannot believe that any city can have been situated in this direction, unless the nature of the ground has been much changed. When I left the banks of the Sinnò, which were certainly very beautiful, the appearance of the country no longer bears any resemblance to the glowing description given to it by the poet Archilochus, who asserts that there was no spot more lovely than the country round Siris. His words, as quoted by Athenæus (xii. p. 523, c.), are the following, and they show what the state of this district was B.C. 660:

Ὀὐ γάρ τι καλὸς χῶρος, οὐδ' ἐψίμερος,
 οὐδ' ἐρατὸς, διὸς ἀμφὶ Σίριος ῥοάς.

“For there is not a spot on earth so sweet, or lovely, or desirable, as that which is around the streams of Siris.”

The sand, which has choked up the mouth of the river, renders the neighbourhood marshy, and, combining with the Agri, makes the whole coast for many miles a complete desert. This is a strange contrast to its former state, when its inhabitants rivalled the Sybarites in riches, as well as in the luxury and profligacy of their habits.

Proceeding four miles farther, I reached a few houses, which I found

to be called Policoro, one of which was a resting-place for muleteers; and though it was miserable, I was not sorry to rest a few hours. I had hired a muleteer at Cassano to continue with me as far as Policoro, which I imagined to be a village, and where I thought I might procure another mule to carry me forward to Taranto. In this, however, I was disappointed, as the few people in the vicinity were employed in getting in their scanty harvest, and nothing could induce them to leave their labours in the field. I then had recourse to the muleteer who had accompanied me from Cassano, and offered him his own terms if he would continue with me to Taranto; but he declared that he had no passport, and that, if he accompanied me, he would certainly fall into the hands of the police, and be arrested. One of his friends had not long ago been caught without a passport, and a month's imprisonment had been a warning not to be forgotten by all his fraternity. Here, then, I seemed fairly pulled up; I had to pass two deep rivers without bridge or boat, and then had to creep about thirty miles along a sandy beach without a particle of water, and all this was to be accomplished under a burning sun. Even if I managed to reach Taranto, the chances were that I should be laid up by fever. I inquired for the most important person in the neighbourhood, and was referred to the agent of the Prince of Gerace, to whom the property in this neighbourhood chiefly belongs. He received me with great kindness, telling me, however, that it would be impossible to find a mule here almost at any period of the year. He regretted that he could be of no essential service to me; and as I found that there were a few houses about six miles farther on, at a spot called Scanzana, I resolved to proceed forward, if I could manage to get across the river Agri and sleep there, trusting that something might turn up to relieve me from my difficulty. This gentleman offered to send his cart, drawn by buffaloes, to ferry me across, and I need not say that I thankfully accepted his offer. Though he is agent for the management of this large estate, he is obliged to reside six miles distant, at Montalbano, from the unhealthy state of the atmosphere in the vicinity of the sea. From the middle of June malaria renders this spot uninhabitable to all except a few wretched peasants, whose pale, emaciated appearance confirmed the statements that I heard. I do not doubt that it is caused by the overflow of the rivers, which were in former times confined within their banks, and the malaria might be obviated by the same means that rendered this very spot a healthy residence for thousands of inhabitants. Before I proceeded, I wished to examine the site of the ancient city *Heracleia*, situated about half a mile nearer the sea. This city was founded by the inhabitants of *Tarentum* after the destruction of *Siris*, and is chiefly remarkable as being the seat of the general council of the Greek states. The country, as I approached the ruins, was covered with thick brushwood; they are about a mile from the shore, as far as I could judge, and can be traced here and there for a quarter of a mile. There are foundations of buildings of considerable size, but, though I examined in all directions, I could see no columns to indicate the position of the temple. Here, however, have been found many coins, bronzes, and other remains of antiquity; and, within a short distance of the spot, the bronze tables, commonly known as the *Tabulæ Heracleenses*, one of the most interesting monuments of antiquity, were found last century. They contain a long Latin

inscription relating to the municipal regulations of Heracleia. This curious document is engraved on two tables of bronze, at the back of which is found a long Greek inscription of a much earlier date, but of inferior interest. The flourishing state of the arts in this town is proved by the beauty and variety of its coins. What a change from the busy scenes of former days! It is now haunted by the wild buffalo, who are reared in large numbers here, and droves of untamed horses were seen galloping through the open glades.

Having satisfied my curiosity as to the ruins of Heracleia, I left Policoro in a cart drawn by two buffaloes, which are made use of for such purposes, and passed over a level plain for a mile, when we reached a large and muddy river, which I knew to be the ancient Aciris, now the Agri. It was on the rising ground lying before me that a celebrated battle (B.C. 280) between Pyrrhus and the Romans is believed to have been fought. The buffaloes had no difficulty in carrying me across, but I could not have passed it on foot. In the winter it must be quite impassable, except by boat. On reaching the opposite bank, I dismounted, and walked forward slowly through a country which showed no signs of cultivation. Wearied, I threw myself down under the shade, and began to examine my map with much anxiety, to consider what probability there was that I should be able to reach Taranto along the coast. After passing Torre à Mare, the coast seemed perfectly desert; and this is what everybody has told me. While I was thus employed, I was interrupted by hearing behind me, on the path along which I had passed, the sound of voices, merrily singing, and the clatter of mules' feet. Ere long three muleteers came in sight, and, when they saw me, you may imagine their astonishment to find a "forestière," as I am called here, in such a lonely spot. I joined them; and, inquiring whither they were bound, was delighted to hear that they were on their way to Taranto. They were to sleep at Scanzana, where I had intended to take up my abode. All my anxiety at once vanished, as I had no difficulty in making an arrangement that I should have one of their mules, stipulating that they should stop at Torre à Mare a few hours, that I might visit the ruins of Metapontum, and in every other way they were to conform to my commands. I could not have arranged matters better, and the want of a saddle, which would have annoyed me at another time, was not to be thought of except as a good joke.

I need not say that my lodgings were of the most miserable description; and indeed, if I had thought that it would turn out to be such as I eventually found, I should have spent the night in the open air, at the risk of malaria fever, which, after all, I found myself compelled to do. I ascended to my sleeping apartment, where I found two other travellers, by a ladder and a trap-door. As I intended to be up one hour before daybreak, I took a very accurate survey of the bearings of the chamber, that I might be able to pilot myself out of it; and it was well that I had this foresight. As the bed seemed tolerably clean, I undressed, and soon fell asleep, but awoke some hours afterwards with a feeling as if I were on the point of being suffocated. I started up, and tried to get at the window, but was unsuccessful. I then contrived to get my clothes on, and, after poking about, found the trap-door, by which I cautiously descended. My movements awoke the landlord, who, imagining that he

was going to be robbed, alarmed the whole house, and I began to fear that I might have some difficulty in convincing them that I had no dishonest intentions. We were all in darkness, but I bawled very loudly that I was the "Inglese," and began to swear by Santo Diavolo, Bacco, and all the saints of the calendar, that he had the intention of suffocating me, by placing me in his upper chamber. When he understood my complaint, he laughed heartily, and said that I had been above the "forno," "the oven;" and, on inquiring more minutely, I found that he was the baker for all the people in the neighbourhood, and that I had been sleeping above his oven. There is no end of adventures in this strange country; one night to be on the point of being buried by an earthquake, and next to be baked in an oven. I could not help joining in the laugh, though it was annoying to be prevented from getting that rest which the labours and fatigues of the next day rendered so necessary. I could have wished to start immediately, but it still wanted several hours of daylight. I proceeded into the court-yard, where I found the muleteers sleeping soundly beside their mules, and I sat down to wait patiently for the hour of our departure. The house gradually became still, and I was left to my own thoughts, which wandered to a far-distant land. The night was beautiful, and the coolness of the air soon dissipated all the unpleasant feelings which the closeness of the chamber had produced.

There was no moon, but the stars, "le ninfe eterne"—"her ever-attendant nymphs"—as Dante (*Paradiso*, xxiii. 26) calls them—were shining with great splendour. It is curious the same idea is found thus beautifully expressed by Euripides (*Supplices*, 993):

ἦ ὠκυθάται νύμφαι
ἰππεύουσι δι' ὄφρας

—"where her swiftly-moving nymphs ride through the dark night." I confess that I could have wished them to move on a little more quickly, as I began to long earnestly for dawn of day, and at last roused the muleteers. After much hesitation they agreed to start, though they assured me that they were by no means sure of the direction in the dark, and that they might possibly lose their way. True enough, after we had proceeded awhile, they declared that they were out of their reckoning, and I then began to be convinced of the truth of their assertion. As yet not the slightest appearance of dawn was seen in the east, and, as far as the darkness would allow the eye to penetrate, we seemed to be crossing a level plain.

There was nothing for it but to halt, and when I had time to think on my position, it seemed rather hazardous to trust myself to men of whom I knew nothing, and who could so easily make away with me without much chance of discovery. The morning air was sufficiently fresh to make me feel it unpleasant, and I continued to pace up and down at a short distance from my companions, anxiously watching for the dawn. At last it appeared, and between the first streak of light and the full glare of day in this part of the world only a very short time elapses. We found ourselves at no great distance from a few huts, out of which issued some herdsmen, from whom we received directions, which enabled the muleteers to find their way. We crossed the river Basiento, the ancient Casuentus,

a small and muddy stream, and on approaching Torre à Mare I knew that I was in the neighbourhood of Metapontum, now marked by a single house, called Masseria di Torre à Mare. Here I found a peasant, who engaged to conduct me to the ancient remains of that celebrated city. This Torre à Mare is about one mile and a half from the sea, and is so called from an old building of a castellated form of the middle ages; but the ruins of Metapontum are found at a spot called Chiesa di Sansone, near the mouth of the river Bradano, the ancient Bradanus. Here are considerable remains of the foundations of buildings. I could, however, trace no appearance of walls, nor indeed any edifice so entire that its use could be ascertained. I then proceeded about two miles up the bank of the Bradanus, till I reached the largest remains of any ancient monument that I had seen since I left the Temples of Pæstum. It is a temple situated on a rising ground near the right bank of the Bradanus, and known as the Tavola dei Paladini. There are fifteen columns still remaining, five on one side and ten on the other. It is of the Doric order of architecture, though it has not the imposing massiveness of the pillars adorning the Temples of Pæstum. My guide told me that coins were occasionally found.

Metapontum is an interesting spot as the scene of the last days of the philosopher Pythagoras, whose house was consecrated as a temple of Ceres, and whose tomb was still to be seen in the days of Cicero. There is some appearance of the remains of a temple at the Chiesa di Sansone, and one would be willing to believe that this might be the exact spot where the philosopher had spent the closing scenes of his life. This city was in a flourishing state B.C. 415, at the time of the Athenian expedition to Sicily, and continued to occupy a prominent position till the disasters brought on the south of Italy by the second Punic war. It espoused the cause of Hannibal, and after his withdrawal from Italy, B.C. 203, suffered so severely from the Romans, that the name of Metapontum never again appears in any important transaction.

It had been for several hundred years one of the most opulent of the cities of Magna Græcia; its territory was distinguished for fertility, especially in the growth of corn, and now it only serves as pasture ground for a few half-fed cattle and wild horses. The few inhabitants whom I saw had the pale emaciated look of malaria fever, to which the whole of this coast is subject, though the nature of the ground has in no way changed, and I do not doubt that it might again be made fit for the residence of a large population, if the streams were confined within their banks, and the land was brought under regular cultivation. Cicero (*De Amic.* 4) speaks of the decayed state of all the cities in this part of Italy, and Pausanias (*vi.* 19), who lived about A.D. 180, mentions Metapontum as being in his time completely in ruins, and says that nothing remained of it but the theatre and the circuit of its walls. It is curious that he does not refer to the temple, which still exists, as it must have been a remarkable object even in his time. I spent a few hours in wandering over the deserted country round Metapontum, but as I began to fear that my muleteers would proceed on their journey without me, I bade adieu to the Metapontines, and hastened back to join them.

I had no time to think of food, but satisfied my hunger with the coarse bread of the muleteers as I jogged along. After crossing the river

Bradano, which at this season of the year is small, though in the winter season it brings a great deal of water from the mountains in the interior, we reached the Torre di Mattoni, situated on the shore, and our course now lay along the sandy beach for about five-and-twenty miles. The view was confined to the beautiful bay of Taranto on the one side, smooth as glass, and a lofty bank of sand on the other. Though there is no tide to any extent in this quarter, you must not suppose that the sea does not at times run more or less inland, according to the flatness of the beach. The beach was here at least fifty yards broad, before the sandy hill rose, which was evidently formed by the wind driving the dry sand. Ebb and flow I found not to be alike in all months, being lowest in August (one foot seven inches), highest in December (two feet two inches). Here it is the storms from the south that drive the waters of the bay inland, and I do not doubt that on such occasions the beach, which we were traversing, would be quite impassable. The sand-bank was tufted with juniper-bushes, and dwarf cypress, while here and there you get glimpses of pines, which prevented the eye from reaching any distance inland. The beach was covered with many specimens of very beautiful shells. The heat became excessive, as the sun beat directly upon us, till we seemed to be passing through the oven over which I had been baking this morning. I am pretty well accustomed to the heat of this climate; to-day, however, was a fearful trial, and I was now convinced that my friends were right in warning me of what I had undertaken. I felt, in the expressive words of Job (xxxvii. 18), as translated by Umbreit, that "the pure ether was spread before me during the scorching heat as a melted mirror over the parched desert." My umbrella was scarcely any protection, and my clothes would scarcely fit an Irish beggar. Perched on the back of my mule, which had an uneasy movement, holding my umbrella over my head as I best could, I looked forward anxiously for the first Pisgah view of Taranto. Our wine, too, was soon at an end, but our sufferings on this head arose from my own want of foresight, as I could easily have brought a sufficiency from Seanzana. No water was to be found, and the pangs of thirst I never experienced so strongly before. Time, however, brings everything to an end, and at last the lofty castle of Taranto appeared in the distance. Before we entered the city we had to cross the Tara, a very considerable stream, though it seems on the map to run only a short distance inland. Here we were all glad to bathe our throbbing temples; as the water was brackish, our thirst could not be slaked. The muleteers had some hesitation about crossing this stream, as they had heard of people being carried down to the sea. After consultation, one, who could swim, agreed to make the attempt, and entered the stream with his mule, while his companions and myself looked anxiously on. We expected every moment to see the mule floundering in the water; yet he got safely across, and, following his example, we reached the other side, though not without being thoroughly drenched. Whatever might be the consequence of this sudden immersion, it was delightful for the moment, and seemed to give fresh strength. I thought of Alexander the Great bathing in the river Cydnus, and the danger he incurred. In this case, however, it was only a momentary immersion, and the system did not get completely chilled. In this dripping state I rode into the public square of Taranto, which was crowded with inha-

bitants, and my appearance evidently caused great amazement, as it was impossible for them to imagine how I should have got into such a state. I must have had much the appearance of a drowned rat, and I was soon the centre of a large crowd, who were all saying, "Cosa è?" "Chi è?"—"What is the matter?" "Who is he?" The muleteers called out that I was "un Inglese," and that immediately seemed to satisfy them, as in every part of the Continent they are prepared to hear of any madcap exploit by an Englishman. I had been now quite twelve hours jogging on the back of a mule, and I need not tell you how thoroughly knocked up I felt. I proceeded straight to a man who was selling iced water, and, mingling a glass of it with rosolio, drank it off, setting at defiance all consequences. It is astonishing that my health should not have broken down under the fatigue and heat I have undergone; I have lived, however, very temperately, avoiding much wine, and, above all, I have performed daily morning and evening ablutions with my sponge. This I believe to have been the chief reason why I have escaped, as the pores are always open, and allow a free flow of perspiration.

As Taranto is a large city, I had no difficulty in finding a tolerable hotel, and here I determined to remain, rather than trouble a gentleman to whom I had a letter of introduction. In the evening I forwarded my letter to the Cavaliere d'Ayala, who sent me a kind invitation to take up my abode with him. This I declined to do, but I found him so pressing that I yielded. The advantage of being at a private house is, that you have a comfortable bed; and, indeed, I doubt if I could have accomplished all that I have done if I had been obliged to sleep at a miserable locanda each night. The only disadvantage is, that you are apt to be killed by kindness, and are sometimes obliged to sit conversing when you would wish to be sleeping.

Here, then, ends my examination of the more southern part of Italy, and I cannot say that I am sorry to have done with Magna Græcia, though I shall always look back with pleasure to the few weeks I have spent in it. It is painful, however, to recollect that the country, which is now nearly a desert, was once the residence of a highly civilised people, where the arts and sciences were cultivated with eminent success, and where philosophy had widely spread her humanising influences. All this has passed away, and Nature has again resumed her ancient sway. Nothing now remains of their palaces and magnificent temples except a few ruined walls, which only serve to assist the geographer in fixing the spot where the ancient city stood. The country has again returned to that state of nature from which the Greek colonies once enabled it to emerge. From Locri to Tarentum, the country which I have just traversed, the whole coast was once studded with mighty cities, whose commerce extended to every part of the known world; now we traverse a shore where a traveller finds it difficult to obtain even shelter at night, from the deadly exhalations that its barren and deserted fields send forth. The mind is at first unwilling to believe the possibility of such a change, but of its stern reality the last week has confirmed me.

The first view of the city which I had just entered was highly picturesque; it is situated on a jutting promontory, looking on one side to a magnificent bay, and having on the other a small lake called *Mare Piccolo*. The smiling banks of this lake appeared in the distance thickly

covered with the fig, the olive, and the vine, and it was impossible not to join with Horace (Od. xi. 6, 13) in his exclamation :

Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet, ubi non Hymetto
Mella decedunt, viridique certat
Bacca Venafro :

Ver ubi longum tepidasque præbet
Jupiter brumas et amicus Aulon
Fertili Baccho minimum Falernis
Invidet uvis.

No spot so joyous smiles to me
Of this wide globe's extended shores ;
Where nor the labours of the bee
Yield to Hymethus golden stores,
Nor the green berry of Venafran soil
Swell with a riper flood of fragrant oil.
There Jove his kindest gifts bestows,
There joys to crown the fertile plains ;
With genial warmth the winter glows,
And spring with lengthen'd honours reigns,
Nor Aulon, friendly to the clustering vine,
Enviest the vintage of Falernian wine.

The entrance to the city is by a bridge, which extends across a small strait, uniting the Mare Piccolo and the Mare Grande.

XXIV.

NEXT morning, the 30th of May, I was early a-foot to examine the city of Taranto. The cathedral first attracted my attention—sacred to St. Cataldo, a native of Ireland, who resided, according to the tradition of the Tarantines, in their city A.D. 166, in the reign of the Emperor Aurelius. It is a large and magnificent building, adorned in a grotesque manner by a number of columns of all dimensions, exhibiting almost every variety of marble known to the ancients ; but the chapel of the saint is still more rich in its ornaments, and is furnished with a silver statue, to which, as usual, they ascribe many miracles. The marble pillars which adorn the cathedral are said to have been brought from the temples of Heracleia and Metapontum. In many of these cathedrals it is curious to see what Chillingworth calls “those crouching antics, which seem in great buildings to labour under the weight they bear.” They are also alluded to by Dante (*Purgatorio*, x. 129), in much the same way :

Come per sostentar solajo o tetto
Per mensola talvolta una figura
Si vede guinger le ginocchia al petto,
Laqual fa del non ver vera rancura
Nascer a chi la vede.

As, to support incumbent floor or roof,
For corbel, is a figure sometimes seen,
That crumples up its knees unto its breast ;
With the feign'd posture, stirring ruth unfeign'd
In the beholder's fancy.

You are aware that ecclesiastical tradition asserts, that the Apostle Peter visited Rome towards the end of his life, and suffered martyrdom there in the persecution raised against the Christians by Nero. The people of this part of Italy maintain that they owe their first knowledge of Christianity to this apostle, who landed at a spot about twenty miles south of Taranto, on the shore of the bay, where he performed divine service, and where a chapel is still found sacred to St. Peter. In one of the churches of Taranto he is said to have performed the first mass in Italy. I traversed the city in various directions, and found the streets narrow and gloomy, with the houses lofty and crowded together. The population is somewhere about fifteen thousand. Like Croto, it is fully contained within the walls of the ancient fortress, or acropolis, which stood on a rocky island in front of the inner harbour. Beautiful and picturesque walks might be made along the banks of the Mare Piccolo, but the inhabitants are either too poor, or possess too little public spirit, to put in execution anything that may require exertion. It was in this direction that the ancient city was built; and in the fields you observe quantities of bricks and broken vases. Here, too, at the Monte di Chiócciole, you see a large hill of the débris of the shell-fish (*Murex*), from which they procured the purple that vied with the Tyrian dye. The hill is entirely composed of this shell-fish, and, at the end of last century, it is said that a large vat was discovered, the plastered sides of which still exhibited purple streaks. It is long since the use of this fish to furnish a purple dye was given up; and even the method employed by the ancients to extract the colouring matter has been lost, but the shell-fish still remains, and a large number of the inhabitants are employed in oyster and mussel fishing. There are two kinds of shell-fish from which the purple was obtained. First, *Buccina*, or *Murice*, which is of small dimension; secondly, *Porpora* (*πορφύραι*), much larger. The oyster-fishery at the present time begins on St. Andrew's Day, and ends at Easter; while the mussel-fishery extends from Easter to Christmas. The chief officer of the Dogana, to whom I was introduced, keeps a strict watch over the fishing, and showed me a book called "*Il Libro Rosso*," in which the rules are contained.

The remains of the ancient amphitheatre are seen in the gardens of the *Padri Teresiani*, on the road leading to Lecce, and show that it must have been of a size corresponding to the magnificence of the city. When the sea is tranquil, the remains of a bridge across a narrow strait of the Mare Piccolo are still visible; this is the spot where tradition informs us Plato landed, and was received by a crowd of Tarantine philosophers. What a change since that period! It can no longer boast among its citizens of an *Archytas* and *Aristoxenus*. Learning and philosophy have long been disregarded. Its learned men have disappeared, and in their place we have a host of priests and monks, who are unwilling to study themselves, and who exert their influence to discourage it in others. I am told that the epithets, "*molle*" and "*imbelle*," are still as applicable as in the time of *Horace*. The climate is delicious; the severity of a northern winter is unknown; a perpetual spring may be said to exist. The soil of the surrounding country is still as fertile; its wine and its oil are still of the best quality. *Pliny* praises the lusciousness of its figs and

the excellence of its walnuts; while Martial (xiii. 18) extols its strong-smelling leeks :

Fila Tarentini graviter redolentia porri
Edisti quoties, oscula clausa dato.

“ As often as you eat shreds of the strong-smelling leek of Tarentum, give kisses with your mouth closed.”

Swift expresses this idea very cleverly :

For it is every cook's opinion,
No savoury dish without an onion.
And lest your kissing should be spoil'd,
Your onions must be thoroughly boil'd ;
Or else you may spare
Your mistress a share,
The secret will never be known ;
She cannot discover
The breath of a lover,
But thinks it as sweet as her own.

I was struck by the stately appearance of the cypress in the gardens on the banks of the Mare Piccolo, which shows that they are still the same as in the time of Cato, B.C. 171. Cato (c. 151) gives instructions as to the sowing of the seeds of the Tarentine cypress, while Columella (5, 10) praises the luscious nature of the pears.

These productions of nature have not degenerated, and the honey, that once rivalled that of the famed Hymettus, has not yet lost its sweetness. The peculiar flavour is caused by the odoriferous herbs with which the country abounds ; and there is a small valley called Le Pacchie, where it is produced in greatest perfection. The sea abounds in every sort of fish, and, among the various objects on which the industry of the Tarentines is exerted, I may mention the sowing of the Chiócciole nere, from which they derive a considerable revenue. They fix in the sea long stakes of the pine-tree, which are found in March to be covered with the young of this shell-fish. In June they take the stakes out of the water, and, scraping the fish from them, throw them into the Mare Piccolo, where they are kept for two years, and on the third they are ready for market.

I paid a visit to the manufactory of the famed Lanapenna, or Lanapesce, a downy substance, which they obtain from a shell-fish about seven inches in length ; its two shells are covered with a very fine hair, which they collect and steep in fresh water for two days ; it is then beat and carded like flax, when it is ready for the spinning-wheel. They make stockings, gloves, shirts, and even caps of this material. The only other place in Italy where this manufacture is said to exist is Reggio, on the Faro. I find Photius, who lived in the ninth century of the Christian era, says in his Lexicon : “ *Ταραντίνων* : λεπτόν καὶ διαφανὲς ἱμάτιον.” “ Tarentine dress : a thin and transparent garment ;” no doubt referring to this peculiar manufacture.

There is a castle built by Charles V. which commands both seas, and is flanked by enormous towers. It is occupied at present by a regiment of Sicilians, a fine body of men.

I could not be at Tarentum without visiting the banks of the famed Galæsus, of which Horace (Od. xi. 6, 10) says :

Unde si Parcæ prohibent iniquæ,
Dulce pellitis ovibus Galesi
Flumen et regnata petam Laconi
Rura Phalanto.

But should the partial Fates refuse
That purer air to let me breathe,
Galæsus, thy sweet stream I'll choose,
Where flocks of richest fleeces bathe :
Phalantus there his rural sceptre sway'd,
Uncertain offspring of a Spartan maid.

I found the stream, which is supposed to be the ancient Galæsus, about four miles distant, to be now called Le Citrezze, and near it an old church, Santa Maria de Galeso. It is a very small stream, only about twenty feet in breadth, rising not more than half a mile from the Mare Piccolo, into which it falls. Like many of these streams in Italy, it bursts at once in a considerable volume of water from the ground. I saw no sheep in its neighbourhood, nor do I believe that native geographers are correct in fixing on this small stream as the Galæsus. I can believe, as I was told, that some few sheep may graze in the winter season on its banks, but no army of any size could have encamped here, as Hannibal is said to have done to watch and protect the blockade of the citadel of Tarentum. I should be much more inclined to consider another stream of which I heard, rising near the village of Martina, as the celebrated Galæsus. It is said to fall into the Mare Piccolo, on the north side, and, having a course of nearly twenty miles, would have sufficient grazing for sheep, which Le Citrezze has not. This, too, seems to agree better with the ideas of the stream, which we derive from ancient writers.

Virgil (Georg. iv. 126) says :

Qua niger humectat flaventia culta Galæsus.

"Where the dark-flowing Galæsus waters the yellow fields of corn."

Propertius (ii. El. 34) says :

Tu canis umbrosi subter pineta Galæsi.

"Thou singest under the pine-groves of the shady Galæsus."

Pine-groves there are none on the Citrezze, whereas in the upper course of the other I understand pines are to be found. The sheep have certainly degenerated, like everything else in this country; but they complain of some disease given to them by a plant called Sanguinara, Iperica crespa, or Fumolo, ascribing the degeneracy of the wool to this circumstance.

Strabo (vi. p. 278) gives the following account of the city: "The whole of the bay of Tarentum is, in a great measure, without havens, with the exception of this harbour, which is large and most beautiful, being closed by a bridge of considerable size; it is in circumference one hundred stadia. The city is situated on a peninsula, which is formed by the outer sea and this inner harbour; so low is the narrow neck of land, that ships can be drawn with ease across it. The city lies low, though it rises somewhat towards the acropolis. The old wall enclosed a large space, but now the greatest part in the vicinity of the peninsula is deserted, and only what is near the mouth of the harbour is in existence, where the citadel is situated, which forms, however, a city of some size.

It possesses a very fine gymnasium, a magnificent market-place, in which stands the bronze colossal statue of Jupiter, the largest in the world next to that of the Rhodians. Between the market-place and the mouth of the haven lies the citadel, which retains only a few remains of the magnificent monuments which once adorned it. For most of them were destroyed by the Carthaginians when they conquered the city, and those that remained were carried off by the Romans when they took it by assault." All this explains why there should be so little remaining of the ancient city. I met with an old monk who had devoted much time to the examination of the antiquities of Tarentum, and he assured us that he had been able to discover little. He took me two miles out of the city to an old church, Santa Maria di Murvetre (*muri veteres*), and here he pointed to some slight vestiges of an ancient wall. This was all of ancient Tarentum that seemed to remain. I talked to him about Aulon, the delight and admiration of Horace (*Od. ii. 6*), and which is also celebrated by Martial (*xiii. 125*):

Nobilis et lanis et felix vitibus Aulon
Det pretiosa tibi vellera, vina mihi:

Aulon is famous for its wool and wine;
The former shall be yours, the latter mine.

And he told me what I already knew, that it is considered to be Monte Melone, a corruption of Aulon, about eight miles to the south of Taranto. He assured me that the wine produced was still as good as in the time of Horace, and certainly what I tasted as coming from that district, the light vino Greco, was very palatable. These wines which I get here have none of the fiery qualities of our port and sherry, but have much more of the hock and moselle flavour. I asked about the popies of Saturum; they have long since disappeared, nor have the Tarentines now any horses such as they had formerly, when they furnished a body of light cavalry to Alexander the Great and his successors, and which are still mentioned so late as the times of the Roman empire.

I was anxious to hear what my friend the Capuchin friar had to say respecting the Tarantismo, a curious natural phenomenon firmly believed for several centuries by the whole of Europe. There is a spider, known to naturalists as *Tarentula*, which is very abundant in this part of Italy, and the bite of which was said to produce symptoms equally severe with those of the most malignant fever, and of such a nature as to admit of being cured only by music. Some authors have even given a list of the tunes which are most efficacious in restoring the *tarentolati* (for so the patients were called) to health. You may recollect what Berni says (*ii. 17*) in his "*Orlando Innamorato*:"

Come in Puglia si fa contro al veleno
Di queste bestie, che mordon coloro,
Che fanno poi pazzie da spiritati;
E chiamansi in vulgar Tarantolati:
E bisogna trovar un, che sonando
Un pezzo, trovi un suon che al morso piaccia;
Sul qual ballando, e nel ballar sudando
Colui, da se la fiera peste caccia.

"The same as is done in Apulia to get the better of the poison of those

insects, whose bite causes such follies to be committed as by those possessed by the devil; such are called by the vulgar tarantolati. It is necessary to find some one who, after trying several times, at last hits upon the tune which suits the patient; upon which dancing, and while dancing perspiring, he throws off the terrible plague with which he is afflicted."

My friend said that it was a curious idea to have got so firmly fixed in the minds of men, but he could only explain it by the ignorance of those times and the knavery of mankind. The spider is the phalangium of Pliny, who says that it possesses a malignant poison. In some cases, and with some constitutions, my friend said that the bite caused severe convulsions. The natives of this part of Italy he considered to be, from the excessive heat and the kind of food on which they live, peculiarly subject to hysterical affections. They are fond of music, and when a number of young people join together in what we, in Scotland, call "daffing," they become so excited, that they might well be considered to be the descendants of the priestesses of Cybele, whose maddening dances are handed down to us on ancient vases. He had no belief in the extraordinary stories that are told respecting the tarantolati, except so far that it is occasionally assumed, and when the affection is real it arises from constitutional hysterics. It is the young that show such symptoms; and as to the food, he said that shell-fish was abundant, and also snails, of which they made great use in soup. Such kind of food was peculiarly exciting to the nervous system, and produced, in his opinion, much of that excitability for which his countrymen were remarkable. No doubt music was employed as an excitement, and he believed that the violent exercise to which they submitted got rid of their superabundant spirits, and by mere exhaustion brought them to a state of calm. The feeling of the more intelligent of his countrymen respecting the knavery that was often mixed up with these scenes was well expressed in the two lines which were sung to the air of a common tune of the tarantati :

Non fu Taranta, nè fu Tarantella
Ma fu lo vino de la carratella.

"It was neither the taranta nor the tarantella, but it was the wine from the barrel."

It is curious to trace the history of such a strange delusion as far as human records will allow us. My friend was well acquainted with the old writers of his country, and had found allusions to it about A.D. 1064, in the work of Malaterra, where he gives an account of the attack of the Normans on Palermo. He states that the troops were encamped on a hill above the city, and suffered much from the taranta, though he does not allude to music being used as a cure. The first writer, however, that gives a clear and distinct account of the peculiar attack of this spider and its cure is Nicholas Perotto da Sassaferrato, Archbishop of Sipontum, in Apulia, who flourished about A.D. 1450, and in his work "*Cornucopia*" thus expresses himself :

"There is another kind of spider, called by the Greeks *Ascalabotes*, *Colotes*, and *Galeotes*, speckled, dwelling in rents of the ground caused by excessive heat. It was not known in the time of our forefathers, now it is very frequent in Apulia, also in the country of *Tarquini* and *Corni*

culum (in the Papal States), being generally called tarantula. Its bite seldom kills a man, yet it makes him half stupid, and affects him in a variety of ways; they generally call it tarantula. Some, when a song or tune is heard, are so excited that they dance full of joy, and always laughing, and do not stop till they are entirely exhausted; others spend a miserable life in tears, as if bewailing the loss of friends . . . some die laughing, and others in tears."

He mentions several other writers who gave the same, or a still more circumstantial, account, and yet he regarded the whole as a delusion, or, what was still worse, an attempt to deceive. At the same time it is curious to find Hesychius, the lexicographer, who is supposed to have lived previous to A.D. 389, explaining the word *Φαλαγγόσα* by the expressions *τεθριωμένη, ηρεθισμένη*, "infuriated, excited." This seems as if Hesychius was aware of the alleged effects from the bite of the phalangus. The well-educated Italian is now ashamed that such absurd stories should have been circulated, and denies that the phalangus, which is no doubt in great quantities in this part of Italy, has any such effect on the human system as his ancestors foolishly believed.

My fair hostess wrote out with her own hand the manner in which the Pizzica, a dance peculiar to the Tarentines, was conducted, and I do not doubt that she could have shown it still more clearly, and with better effect, on the floor of the ball-room. I give you her own words, and you will see that it is not unlike an old rather vulgar Scotch dance, called the Pillow, which has been banished since quadrilles became fashionable, but which may still be seen at country kirns: *Una donna comincia a carolar sola, dopo pochi istanti ella jetta un fazzolletto a colui che il capriccio le indica, e lo invita a danzar seco. Lo stesso capriccio le fa licenziar questo e chiamare un altro e poi un altro, finchè stanca va a riposare. Allora rimane al suo ultimo compagno il diritto d' invitare altre donne. Il ballo continua in tal modo sempre piu variato e piacevole. Guai al male accorto che la curiosità conduce al tiro del fazzolletto poichè ne la sua inespertezza ne la grave età è una scusa; un dovere di consuetudine l' obliga a non ricusare l' invito che riceve. "A lady begins a country dance alone; after a few moments she throws a handkerchief to some one whom she fancies, and invites him to dance with her. The same caprice dismisses him and invites another, and then another, till wearied she goes to rest herself. Then her last partner has the privilege of inviting other ladies. The dance continues in this way always more varied and delightful. Woe to the imprudent on-looker whom curiosity leads to watch the throwing of the handkerchief, since neither his ignorance of the mazy dance nor gravity of years is any excuse; custom obliges him not to refuse the invitation which he receives." This is the Pizzica of the Tarentines, and you can easily believe that it may be made a source of great amusement.*

Everywhere I find the people thinking of little else than the enjoyment of the passing hour. They seem thoroughly to have imbibed the Epicurean doctrine of Horace's (*Od. i. 11, 3*):

*Sapias, vina liques, et spatio brevi
Spem longam reseces. Dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Ætas; carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.*

Thy life with wiser arts be crown'd,
 My filter'd wines abundant pour ;
 The lengthen'd hope with prudence bound
 Proportion'd to the flying hour ;
 Even while we talk in careless ease,
 Our envious minutes wing their flight ;
 Then swift the fleeting pleasure seize,
 Nor trust to-morrow's doubtful light.

Must we suppose that, where the earth furnishes the necessaries of life in abundance, a bright sky with an eternal spring, she also produces beings of a happy disposition, who, throwing cares and sadness to the winds, trust that to-morrow may bring what is wanting to-day, and thus live on in a light-hearted thoughtless kind of life? I observe in this people the most shrewd and active industry not to make riches, but to live free from care.

Still, with all this love of pleasure, I feel that I have got into a part of Italy where the inhabitants are much more alive and active than those I have hitherto visited. There is a considerable commerce carried on of various kinds, more particularly in oil; I find, at the same time, that they are more liberal in their political sentiments, and it is difficult to avoid expressing my opinions on subjects which I would much rather avoid.

Having seen as much of Taranto as I cared to do, I have determined to start by sea to visit the heel of the boot, Capo di Leuca, where a Temple of Minerva once stood.

XXV.

FINDING at Taranto an open boat proceeding to Gallipoli—a considerable city about sixty miles southward along the coast—I determined at once to embark, as I would be thereby saved much fatigue. It was about seven o'clock on the evening of the 2nd of June that a message reached me, announcing that they were preparing to sail, when I proceeded to the harbour, where I found a small boat in the act of being loaded with shell-fish, which was to be our cargo to Gallipoli. Our crew consisted of five fishermen and the captain. With a favourable breeze we might easily reach Gallipoli in twenty-four hours, but fate had otherwise decreed. A light wind wafted us gently from the harbour of Taranto, and as the heat of the day was now over, the balminess of the air was most delicious. The sun set gloriously behind the distant Apennines, and tipped with its golden light the turreted castle of Taranto. Then the shades of evening at once closed in, and the heavens became spangled with its host of stars, "those everlasting blossoms of heaven," as St. Basil calls them, which elevate the soul from the visible to the invisible. The sailors prepared our supper, which consisted of broiled fish, called Alice, bread, cheese, and some excellent wine. They then all threw themselves down to sleep in different parts of the boat except one man, who sat at the helm, and who was to call the others if there was any appearance of change. The wind had nearly died away, and the sails flapped lazily against the mast. I sat many hours contemplating the beauty of the heavens, which I thought had never appeared so lovely, or

when a slight breeze wafted the boat more briskly through the water, I watched the phosphoric sparks that seemed to be thrown in myriads from the prow of the boat.

I had often witnessed this phosphorescent appearance in other parts of the Mediterranean, but I never saw such a beautiful display as the waters of this bay occasionally exhibited. It was not only against the prow of the boat where the light was seen; but as the wind raised a gentle ripple, luminous points everywhere darted up, till we seemed to be passing through a liquid plain of sparkling stars. Milton (P. L. iii. 518) says:

Underneath a bright sea flow'd
Of jasper or of liquid pearl.

though Dante (Paradiso, xxx. 61—69) gives a more vivid description of what was passing under my eyes:

E vidi lume in forma di riviera
Fulvido di fulgori intra due rive
Dipinte di mirabil primavera.
Di tal fumama uscian faville vive,
E d'ogni parte si mettean ne' fiori
Quasi rubin, che oro circonscrive.
Poi come inebbriate dagli odori,
Riprofondavan se nel miro gurge
E s'una entrava, un'altra n'usciva fuori.

I look'd;
And in the likeness of a river, saw
Light flowing, from whose amber-seeming waves
Flash'd up effulgence, as they glided on
'Twixt banks, on either side, painted with spring,
Incredible how fair! and from the tide,
There ever and anon, out-starting, flew
Sparkles instinct with life; and in the flowers
Did set them, like to rubies chased in gold:
Then, as if drunk with odours, plunged again
Into the wondrous flood; from which, as one
Re-entered, still another rose.

The sailors slept soundly, in utter forgetfulness of all their toils, and I at last tried to follow their example. The captain had spread a sail in one corner, on which I might lie; and though it formed a hard bed, it did not prevent my soon forgetting all around me. I awoke a little before dawn, feeling my bones painfully aching, and the cold very disagreeable. At dawn I found we had made little way during the night. To the left was a low coast, on which I could observe a watch-tower; and on inquiring its name, found that it was called Torre di Saturo. Classical readers know this spot well, being mentioned by Horace (Sat. i. 6) as famed for its breed of ponies:

Me Satureciano vectari rura caballo.

“I rode through the country on a pony of Saturum.”

Virgil (Georg. ii. 197) seems also to advert to this place, when he says:

Saltus et Saturi petito longinqua Tarenti.

“Proceed to visit the forests and remote lands of the Tarentine Saturum.”

My host at Tarentum spoke in high terms of the country round Saturo, as being a very paradise, protected from the north winds, abounding in springs, productive of citrons, figs, oranges, and every kind of fruit.

I had sufficient time to admire the soft beauties of the sea in its comparatively tranquil state, gently moved by the breath of heaven, altering its appearance as it reflected the beams of light in white, blue, or roseate hues, and caressing the shores in peaceful sport, towards which we often approached in our various tacking.

The wind, however, now freshened, and we glided gently along towards the south, through the beautiful Bay of Tarentum. To the right I saw on the horizon the range of the Apennines, which I had traversed a few days ago; but I felt no regret that I had parted from them for ever. The rate at which we were proceeding precluded all chance of our reaching Gallipoli that night, unless a stronger breeze sprang up; and you may imagine how fervently I prayed for a gale of wind. As I was watching the ripple of the waves I saw some dead fish floating on the surface, and drew the attention of the captain to them. He said we often see them, they are "pesce allunati"—"moonstruck fish;" and on inquiring what he meant, he said that fishermen cover up with great care all the fish they catch, that the rays of the moon may not reach them, as it renders the fish unfit to be eaten; and they believe also that those fish which they see floating dead have been destroyed by the rays of the moon. This seems a strange idea to have got into their heads. No breeze of sufficient strength reached us, and it was a couple of hours after sunset when we cast anchor in the harbour of Gallipoli. I was thus obliged to remain another night in an open boat to be devoured by insects, equally plentiful here as elsewhere. I tried to forget myself in sleep; but though I was much exhausted sleep fled from my eyelids, and I passed the night in feverish discomfort. The sun at length rose, and I then found Gallipoli, the ancient Callipolis, beautifully situate on a rocky islet, connected by a long stone bridge of twelve arches with the mainland. My imprisonment was not yet at an end, as the quarantine officers did not make their appearance for two hours, when I was permitted to land.

As Gallipoli is one of the few cities in the kingdom of Naples frequented by English merchantmen, the public albergo was somewhat more comfortable than usual; and, after a short rest, I issued forth to examine the city. I waited on the English vice-consul and the *sotte-intendente*, to both of whom I had letters, and they received me with the utmost kindness. I can perceive, however, by the political turn they give to the conversation, that they suspect I have other objects in view than those I profess. I have no doubt that I increase their suspicions, by the perfect candour with which I express my opinions on any subject they choose to start.

The country round Gallipoli produces the best oil in Italy, which is chiefly exported to England in English vessels; but this is not the period of the year when they come. The city is built on a rocky tongue of land running a short distance into the sea, and the number of stories in some of the houses rival those of the "auld toon" of Edinburgh. The city is separated from the continent by an artificial canal; its castle was erected by Charles I. of Anjou, now, however, in a very rickety state. *In respect to ancient remains, I could hear of none, and the only*

curiosity that I saw was a carved figure of the Impenitent Thief on the Cross in wood, whose countenance exhibited more of hardened wickedness than I imagined it possible for wood to express. It was in the church of the Franciscans, which was neat and remarkably clean—not very common in these parts. The population of Gallipoli is about twelve thousand; it is a busy commercial town, trading in corn, fruits, and more particularly in oil, for which there are extensive cisterns cut in the solid limestone rock, containing the olive oil collected from all parts of Puglia. It has also manufactories of cotton stockings, muslin, and woollen goods. The date-palm grows with more luxuriance in the gardens than in any other part of Italy which I have visited.

I left Gallipoli about three o'clock, and proceeded to the south through a country by no means picturesque, but well stocked with olive-trees. Though the produce of this tree is no doubt useful, it has nothing to recommend it to the eye. Its leaves are small and whitish, looking as if they were always thirsty, and, as the limestone rocks protruded in many parts, the reflected rays of the sun were doubly disagreeable. I reached Ugento, the ancient Uxentum, without difficulty, and at once waited on the syndic, and through him was introduced to the monks of the Franciscan monastery, with whom I was to remain for the night. I then visited a canon of the church, who possessed a manuscript history of Uxentum; but, finding that he dated its origin a few years after the Deluge, and drew on his imagination rather than on historical records to substantiate his account, I felt little inclination to examine it more minutely. The remains of the ancient city are about a mile from the present village, and the foundations of its walls are still to be seen in a more perfect state than those of Tarentum, which I had lately seen at Murvetre. Sepulchres are often found in this direction, and so late as 1825 one had been discovered.

On returning to the monastery, I was introduced to the superior, who said that he would make me as comfortable as circumstances would allow, and that he had given up his own apartments to me. He complained much of the number of monks placed under his care, and assured me that he had much difficulty in procuring subsistence for them. My supper was certainly meagre enough, consisting of salad with bread and cheese. The wine was, indeed, excellent, and made up for all deficiencies. There were twenty monks in this monastery, and while I was at supper in the refectory, a long gloomy apartment, they were collected in different parts of the room, enjoying the jokes of the Father Tuck of the vicinity. I was glad to get to my cell, a small chamber about ten feet square, containing a few religious books and prints.

Next morning my host awoke me a little before dawn, and, after making my contribution to the necessities of the monastery, I proceeded towards the Capo di Leuca, passing through a country only partially cultivated, and studded here and there with small villages. The whole of this peninsula is composed of low bare hills of limestone, particularly annoying to the eye when the sun is reflected from its white surface. There are no regular valleys, and, of course, no rivers. This naturally occasions a scarcity of water, and, as springs are seldom found at any of the villages, it is only by piercing deeply into the rock that they can obtain a supply. You may, perhaps, inquire in what way the water

of rain that fall during the winter season are absorbed. Nature has provided for this, it is believed, by forming large deep cavities, into which the water quickly sinks, and thus furnishes a supply to the wells, from which the inhabitants derive their water. They are found in greatest number where the plains are most extensive, as in the vicinity of Manduria. If this were not the case, the country must have been either a dry desert or one continued marsh. In the neighbourhood of Nardo some marshes are found, but they are dried up in summer, and do not, as is too often the case in Italy, send forth pestilential exhalations. The inhabitants of Manduria, Copertino, and Nardo are often surprised by the appearance of a mirage, or *Fata Morgana*, such as is sometimes observed at the Straits of Messina. You know that this mirage is an optical deception, by which you imagine that you see a variety of objects in the air, as if they were reflected to you by a looking-glass. These optical deceptions take many varied shapes, and assume the most fantastic forms. Sometimes the eye is surprised by the towers and castles of a strongly fortified city; then the scene suddenly changes, when sheep, cows, and oxen are seen quietly grazing in fertile pastures. In the middle of the fifteenth century, when the country was kept in a constant state of alarm by the Turks, the whole coast from Mount Garganus, the spur of the boot to the Capo di Leuca, was roused at the same hour by the appearance of a large fleet of vessels approaching from the east. So firmly convinced were the inhabitants of its reality, that many fled into the interior, and the magistrates despatched expresses to government to communicate the danger to which they were exposed. These appearances do not continue long, but, like the vapours in which they are seen, are constantly changing their position, and assuming new forms. From this circumstance they are called by the inhabitants *Mutate*. It is in the early part of the morning that they are generally seen, when the air is perfectly calm, or when the scirocco is beginning to blow. We read in ancient historians of men appearing fighting in the air. I have no doubt that it may be accounted for by some such optical deception as this.

I passed through several small villages, where the people were assembled in the public squares, and their curiosity was evidently excited by my appearance. I heard them inquire of my muleteer, "*Chi è dove va*"—"Who is he, and where is he going?" and when he said to the *Madonna di Finibus Terræ*, *i.e.* to the Virgin Mary of the end of the earth (for thus they call the cape), they seemed satisfied that I was going to confess to the Virgin, who is regarded with more than ordinary veneration in this part of the country. It is not unusual for pilgrimages to be made for this purpose. I passed close to a conical-shaped hill, like the barrows that are found in the south of England. It was not less than three hundred feet high, as far as the eye could judge. I understand that there are many of these mounds in this peninsula, and they are called by the inhabitants *specole*, look-out towers, being composed sometimes of earth, as this one was, and sometimes of stones. I dismounted from my mule, and climbed to the top, from which there was a wide view of the plain, over which I had been passing, and of the sea in all directions. It is level at the top, evidently artificial; but at what period such mounds were erected we have no records to enable us to

decide. They were, no doubt, constructed by a very different race from the present, and it is curious that fabulous history should cause the giants to take refuge here from the wrath of Jupiter. May these mounds not be the workmanship of this pre-historic race? On descending, I stopped a short time to rest the mule at the village of Salve, and on inquiring if they could show any ancient remains in their neighbourhood, one of the most intelligent of the inhabitants took me to an old church in the neighbourhood, called Sta. Maria di Vereto, and there I found some slight remains of ancient buildings. This is, no doubt, the Veretum of Pliny and Ptolemy. As I approached the promontory, cultivation became still more scanty, till at last it entirely ceased, and the bare limestone-rock protruded in all its ugliness. This continued for upwards of two miles, when I reached a small chapel dedicated to the Madonna di Finibus Terræ, and near it a small fort, which was a mere farce, being in a complete state of dilapidation. The old priest who officiated at the altar, and three soldiers, were seated at the door. I saluted them respectfully, and inquired if they were aware of any ancient remains in this vicinity. The Temple of Minerva was, no doubt, erected at this spot, but the only remnant that is found is a single block of pure white marble, which may have been the pedestal of a statue. To the old priest the Madonna possessed much more of interest, and I believe that I scarcely pleased him by my stoical indifference when he unveiled the features of a young girl now occupying the place of the sage Minerva. On the 1st of August her festival is celebrated, when the inhabitants of the adjoining country crowd to do her honour, and confess their sins to the worthy priest. Altogether this was an interesting spot on which I stood, as I consider, from an examination of the coast, that the temple was far more likely to have been situated here than at Castro, where it is usually placed. We must imagine that Virgil had some idea of the geography of this part of Italy when he describes the approach to it by his hero Æneas. It was this spot which Æneas first saw, and he thus describes it (*Æneas*, iii. 530):

Portusque patescit
Jam propior templumque apparet in arce Minervæ.

And now the happy harbour is in view,
Minerva's temple then salutes our sight,
Plac'd as a landmark on the mountain's height.

And then he goes on to say that there was a noble haven carved in the form of a bow on the eastern side :

Portus ab Euroo fluctu curvatur in arcum,
Objectæ salsa spumant aspergine cautes :
Ipse latet. Gemino demittunt brachia muro
Turriti scopuli, refugitque ab litore templum.

The land lies open to the raging East ;
Then, bending like a bow, with rocks compress'd,
Shuts out the storms ; the winds and waves complain,
And vent their malice on the cliffs in vain.
The port lies hid within ; on either side
The tow'ring rocks the narrow mouth divide.
The temple, which aloft we view'd before,
To distance flies, and seems to shun the shore.

This spot, where I stood, was the natural site of the temple, a little removed from the shore, and at a considerable height above the sea. I looked down on a natural bay of some size, extending from Point Ristola on the west, to Capo di Leuca on the east. It must afford good shelter to vessels in every direction except the south, and we hear from Thucydides (vi. 30, 44) that the Athenian fleet, B.C. 415, on its way to Sicily, touched at this promontory, known to the Romans as the Japygium, or Salentinum Promontorium. I found that it was approaching the hour when mass was to be performed, and it was, of course, expected that I should attend. I told them that I was an Englishman, and that my principles did not admit of my joining in their form of worship. I would stop, however, till my muleteer performed his religious duties, and would, meanwhile, descend to the shore to admire the works of the great God, whom we both worshipped, though under different external forms. This pleased the old man, who could not but see that I had some tincture of religion, and he said that he would pray I might yet see the error of my ways; to which I replied, that I had been taught in our heretical country that the prayers of a righteous man availeth much. I left him to perform mass, and descended to the shore. The chapel is not situated on the cape, but in a kind of hollow with rising ground to the east, trending away to the point of Leuca. The descent was easy, if it had not been for the glare of the white limestone rock, which had at present little appearance of vegetation. It was properly called Leuca, from the Greek word λευκός, white. The sea came up nearly to the rocks, and, no doubt, when the south wind blew with violence, the waves would dash up against them. I walked leisurely along about a mile, till I reached the point which rises several hundred feet nearly perpendicular, and when I rounded the point the coast towards the north became higher. There was no appearance of human habitation, and I fully understood the meaning of Lucan's expression (v. 375):

Secretaque littora Leucæ.

The secluded shores of Leuca.

It was lovely enough, and within the sea horizon not a vessel was visible. I looked round for the foetid spring which Strabo (vi. p. 281) speaks of as being shown by the inhabitants, who pretended that it arose from the wounds of some of the giants expelled by Hercules from the Phlegræan plains, who had taken refuge here. There was not a particle of water to be seen of any kind; and on asking the old priest, he said that he had never heard of any peculiar spring in this neighbourhood. I climbed with some difficulty to the summit of the point of land, and had an extensive view in all directions, stretching across the entrance of the Bay of Tarentum, to what seemed an indistinct line of mountains in the far-distant Calabria, which must have been in the neighbourhood of Rossano, that land of brigands; and, turning to the other side, I could easily trace the gloomy mountains of Epirus, which I believed to be the Acroceraunian range—infames scopulos Acroceraunia of Horace (Od. i. 3, 20). Knowing Italy only on its western and northern sides, where the Apennines are seen from the sea to rise in the interior to a great height, I had always imagined that Virgil was wrong in using the expression (*Æn.* iii. 522) *humilemque videmus Italiam*, "low-lying Italy." I

now, however, acknowledge that he is correct in his epithet, as his hero, striking across the Ionian Sea from the opposite coast, where I observe the lofty peaks of the "infames scopulos Acroceraunia" in Epirus, would be forcibly struck by the contrast of this shore with that which he had left. A few hundred feet cannot be caught by the eye at any great distance. Dante (*Inferno*, i. 106) says :

Di quell' umile Italia fia salute.

"In his might safety shall arise to low-lying Italy," though I believe he is here referring to the plains of the Po.

I hastened back to the chapel, and was not sorry to have my face once more turned to the north, as every step would be bringing me nearer home. My supper last night was not of the most substantial kind, and I had not yet broken my fast this morning, so that you may imagine that I inquired anxiously where I could find an albergo. I could not get even a glass of wine at this inhospitable spot, and the water was tepid. The nearest village was Gagliano, four miles distant, and you may judge my dismay on reaching it to be told that there was no albergo, though the curate sold wine. This was good news so far, as it was likely to be excellent, if it had not turned out that he was performing service at the church, and it seemed as if I were going to be destroyed by thirst and hunger. While I was debating within myself what steps I should take, my muleteer, who knew that his food depended on my success, found an old woman, who undertook to procure wine from the curate, and offered, at the same time, to get something to eat if I would be satisfied with her poor fare. It was no time to be dainty when I was famishing, and I thankfully accepted her offer. While she was preparing an omelette, I walked to the public square to witness a solemn procession which was on the point of issuing from the church. It was crowded with the inhabitants. In the costume of the women there was nothing remarkable; the men wore a coarse blue jacket, and the conical-shaped hat of the south of Italy. From the church issued four silk flags, attended each by a select body of peasantry; then the priests with the host, surrounded by twenty of the Guardia Urbana; the magistrates followed, and then the men and women. When they arrived in the middle of the little square the host was elevated, when all within sight fell on their knees. I had placed myself in such a position that I might neither offend their feelings by an open disrespect to their ceremonies, nor compromise myself by honouring that which I believed to be a foolish superstition. I have seen some of our countrymen place themselves in a conspicuous position, that they might in this way show more clearly their opinion of the folly of whatever ceremony they might be witnessing. This does not accord with what I consider right. In passing through a foreign country merely to gratify our curiosity, we are bound to respect the prejudices of the people; and if we cannot look on their superstitious observances without lifting up our testimony, we had better stay at home.

After remaining a short time at this village I proceeded forward towards Castro, where I meant to pass the night. This part of the country is studded with villages, and is much better cultivated than what I had passed during the earlier hours of the day. The heat was now

over, and in the public squares the inhabitants had assembled to enjoy the coolness of the breeze. They seemed a fine race, though much less muscular than the Calabrese. As the sun was approaching the horizon I began to look anxiously for the village of Castro, towards which I had guided myself by inquiries of the different peasants I had met. My muleteer was quite ignorant of the topography of this part of the country. My map placed it on the coast; and though we had seen no one for the last six miles, I was sure that we could be at no great distance from it; but half an hour more would shroud it in darkness, and I should have the pleasure of bivouacking under the open canopy of heaven, as it would be impossible to thread our way back six miles to the last village we had passed. The path along which we were proceeding led us to the commencement of a ravine, and on turning a corner of a hill a ruined castle or fortress appeared, at the distance of a quarter of a mile. Here, therefore, I determined to remain for the night, or rather I had no alternative; and I thought it not unlikely that I might find some apartment less ruinous than the rest in which I should be able to shelter myself from the heavy dews of the night. The path led us down to the ravine, but we could see no path by which the mule could ascend to the castle; and, as I knew that another quarter of an hour would render every object indistinct, I directed the muleteer to remain where he was, and scrambled up the face of the hill to the foot of the wall, which I began hastily to perambulate in search of some ingress. On turning one of the projections I came suddenly on a priest, who was as much startled at my appearance as I was surprised to see him. I found that this ruin was actually Castro, and having received some directions respecting the path which the mule ought to pursue, I soon rejoined him. I found that there was a syndic, to whom the priest offered to conduct me. The village had at one time been of considerable size; but a visit of the Turks about a century ago nearly destroyed it, and since that time it has remained in its present dilapidated state. The walls are completely in ruins, and few of the houses are in a habitable state. It now contains about one hundred inhabitants, and is never likely to recover. We passed along the foot of its walls till we reached its ruined gateway, where we met a middle-aged man, who was introduced to me as Don Tommaso, the syndic. He was without shoes and stockings, and his clothes were in as dilapidated a state as the city, whose supreme magistrate he was. He could find me no lodgings, but the priest came forward and offered to accommodate me with an apartment—he was the true Samaritan. I inquired for a grotto in the vicinity—Zinzenusa—about which much has been said. The priest assured me that he knew it; and as I was aware that torches or lamps must be employed in examining it, I thought it advisable to set about it immediately. It was now quite dark. This was of no consequence, as the grotto would be dark at any time; so the priest, having procured everything necessary, I accompanied him down a steep declivity to the sea, and having embarked in a small boat, we rowed along a rocky coast for upwards of a mile. We reached the entrance, but advancing a few yards I found that a gulf extended between me and the interior, and that I must grope along the face of a rock rendered slippery by the constant dropping of water. I was aware that this grotto had been *supposed by some to be the Temple of Minerva, spoken of by Virgil, and*

which I believe to have been situated at the Capo di Leuca. It was said to be adorned with columns and sculptures. Its entrance at once convinced me that to suppose a temple in such a spot was absurd, and I was prepared to find a cave with some stalactites, such as constantly occur in limestone rocks; but the miserable lamp, which was all that I could procure, would have rendered it impossible to make a satisfactory examination, while the slippery nature of the rock, with the slight ledge to save me from a watery grave, made me give up the attempt. I heard afterwards that this cave had a legend connected with some saint called Cæsarea, who had taken refuge here. In it is a warm spring, said to be a specific for a variety of diseases.

XXVI.

WHEN I awoke next morning at Castro, in the hospitable house of the priest, I found myself very much in the state of one who had the rash of scarlet fever upon him. I do not believe that you could have placed a pin point on any part of my body which had not been bitten, and yet my fatigues had enabled me to sleep soundly during the whole attack. I felt feverish and uncomfortable when I got out of bed, but I went down to the shore and plunged into the sea, which was highly refreshing. I had passed along the shore last night in search of the cave, and now found—what I could indistinctly perceive at that time—that there was no spacious bay, such as Virgil describes, when he speaks of Æneas approaching Italy, and where the Temple of Minerva was seen. The coast is straight, with very slight indentations, and rises, as far as my eye could reach, to a considerable height, with ravines here and there, running down to the shore. I do not doubt, therefore, unless the poet has drawn an imaginary scene, that the Temple of Minerva was placed, as I have already stated, close to the point of De Leuca.

Having satisfied my obliging host, I left Castro, and proceeded in the direction of Otranto, which my boyish recollections strongly associated with Horace Walpole's romance, "The Castle of Otranto." The country was nearly of the same character as that which I had passed yesterday, and had no striking features to attract attention. We soon reached the small village of Vaste, whose inhabitants were all astir. This is the ancient Basta, some of whose sepulchral monuments still remain, where vases and bronze ornaments had been found. They had also discovered an inscription, said to be in the Messapian dialect. I saw what seemed to be the remains of the ancient walls.

The road for the last two days has been through an open country, interspersed with some copses of a jagged oak, dwarfish in appearance, and rendered so, I suspect, from exposure to the blasts from the sea during winter. As I approached Otranto, for which I looked anxiously, the landscape was less pleasing, from the quantity of dykes which divide the fields. In its immediate vicinity orange-trees began to appear, and the odour of the flowers is always delightful. There are many springs amidst laurel and citron groves, and the water in the wells is so near the surface—a very rare circumstance in this peninsula—that you can take it up with your hand.

The city of Otranto lies low, and we were close to it before it was

visible. I was, of course, disappointed to find no such castle as Horace Walpole describes, and my imagination has been disabused of all the wonders with which he had invested his description, though the castle is the most picturesque object in the city. Its walls are massive, and there are two large circular towers, which were added by Charles V. In the streets and on the parapets you see several enormous cannon-balls of granite, which had been fired into the city, A.D. 1480, by the Turks, when they took possession of Otranto, and filled all Christendom with terror and amazement. At that time there were twenty thousand inhabitants, of whom twelve thousand were massacred, and many were reduced to slavery.

Alphonso, son of Ferdinand, caused two hundred and forty of the bodies to be transported to Naples, where he placed them in the vaults of the church of St. Catherine, in Formello. The following inscription is found there :

SUB HOC ALTARE CONDITA SUNT OSSA
CUM SUIS CAPITIBUS 240 CHRISTI FIDELIUM
A TURCIS PRO DEFENSIONE FIDEI
TRUCIDATORUM
HYDRUNTI HUCUSQUE AB ALPHONSO II.
ARAGONIO REGE TRANSLATA
DE LICENTIA
SUMMI PONTIFICIS INNOCENTII VIII.

Otranto is a city of some importance, chiefly as the port from which travellers usually embark for the Ionian Islands. There is a packet-boat regularly every fortnight to Corfu, and on that account I found the hotel by far the most respectable since I left Naples. On entering, I was not a little pleased to find an officer of the 90th, as I had not seen the face of a countryman, or spoken a word of English, for upwards of a month. I was amused to find that he did not recognise me, and I was not surprised, as my dress had none of the usual neatness that we generally assume, and my appearance was altogether Italian. Besides, I was carrying on a fluent conversation with the servants in the native language, when, to his astonishment, I addressed him in English. I found that he had had a narrow escape of being detained here for ten days, from his passport not being countersigned by the English authorities at Naples. He was on his way to join his regiment at Corfu, and on leaving the kingdom of Naples it requires such a signature. Luckily, the secretary of Sir F. Adams—the governor of the Ionian Islands—was on board the packet-boat, and through his interference he was relieved from his difficulties; otherwise he would have been detained at Otranto till he received a passport from Naples; and though the distance is only about two hundred miles, which would be passed in England in four-and-twenty hours, here it would have taken not less than ten days.

I understand that the Neapolitan government is in great dread of any information respecting the progress of the Greek revolution being communicated to its subjects, except what it pleases to dole out in the *Journal of the Two Sicilies*, and that is confined to a very meagre account of the chief events. You will be amused to hear that they are afraid of General Church landing on the eastern coast with a body of

Greeks, to proclaim I know not what. Orders have been given to put in repair all the fortified towns along the coast, and efforts are now making to place them in a state of defence. Some of the authorities, in their wisdom, suspect me to be an agent of General Church, taking a survey of the country with the view of a speedy invasion. I only laugh at their suspicions, and pretend to be blind to their surveillance. It is difficult to conceive anything more absurd than an expedition of the Greeks to conquer independence for others, before they have achieved their own. After seeing my countryman on board the boat, I proceeded to examine what ancient remains there were of Hydruntum, which was on the site of Otranto. The modern city seems to be built within the precincts of the ancient fortress, while Hydruntum in former times extended up the hill about half a mile towards a place called La Spezieria Vecchia, where the inhabitants are foolish enough to believe the ancients kept their medicines. It is evidently a fountain cut in the rock, which has long been dried up. I visited the church of St. Basilio, regarded as an ancient temple, but there is nothing visible to prove its right to a remote antiquity. Within the walls of the present city I could discover no ancient remains, except a few marble columns in the soccorpo of the cathedral, which are supposed to have belonged to a Temple of Minerva. Of Gothic architecture, it possesses several green marble pillars mixed with granite pillars, which are said to have been transferred from this Temple of Minerva, situated where there is a chapel to S. Nicolo, a little distance from Otranto; but they are spoiled by having stucco capitals adapted to them; its pavement is what is called Saracenic mosaic, composed of pieces of serpentine, porphyry, and cubes of gilt glass, which have been formed into rude representations of animals, among whom are seen monkeys sitting on branches of trees. In a chapel you are shown the bones of seven hundred of the natives of this town, who were massacred in 1480 by the Turks, and the superstitious regard them with equal veneration as they do the reliques of the ancient martyrs.

In ancient times the city was of some importance, as being the nearest part of Italy to the coast of Greece. In the year B.C. 191 (Liv., xxxvi. 21), it is mentioned as the usual place of landing for those coming from Greece, and crossing from Corcyra, the very island to which the officer of the 90th was on his way. The distance given by Pliny (iii. 16, 2) across the entrance of the Adriatic to Apollonia on the opposite coast, is fifty miles, which is correct enough. I saw the mountains of Epirus still more plainly than I did at Capo di Leuce. This was one of the last cities in the south of Italy which remained in the hands of the Greek emperors, from whom it was not finally taken till the eleventh century. Otranto gave a title to Fouché, Napoleon's minister of police. Its population is somewhere about five thousand. The "avius Hydrus" of Lucan (v. 375), now Idro, has at this period of the year so little water, that it is scarcely noticeable, but it falls into the small port, which affords good shelter for vessels of a hundred and fifty tons, when the wind is south or south-west, while a northerly wind blows straight into it. When I looked at the wide extent of sea before me, I could scarcely imagine how Pyrrhus could have entertained the project of joining Hydruntum to Apollonia by a bridge of boats, though Pliny tells us that this was the case. As my intention is to proceed to Brindisi, the ancient Brundisium, which

you will find about fifty miles along the coast, I had to consider in what direction I should approach it. Coastways, I was told, the roads were much the same as what I had passed for the last two days, and that I should have difficulty in procuring accommodation for the night; whereas if I proceeded to Lecce, I should have an excellent road and a good hotel. I might easily reach Brindisi the following day. This, therefore, is the course I have chosen, though, if I had anticipated the annoyance from the public authorities I received at Lecce, I should have preferred to have faced both the fatigues and even dangers of a coast journey to the trammels of the police.

The road was good, though the heat was great, and it was nearly sunset before I got over five-and-twenty miles, which is the distance to Lecce, the capital city of this province. On leaving Otranto, the road passes over an uncultivated waste, with nothing on it but a kind of holm oak, on which grows a scarlet berry, and from which they strip the leaves in winter to feed their cattle. Close to and communicating with the sea was a large lake, called Alimeni, which is said to abound with excellent fish and eels, some of which I had enjoyed at breakfast. I saw nothing interesting till I reached the vicinity of Lecce, when I passed several respectable people, who were picking up something on the side of the road and dropping it into baskets. I inquired what they were doing, and found that they were collecting a particular kind of soil to make soup, which they consider a great delicacy. I had witnessed the operation of boiling them, but I have never yet mustered courage to taste what appeared to me an abominable dish. Yet this is mere prejudice, and if I could taste it before I knew of what it was made, I am told that I should not dislike it. I found Lecce a large town, containing about fifteen thousand inhabitants, fortified by walls, in rather a ruinous state, and ditches, being defended by a castle or citadel. It is a well-built town, having wide and regular streets, very uncommon in this part of the world, and many rather handsome buildings. It is evidently an active commercial town, and I found that it had manufactures of woollen, cotton, and silk goods, besides oil and wine. The hotel is respectable, though not particularly clean. While I was seated at supper in a private apartment, I was much annoyed by the servant showing in, without my permission, a person who said he was living in the hotel, and, hearing that a stranger had arrived, he had come to pay his respects. I was much inclined to request that he would retire, and in a short time was greatly inclined to kick him out, as, from his conversation, I considered him a police spy. He told me that he had been in trouble on account of his liberal sentiments, and pretended to speak violently against the government. I told him that I was a mere traveller, and took no part in the politics of his country, nor did I wish to become acquainted with any such matters. He then introduced the affairs of Greece, and as such a question seemed in my eyes in no way connected with the Neapolitans, I considered myself at liberty to express the opinions of every British subject on the question, which was, that we trusted they would be successful in achieving their independence from the Turks. At last, however, I could endure him no longer, and requested that he would retire; but I suspect the fellow, and shall not be surprised if he occasion *me trouble*.

Lecce is believed to be the site of the ancient *Lupia* or *Sybaris*, and is well known to classical scholars as the spot where Augustus resided for some days after his return to Italy, on hearing of the murder of Julius Cæsar on the Ides of March, B.C. 44 (Appian., c. b. iii. 10), not venturing to advance to Brundisium till he received fresh information from Rome. No ancient remains are now visible, nor, indeed, is there anything to interest a stranger, except, perhaps, the church of Santa Croce, which is not a bad specimen of architectural design. The cathedral has a wooden roof, richly carved and gilt. In the public square is an antique column, said to have been brought from Brundisium, and on the summit is Saint Oronzio, the patron saint of Lecce. Verrio, a native of Lecce, has adorned many of the churches with his paintings; he was employed in England, where his staircases and ceilings are much admired. One of the gates of Lecce is called *Porta di Rugge*, and this was to me the most interesting point connected with Lecce, as it led the way to the ancient *Rhudia*, the birthplace of the celebrated poet Ennius. The "*Calabræ Pierides*" is well known to all readers of Horace (Od., iv. 8); while Ovid (A. A., iii. 409) speaks in the same high strain:

Ennius emeruit, Calabris in montibus ortus,
Contiguus poni, Scipio magne, tibi.

"Ennius, born among the mountains of the Calabri, has deserved to be placed next to thee, mighty Scipio!"

I could not be in this vicinity without making a pilgrimage to the poet's birthplace. Having obtained a guide at the hotel, I was led a mile from the town to a spot covered with olive-trees, called *Rugge*. There are no ruins, but an inscription was found here speaking of "*Municipes Rudini*;" and we are led, therefore, to believe that we have here the native village of Ennius, though Ovid is mistaken in speaking of mountains, as there is nothing of the kind in this vicinity. There is no appearance of high land till you reach the neighbourhood of *Manduria* and *Oria*, and even there it is a misnomer to speak of mountains. Sepulchres, however, have been discovered here, containing bronze vases and other objects of antiquity, and I could not but look with interest on the spot where the Roman poet may have seen the light of day B.C. 239, from whom Virgil is believed to have borrowed many of his most beautiful thoughts.

I had thus accomplished all that I cared to see at Lecce, and I felt inclined to wend my way at once to Brindisi; but as I had a letter for *Cavaliere Cito*, the royal governor, I thought that it would not be respectful to omit presenting it. If I had in the least suspected the reception I was to receive, I should have taken care to leave Lecce without delay. After calling several times I was admitted to an audience, when I presented my letter, upon which he begged to see my passport, which I produced. He then inquired in what direction I intended to proceed, and told me that he must place it on my passport. I knew that this was not the case, as I had succeeded in obtaining from the minister of the interior a passport which enabled me to pass through the kingdom without the signature of the authorities. It was a favour seldom granted, but I had obtained it, and every authority whom I had met had acknowledged my right. *Cito*, however, was resolute, and insisted that he should

know in what direction I intended to proceed, as he must insert the place where I was to pass the night. I knew well the trouble in which he was involving me, and I did not conceal my annoyance. I said that he might put the "well of Manduria," of which you will hear hereafter, though I told him that I could scarcely expect a cooler reception there than his excellency had given me. This of course was an impertinent answer, as I intended it to be, and as he was evidently not accustomed to have his commands disputed, he got very red in the face and looked in a towering passion. I felt equally indignant, and as I knew that I had given no just cause for such uncivil treatment, I told him that I would not fail to convey to the Prince of Satriano the attention he had paid to his letter, and the kind assistance he had given to an inoffensive stranger. I left him without ceremony, assuring him that I should soon be beyond his province, and should long remember the gentlemanlike conduct of the royal governor of the province of Otranto. I found afterwards, by inquiry, that he was originally a petty lawyer, and had raised himself to his present position by his devotion to the court. I believe that he is causing a great deal of annoyance to the whole province by listening to anonymous information, and by the employment of spies. I have not the least doubt that I was right in my conjectures respecting my visitor last night, and that I would have been arrested by his excellency if I had been a native of any other country but Great Britain. You may wonder why I felt so much annoyed at this uncivil proceeding of Cito, but it is easily explained from what you already know of my journey. Suppose I had been obliged to have the signature of the chief magistrate of the district in which Scanzana was situated, where could I have found the magistrate? It would have been impossible for me, and when I reached Taranto I could have been arrested from the want of his signature.

Though the day was far advanced, I was too much annoyed to remain a moment longer in Lecce, and shaking the dust from my feet started at once for Manduria, which was about eighteen miles distant. The country was thickly covered with olive-trees. There is nothing picturesque in slightly undulating plains, and the heat of the day did not tend to raise my spirits, so that I was glad when the village of Manduria appeared in the distance. On my arrival it was too late to examine its ancient remains, and after I had submitted my passport to the chief magistrate, I retired to rest in a tolerable albergo.

Next morning I issued forth with a guide to visit the well of Manduria, which I had impertinently told Cito to insert in my passport, when he insisted to know in what direction I was going. It is at a spot called Scegno, about half a mile from the town, and is described by Pliny (ii. 106, 4) in these words: "In Salentino juxta oppidum Manduriam lacus ad margines plenus, neque exhaustis aquis minuitur, neque infusus augetur"—"In the Salentine territory there is near the city Manduria a well full to the brim, the level of whose waters is never changed by any quantity that may be withdrawn or any addition that may be made." It is situated in a large circular cavern, and is approached by a descent of thirty rough steps. Light is admitted partly from the entrance, and partly from an aperture in the rock, which is immediately above the well. *The rocky stratum in which the well is found is a concretion of sea-sand*

and marine shells, and the porous nature of the stone allows the water to percolate freely. The water is not now drawn by the inhabitants from the ancient well, but from a small reservoir, which is kept always full by the constant oozing from the sides of the cavern, the water being collected into an earthen pipe, and thus conveyed into the reservoir. It flows thence into the well, which is said never to show any change of level. The well gets gradually filled up with small stones, and at present is not above a couple of feet deep. It had, however, been once cleaned in the memory of the present generation, and was found to be of no great depth, with a bottom of very hard composition. There must of course be some peculiar way in which the water passes off, and how it is supplied is equally a mystery. It must ooze through the joints of the sides of the well, and it is curious that it should at all times, whatever be the quantity of rain that falls, only receive as much as it can throw off. There is a great want of water in this peninsula, and such a well is a blessing which we can scarcely appreciate in our northern climate. The water was pure, pleasant to the taste, in no respect mineral, though not particularly cool, as if it had come from some internal reservoir exposed to the heat of the external air.

The city of Manduria was of some importance in early times, and is remarkable as the scene of the death of Archidamus, King of Sparta, son of Agesilaus, who had been invited by the Tarantines to assist them against their neighbours, the Messapians and Salentines. The battle took place on the 3rd of August, B.C. 338, on the same day with the more celebrated battle of Chæronæa. It revolted to the Carthaginians in the second Punic war, being taken by assault by Fabius Maximus just before he recovered Tarentum, B.C. 209. It then disappears from history, having been probably severely punished by the Romans.

The ancient city was at a short distance from the present village, or probably town, as it ought to be called, containing about six thousand inhabitants. The walls can be traced nearly in their whole circuit. The stones of which they were built are soft, and easily decompose from exposure to the air. They have, therefore, mouldered away, and the highest part of the wall which I saw was not above seven feet. They are composed of large rectangular stones, in regular courses above each other, without mortar. What is curious is that it had a double wall, with a fosse on the outside, while there was a wide passage between the walls. As far as I could judge, the outer wall, with ditch, had a breadth of twenty-three feet, and the inner passage, with the inner wall, of about fifty feet. The modern city is well built, though its streets are unpaved. There are numerous churches, and an immense baronial residence of the Francavilla family, without garden or prospect. The chapel of S. Pietro Mandurino is at a short distance from the city, and beneath it is a small chapel, whose walls are covered with paintings of saints of the Greek Church. This part of Italy was the last which the Greek emperors of Constantinople possessed, and in this way we may account for these paintings, which are nearly destroyed by damp.

Having examined everything that a stranger cares to visit at Manduria, I proceeded forward six miles through a country partly covered with olive and almond trees and partly a barren waste, from the entire want of water in the summer season, till I reached Oria, the ancient

Hyria, situated on a hill of moderate height overlooking the level plains of Iapygia, which I have been traversing for the last week. You look down on the Adriatic, and have a Pisgah view of the Bay of Tarentum, with the mountains of Basilicata in the distance. The immediate vicinity of the town, containing about six thousand inhabitants, is well cultivated, having numerous vineyards and orchards, separated from each other by hedges of aloes. The large castle rises majestically on the highest point of ground, and here, too, the cathedral is placed. These are picturesque objects, seen to the distance of thirty miles. This city was of great importance in early times, being mentioned by Herodotus (vii. 170) as the capital of the Messapians, founded by a colony of Cretans on their return from Sicily. It is again mentioned in later times in the struggle between Augustus and Antony, B.C. 40, when the latter was besieging Brundisium (Appian., B. C. v. 58), but after this time it disappears from the world's history. No ancient remains are to be seen, though some inscriptions have been found in what is supposed to be the Messapian dialect, and numerous coins with the name of Orra in Roman characters.

I had still a journey of eighteen miles before me ere I could reach Brindisi, and the day was far advanced when I entered Oria. There was nothing to detain me here, and, after baiting my mule, I started in hopes that I might get to Brindisi before the shades of evening closed in. There was a sameness in the level plain through which I was passing that became at last particularly tiresome, and I trudged on in a semi-somnolent state with little regard to what was passing around me. The villages of Latiano and Mesagne seemed more thriving than most of those I had seen. Corn-land and olive-grounds alternated, while the waste land was productive of myrtles, cistus, mastic, and such-like aromatic shrubs, interspersed with the wild vine and olive. The longest day comes to an end, and I looked forward with anxiety for the walls of Brindisi. Ere I reached it I was overtaken by a severe thunderstorm, and completely drenched in a wood which my muleteer asserted had been the scene of many robberies and murders. The storm probably saved me, as we passed it without seeing any one. I was not sorry to enter the ruined gateway of Brundisium a little after sunset. It had a melancholy, deserted appearance; but this is always the case at night with cities in Italy, as they have no lamps.

I had a letter for the intendente, but, thinking it too late to wait on him, I took up my abode at a miserable locanda, where I could get nothing to eat till I went out to buy some provisions. I sent forward my letter to his Excellency Il Signor Barone, and, with a civility very different from that of Cito, I received a pressing invitation to take up my abode in his house, which the misery around me only made me too glad to accept. I was received with a frankness and real kindness of manner, which showed that I was really welcome. His lady was not less attentive, and in a few minutes I felt quite at home. My host had been a distinguished officer, and served under Napoleon. He had seen much of foreign countries, and had not been unobservant in the lands through which he had passed.

This morning I rose fresh and recovered from all my fatigues, ready to undergo them anew, if that were necessary; but Brindisi had too

much to interest me to permit of so hasty a departure. It is a very ancient town, being known to Herodotus, the father of history (vi. 99), who lived B.C. 450. The excellence of its port, and its advantageous position for commanding the Adriatic, must have, at an early period, attracted the attention of maritime nations. It became the chief naval depot of the Romans on this coast, as its port was sufficient to shelter the largest fleet in perfect safety. Here the Roman generals assembled the fleets and armies with which they crossed the Adriatic, and on their return it was here that they landed. Here Sulla, B.C. 83, landed with his army on his return from the Mithridatic war, and in B.C. 57 it witnessed the return of Cicero from exile. During the civil war between Cæsar and Pompey, Brundisium was the scene of important military operations, and, after the death of Cæsar, it was here the youthful Octavius first assumed the name of Cæsar. All classical readers are intimately acquainted with the journey of Horace to Brundisium, B.C. 41, when he accompanied Mæcenas and Cocceius to conclude an amicable arrangement between Antony and Octavius. Virgil died B.C. 19 at Brundisium, on his return from Greece, and his ashes probably rest here, though his tomb is shown at Naples. Thus Brundisium is full of world-known recollections, and I was, therefore, anxious to see what survived of its ancient splendour. I sallied forth in company with the English vice-consul, Signor Monticelli, who kindly engaged to point out whatever was worthy of notice within his native city. Time, however, has laid a heavy hand on the works of man, and little now survives to excite our admiration. Still little change can have taken place in the natural scenery around, and I pleased myself with tracing the approach of Cæsar to Brundisium and the flight of Pompey by sea. The present walls are of a later date than these two heroes, and, before the introduction of gunpowder, must have been impregnable, if stoutly defended; but they are now in a sadly dilapidated state. The fosse, which once proved its safety, is now filled with stagnant water, and sends forth, during the heats of summer and autumn, most pestilential effluvia. In former times there were two harbours, an outer and an inner; but the entrance is now nearly blocked up by sand, so as to render the inner little better than a marsh, and last year the malaria produced by it was so malignant that six hundred of the inhabitants were carried off by fever—about one-tenth of the population. The magistrates made a representation to government on the subject, and a promise has been made that the outlet to the outer harbour shall be cleared, yet they have no hopes that any steps will be taken. I was particularly struck by the ghastly appearance of the inhabitants, and my host told me that he looked forward with great dismay to the approach of autumn. Something might, no doubt, be done by the inhabitants if they were not so much accustomed to see everything undertaken by government. It is the narrow channel that leads into the inner harbour that is choked up with sand, and it is this that renders the inner harbour completely useless. This has been ascribed to the works erected by Cæsar for the purpose of obstructing the entrance, and till the piles, which he is believed to have driven in, are removed, my host did not think that any real benefit would be derived. Yet it seems always to have been an unhealthy neighbourhood, as Cæsar (B. C. iii. 2) says that his troops, which were quartered there B.C. 49, in

the autumn suffered severely in consequence. I find that the inhabitants will do nothing for themselves, even though death stare them in the face. Thus they drink the putrid water of their city rather than be at the trouble and expense of conveying a pure stream from some little distance within their walls. They were beginning, however, to think on this subject, and I accompanied the chief magistrate to a spring at one of the gates, which had been neglected for many years, and which he had given directions to be cleared out. It was to me an interesting spot, as the celebrated Appian Way, from Rome, had entered the city by this gate; and there lay the huge blocks of stone, so massive and so strong, that they were, no doubt, the identical stones over which Horace and Mæcenas had passed eighteen hundred years ago, and of which he said :

Brundisium longæ finis chartæque viæque.

“Brundisium, the end of my long poem and journey.”

The fountain had been evidently intended for the thirsty mule as it entered the city. There are two wells within the walls, but, from the low position of the city, you will readily believe that the water is brackish, and my host said that they preferred to use rain-water collected in cisterns for drinking. In ancient times Pliny (ii. 106, 10) speaks of a spring close to the port as producing pure water for the sailor: “Brundisii in portu fons incorruptas præstat aquas navigantibus.” No such spring is now known to exist, else it would be invaluable.

In all directions the eye is caught by a lofty pillar of cipollino marble nearly fifty feet high, whose capital is adorned with figures of sea-gods, and in the centre of each side appear the faces of Jupiter, Neptune, Mars, and Minerva. An inscription states that it was erected by Lupas Protaspata in the eleventh century; but this is, no doubt, a myth, as it must be of a much more ancient date. There was another pillar close to it, the base and pedestal of which still remain. It was thrown down by an earthquake in 1456, when the city also suffered severely; and in 1663 the fragments were conveyed to Lecce, to be erected there to the honour of St. Oronzio, the patron saint of Lecce, who was believed to have saved the province from the plague. There it is still seen in the public square of Lecce. It is difficult to determine whether these columns were merely ornamental, or served the useful purpose of a pharos or lighthouse. There is, indeed, a marble vase on the top, and it has been suggested that this vase might be to contain fire or lights; but the difficulty of reaching the top, which must have been by an outside ladder, renders it unlikely that they were intended for such a purpose, and, besides, they are placed so near the edge of the water, that they could not be seen at any great distance from the sea.

In the distance rose the fine old castle at the north-west end of the port, having its foundations washed by the waters of the harbour, and on the land side being defended by a deep ditch. It was founded by Frederick II., and completed by Charles V. For what base uses are such buildings often reserved! It is now a common prison, and resounds with the clanging irons of the malefactors.

There is a library here, the only one I have heard of since I left Naples, and I was of course anxious to visit it. It is very respectable in *size*, though containing chiefly theological works, as it was bequeathed

by the late Archbishop of Brindisi ; and attached to it is a small museum, containing a tolerable collection of ancient vases and coins. I was introduced to the librarian, who is a high dignitary of the church, and along with him was the chief military authority of Brindisi. It never occurred to me that they should be anything but men of principle and honour ; the last thing that would have been suggested to my mind was that they were intending to act the part of spies on my words and actions. I had nothing, indeed, to conceal ; their conduct, however, was not the less mean and contemptible. Again it was the Greek revolution they led me to speak of, and as I believed myself to be conversing with gentlemen, when they expressed a desire to know what were the last events that had come to my ears, I had no more hesitation of telling them than I would have in relating to you all that I had heard. I have no doubt that I again expressed my good wishes for the success of the Greeks. You may imagine my surprise and indignation to find that this clerical spy went to the head of the police, and denounced the conversation into which he had seduced me. I verily believe that the fools would have arrested me, if I had not been under the protection of the sotto-intendente—the chief magistrate of Brindisi—who has spoken to me on the subject, and requested me, for his own sake, to avoid that subject, and to be cautious in expressing any opinion on political questions. Of course I expressed great regret on his account that I had said anything about the Greeks ; at the same time I spoke in no measured language of the unworthy conduct of the clergyman, and hoped that I should not again meet him, as I would not fail to express to him frankly my opinion of his disgraceful conduct. At first I was amused at the suspicions of the authorities ; it is now, however, getting beyond a joke. Would you believe it, that Cito has thought it necessary to write to the authorities here that a young Englishman of very suspicious character is on a visit to Brindisi, and that they must watch all my movements, reporting to him my proceedings ? I then told my host how scurvily I had been treated by Cito ; and as it would, of course, be his duty to report whatever I said, I begged that he would state, for his information, that I considered him a contemptible fellow for using an inoffensive traveller in the way he had done. My host laughed at my indignation, saying that he would write that I was under his complete surveillance, as I was living in his house, and could have no intercourse with any one except through his introduction. He is aware how unconstrainedly we are accustomed to speak on all subjects ; but I can assure you it is quite otherwise here, and that a man has to weigh his words carefully before they are uttered. I never understood so well the meaning of the proverb, " Silence is golden." I now see the advantage of having letters of introduction to the authorities, who have in every part of Italy treated me in the most gentlemanly way, except this fellow Cito.

I spent part of the evening at the public coffee-house, where the respectable inhabitants meet for amusement, to eat ices, and play at billiards. I then proceeded to the house of Signor Monticelli, English vice-consul, where I had the honour of meeting all the principal inhabitants at supper. We spent a few hours very jovially, and some time after midnight the sotto-intendente conducted me to his hospitable house. I shall be *to-morrow* on my way northwards, but I have determined to

run along the coast in an open boat for a hundred miles, as I know that there is nothing to be seen on shore that will recompense the fatigue caused by the joggling of a mule.

XXVII.

THOUGH my voyage has been somewhat tedious, I have had no reason to regret the mode of conveyance I selected. I found at Brindisi a small open boat proceeding to Trani, which was close to the place where I should have wished to land, and I did not, therefore, hesitate to enter myself as passenger to that city. I took leave at mid-day of my kind host, and went on board the boat, which I found to be navigated by four men, a number disproportioned to the size of the vessel. They were good-humoured, merry creatures, and did everything they could to make me comfortable.

On leaving Brindisi, I had a better opportunity than I had yet enjoyed of seeing both the inner and outer harbours. The city was seen to lie, as it were, in the embrace of the inner harbour, which stretches along two sides of it; and it is the stagnant nature of the waters of this inner harbour which causes the malaria with which the inhabitants are tormented. Yet in the days of Ennius—who must have been well acquainted with this part of Italy, as it was within a few miles of his native village—such a disastrous state of things could not have existed, as he (*Ann. vi. 53*) calls it

Brundisium pulero præinctum præpete portu.

“Brundisium encompassed by a fine and safe harbour.”

It was under a broiling mid-day sun that I embarked, and, as we rowed slowly through the waters, it was impossible to resist the feeling of languor and suffocation which the heat produced. We threaded the narrow channel which united it to the outer harbour, and here it was that Cæsar erected his works for the purpose of obstructing the entrance. Several attempts have been made to deepen the channel and clear away the stakes which Cæsar had driven in. It still remains, however, much in the same state that it has been for the last eighteen hundred years, and while the present government continues, neither this improvement nor any other of importance will ever be carried out to a successful issue. We proceeded through the outer harbour, which is protected by a group of islets, on the largest of which, called St. Andrea, stands a castle built by Alphonso I.; and in former times there was a pharos, or lighthouse, resembling that at Alexandria (*Mela, ii. 7*). Our passage lay between the islets and the mainland, which was low, but Brindisi, with its castle and slightly rising ground behind, appeared to great advantage.

On getting clear of the islands we found the wind to be against us, but, by taking a wide tack, the captain expected to reach Trani in forty-eight hours. On looking round the boat, I found that they had furnished themselves with oysters, which were small and ill-fed—not like the natives in which the Cockneys delight. In the luxurious times of the Romans, we are told by Pliny (*xxxii. 21, 3*) that the oysters of Brundisium were conveyed to the lake Avernus, near the Lucrine lake, in Campania, to be fattened; and certainly those which I saw would require some such process to render them fit for the epicure.

We directed our course far into the Adriatic. No words can express the hazy brilliancy which hung around the coast, making me at last understand Claude Lorraine, whose paintings I used to imagine were drawn from fancy and not from nature. He who has seen such a scene will never forget it. Towards sunset the land had nearly faded from our view. The sky was cloudless, and the wind did scarcely more than ruffle the surface of the waters. There was a softness in the air and a cooling freshness, which formed a pleasing contrast to the heat which had so lately tormented us. I watched the sun descend behind the mountains of the Basilicata, and soon all was wrapped in darkness. It was a glorious night as we glided lazily through the waters of the Adriatic, though I should have preferred a stiff breeze to hurry us forward. Nature, however, was worn out, and I stretched myself on the bench to sleep as I best could. At daybreak I found that we had altered our course during the night, and had again approached the shores of Italy, which appeared at the distance of four or five miles. The coast was low and studded with watch-towers, one of which the sailors called Torre d'Agnazzo, all, I believe, that remains of a place—Egnatia—well known to the readers of Horace. I could have wished to have landed if I had not known that we should have been captured by the coast-guard, and a report would have been spread that a detachment of Greek troops, under the command of a Scotchman, had attempted to land on the coast. An examination of Egnatia, where the priests may have kept up the miracle mentioned as performed here, would scarcely have rewarded me for the risk I should have run. The wind was now somewhat more favourable, and we passed gently along the coast, but towards mid-day we got completely becalmed. The boat lay motionless on the surface of the water, and the boatmen lay down to sleep. I envied them their power of enduring un hurt the rays of the sun. A couple of hours thus passed, when a ripple at last appeared, and I roused the boatmen, who quickly hoisted our sails, and we scudded again before the wind. Again becalmed, they took to their oars, and we moved slowly forward. Night at last closed in, and I rested down in the bottom of the boat, anxious to enjoy some repose before I should be prevented by the cold. When I awoke at dawn I was delighted to find that we had made great progress, and if we were not again becalmed we might expect to reach Trani towards mid-day. This was joyful intelligence, and I armed myself with patience to wait the result. For once the wind did not prove treacherous, and we entered the harbour of Trani towards eleven of the clock. The port is in the form of a circle, and has good quays. The Venetians, who occupied Trani towards the end of the fifteenth century, constructed this harbour, but the entrance, I was told by my boatmen, has long been blocked up by sand, so that none but vessels of light burden can enter. On approaching the landing-place we were at once seized hold of by a custom-house officer, and hurried off to the police-office to have our passports overhauled. After we had waited about half an hour in a miserable room, I begged one of the subordinate officers to present the compliments of an English traveller to his superior, and to say that I should be much obliged to him if he could examine my passport and allow me to go, as I was anxious to get some repose after the fatigue of two nights in an open boat. Such a request was not unreasonable, and no gentleman

would have refused it, but the answer sent was that I must wait. Another half hour passed, and you may be sure that my temper was not improved by the delay, and that I had made up my mind to tease the fellow in every way possible. At last I was summoned, and ushered in to a little prim, consequential man—Il Signor Mirabile—who evidently thought that all must bow before him. He looked at my passport, and began, as I knew he would, to inquire where I was going. So much I was obliged to answer, and I told him he might insert Barletta as the next town I should visit. Then, looking at me sternly, he asked why I was allowing my moustache to grow. To understand the meaning of this question, I must tell you that an incipient moustache, as I found from my plague lieutenant at Pizzo, is considered the secret sign of the Carbonari, a political society in the country. Here he opened the door for me to poke in to him, and I said, for the same reason that he allowed his black mop to grow on his head. If a thunderbolt had fallen at his foot he could not have been more astonished; but, before he could find words to express his fury, I added that I begged to remind him that I was an Englishman, and that, while we treated all with civility, we demanded the same treatment from others. He bawled out, "Whom are you going to visit at Barletta?" to which I answered that I would not tell him, but if he wished to know whom I would visit at Foggia, the capital of his province, he would find by looking at the address on the letter I threw before him. It was to the royal governor of the province, whom I knew to be the cousin of the Prince of Satriano. He took up his pen, and added to my passport Barletta. These squabbles with the authorities are annoying, particularly when you are conscious of perfect innocence; it shows, however, how necessary it will be that my passport be strictly in order.

I proceeded to examine Trani, which I found to have a population of somewhere about sixteen thousand. Its walls and bastions—which have been ordered to be put in a state of defence, lest the Greeks should invade the country—are sadly dilapidated; and it has a sort of citadel, which would certainly not stand a long siege. Some of the houses are handsome, but the greater part of the town is ill-built. I was much struck with the appearance of the cathedral, which is situated close to the sea, and has a spire said to be two hundred and fifty feet in height. The interior is elegant, and less gloomy than is generally found in these buildings. Some of the windows are fine specimens of Gothic architecture. It has a theatre of respectable appearance, and a public garden along the sea-shore, where the higher class of citizens assemble in the evening to enjoy the coolness of the sea breeze. I inquired for ancient remains; I could hear of none, nor was it likely, as it is evidently a town of modern date. Still, there is no doubt that it is the site of the ancient town of Turenum, mentioned in the *Tabula Peutingeriana*; and Pratilli, in his account of the *Via Appia*, states that he found eleven milestones at Trani, some of them in good preservation; of these I could hear nothing, nor yet of the inscription given by Pratilli, which states that the road from Beneventum to Brundisium was repaired at the expense of Trajan. I fear that we must consider them to have entirely disappeared in the various calamities that have overtaken this part of Italy. I was

told that ancient tombs had been discovered, and many coins. Above one of the gates was the following inscription :

Tirenus fecit, Trajanus me reparaivit,
Ergo mihi Tranum nomen uterque dedit.

This is an attempt at Latin poetry, and the reference to Trajan, no doubt, arises from the inscription to which I have referred. In the middle ages it was a town of great importance, and its inhabitants, by a diploma of Lusignan, King of Cyprus, dated 1196, had the privilege of trading with Cyprus, "sine aliquâ commercii exactione," without the payment of taxes on their goods. It was at that time an emporium for trade between the East and the states of Italy. The Genoese, Florentines, Venetians, established themselves here, and the Jews were so numerous that they had a synagogue, which produced many learned rabbi. All this is changed, and there is not a single Jew within its walls. Worn out, I returned to the locanda, where I had taken up my abode, and requested that they would give me a bottle of their best wine, when they produced what they called "Il moscato di Trani"—a wine for which the neighbourhood is famed. They spoke also of their figs as being super-excellent, but they were not yet ripe. You are, no doubt, surprised that I should not have retired to bed. I saw, however, so little appearance of comfort, that I felt no inclination to do so while I was able to move. I tried to get a curriculo to Barletta, as I thought it would be less fatiguing, and I should get on quicker. Such a thing was unknown at Trani, and I had to be satisfied with a mule. The dust and heat to Barletta were most oppressive, and yet it was a beautiful ride through vineyards, groves of olive and almond trees, for nine miles. In the interior, about a dozen miles distant, I saw a hilly tract, which is wild and thinly inhabited, being covered with woods, and partly used for pasture, as it seems to have been in ancient times (Strab. vi. 283). Between these barren hills along the coast which I had just passed from Brundisium to Barletta, about seventy miles in length and ten in breadth, there is a narrow strip of land, remarkable for fertility, and which is now studded, as it was in ancient times, with a number of small towns. It is this tract which supplies the grain of Apulia.

On reaching Barletta, though I had no letter to the English vice-consul, I thought that he was the proper authority to whom I ought to make myself known, and I accordingly made my way to his house, and introduced myself as an English traveller making a tour through the south of Italy, and that I had called on him, as a servant of my country, to make inquiries on various points. He looked quite alarmed at my appearance, and seemed in no way glad to see me. These English vice-consuls through Italy are natives appointed by the consul-general at Naples to assist any English merchantmen that may touch at the port for the purposes of trade. In reality, therefore, I had no claim on his assistance, and it was clear to me that he regarded my arrival with the utmost horror. All I wished to know from him was respecting the roads to Venusia through Canosa, which was only about a dozen miles distant. He declared that he knew nothing about it, and could not tell whether there was any road to it. One thing I did find from him, and that was,

that there were cabriolets in Barletta, and, if the road was passable, I determined to adopt that mode of travelling, as I should get over the ground more quickly. I left him my passport to get the signature of the police magistrate for Canosa, and I had no doubt that he would expedite that business in order to get rid of me. This annoyance of my passport has entirely arisen from Cito, and every time I am put to the inconvenience, I am apt to bless that worthy in no very Christian spirit.

Barletta is a large city, with a population of twenty thousand, and, to a stranger, it looks to be in a prosperous state. Its streets are wide, well paved, with many handsome houses. Its cathedral is Gothic, with a lofty spire. Churches abound, and there is a theatre of considerable size. I went down to its harbour, which is formed by a pier running a good way into the sea, on which a lighthouse is erected; the port admits only small vessels, and there were very few at this time. Its chief trade is in corn, which it exports in large quantities from the plains of Apulia. There is a colossal statue of bronze, which is generally considered to be of the Emperor Heraclius (A.D. 610 to 641), or, as others think, of the Emperor Theodosius (A.D. 401 to 450). The upper part of the statue—head, arms, and breast—is of finer workmanship than the lower, and has led to the belief that some parts of it must be restored. There is an inscription at Canosa supposed to refer to this statue, which states that the inhabitants of Apulia and Calabria had erected an equestrian statue in honour of Theodosius, and that is believed to be the same statue.

On returning to the locanda, my landlord found a cabman who assured me that he knew the road to Canosa, twelve miles distant, and though the road was not good after we left the great post-road leading to Naples, he had no doubt that he could convey me safely to Canosa. My way lay across the plains of Cannæ, a spot which I could by no means pass without an examination of its appearance. As soon as my passport was procured, I mounted the cabriolet, and proceeded along an excellent road, till we reached a bridge which is thrown over the Ofanto, the ancient Aufidus, and here we turned up a by-road along the south bank of the river. The banks were without trees, and the river contained a scanty supply of water, so that I was rather disappointed to find that the poet had drawn on his imagination in his description of it. In the winter season, however, it evidently flows with greater vehemence, being swollen by the winter's torrents. Horace speaks repeatedly of its vehement character (Carm. iv. 14, 25):

Sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus,
Qui regna Dauni præluit Appuli,
Cum sævit, horrendamque cultis
Diluvium meditatur agris.

So branching Aufidus, who laves
The Daunian realms, fierce rolls his waves,
When to the golden labours of the swain
He meditates his wrath, and deluges the plain.

To the south of the river lay the wide plains of Apulia, as far as the eye could reach, already stripped of the grain, so early is the harvest in this part of Italy. They leave the greater portion of the stubble on the field, cutting off little more than the ear, and they afterwards set fire to

the straw, which is thus burnt on the field, and serves for manure. The practice of burning the stubble upon the lands has been handed down from the earliest times, and is followed in many other parts of Italy. It begins here in the month of July, and it is surprising, I am told, in how short a time the fire runs over a whole field of corn. They never commence except when a brisk wind is blowing, and they set fire of course to windward. The following is the description of Virgil (*Georg. i. 84*):

Sæpe etiam steriles incendere profuit agros,
Atque levem stipulam crepitantibus urere flammis ;
Sive inde occultas vires et pabula terræ
Pinguia concipiunt ; sive illis omne per ignem
Excoquitur vitium, atque exudat inutilis humor ;
Seu plures calor ille vias et cæca relaxat
Spiramenta, novas veniat qua succus in herbas ;
Seu durat magis, et venas adstringit hiantes,
Ne tenues pluvix, rapidive potentia solis
Acrior, aut Boreæ penetrabile frigus adurat.

Long practice has a sure improvement found,
With kindled fires to burn the barren ground.
When the light stubble, to the flames resign'd,
Is driv'n along, and crackles in the wind.
Whether from hence the hollow womb of earth
Is warm'd with secret strength for better birth ;
Or, when the latent vice is cur'd by fire,
Redundant humours through the pores expire ;
Or that the warmth distends the chinks, and makes
New breathings, whence new nourishment she takes ;
Or that the heat the gaping ground constrains,
New-knits the surface, and new strings the veins ;
Lest soaking show'rs should pierce her secret seat,
Or freezing Boreas chill her genial heat,
Or scorching suns too violently beat.

Three miles from the bridge over the Aufidus we reached the memorable field of Cannæ, where the Romans were defeated by Hannibal, and here I alighted. I was fortunate enough to meet a gentleman who addressed me in French, and who turned out to be the proprietor of the ground. He had resided three years in France in the time of Napoleon, and was kind enough to act as my guide, giving the traditions of the place. The ruins of the ancient village, which was occupied by Hannibal before the battle, are distinctly visible on a small hill about four hundred yards from the southern bank of the river, and you can trace the foundations of what seems to have been a fortress. My guide told me that excavations had been made, and that Roman coins and small images of terra-cotta had been discovered. There is a tradition that Æmilius Paulus, one of the Roman generals, died near a spring, and of course the inhabitants have fixed on the very spot where that melancholy event took place, and, stooping down, I took a refreshing draught from the "Pozzo d'Emilio"—"Well of Æmilius"—as they still call it. Immediately at the foot of this hill, in an angle formed by the curvature of the Aufidus, there is a piece of ground called "Pezzo di Sangue"—"the field of blood"—and here they suppose the crisis of the battle took place. This angle of

ground of which I speak is united to the land on the north, yet has all the appearance of being traversed—as all low-lying lands on the side of rivers are—in various directions, according as the water excavates its course. It is, therefore, impossible to say how the river flowed in the year B.C. 216, when the battle was fought, nor do I think that with the data before us we can decide authoritatively the point. The battle is said to have been fought on a *plain*, and this is the chief reason why that spot on the river is fixed on. Yet, though the character of the ground a mile down the river cannot be called a plain such as this is, yet neither is it hilly; there are merely slight emiunces, sloping gently down, and they could have proved no obstacle to the movements of an army. The first question that arises in respect to the battle of Cannæ is, in what direction the Romans advanced towards the Carthaginians. Was it from the direction of Canusium, which lies about six miles from Cannæ on the same side of the river—that is, on the south side—or did they approach from the north, and reach the neighbourhood of Cannæ with the river Aufidus lying between them and Cannæ? The Romans and Carthaginians, according to Polybius (iii. 107), during the winter and early spring of B.C. 216, lay, the Romans at Larinum, and the Carthaginians at Gerunium. This was between forty and fifty miles north of Cannæ, at a spot where the Apennines are beginning to slope somewhat down towards the plains of Apulia. The Romans were acting on the defensive, knowing that time was in their favour, and Hannibal was aware that every day he put off bringing matters to a point was lessening his chances of success. The harvest drew to an end in Apulia. I find that it is over now in a great measure, and this is towards the second week of June. Hannibal broke up his camp at Gerunium, and knowing that the Romans had collected at Cannæ large stores from the district of Canusium, which was particularly friendly, he pounced suddenly upon Cannæ, and secured the citadel of Cannæ, which was an important point, as it commanded the plains of Apulia. The city, or rather village of Cannæ, had been, we are told by Polybius, destroyed some time before. The Romans lying at Larinum did not immediately follow, as the generals sent several despatches to Rome to state what happened, and requested to know whether they were to pursue Hannibal to what they knew was the comparatively level ground of Apulia, which enabled him to bring his cavalry into full play. The armies in the field were under the command of the consuls of the former year, Cn. Servilius and M. Regulus, while the Consuls Æmilius Paulus and Terentius Varro remained at Rome to deliberate on the measures to be pursued, and to raise new levies. Servilius continued to act cautiously, and there is no reason to suppose that the army descended into the plains till the arrival of the consuls. I follow the account given by Polybius, though Livy appears to state that the consuls followed Hannibal as soon as he started for Cannæ.

Though Lucera is not mentioned in immediate connexion with these events, except as firmly attached to Roman interests, I should expect that the Roman army leaving Larinum would be encamped on these heights, the last slopes of the Apennines, before descending into the treeless flat of the Tavoliere, which they had to cross in pursuit of Hannibal.

What period of time it required to communicate with Rome and receive an answer we cannot say; but pretty nearly six weeks seem to have elapsed before the Roman troops—eighty thousand infantry and six thousand cavalry—came up with the Carthaginians. From the time the Romans began their march under the command of the consuls, they took two full days before they reached the vicinity of Hannibal, at Cannæ, and this is about the time the army might take in marching across the Tavoliere—fifteen miles to the neighbourhood of where Foggia now stands, and about the same number of miles to the vicinity of the lower part of the river Aufidus, towards the spot where the bridge spans the river, which I left on my right as I approached Cannæ.

Another point to be considered is, whether Hannibal had his troops occupying the ground round the citadel of Cannæ, which he had taken in the beginning of June, or whether he was on the opposite side of the river. Livy says that some of the fugitive Romans took refuge in the ruined city of Cannæ, and were obliged to surrender. If Hannibal's troops were in occupation of the citadel, it seems strange that the fugitives should have thought of taking refuge in the village in its immediate vicinity. This slight fact shows, in my opinion, that the battle must have been fought lower down the river than Cannæ, else the fugitives could not have come in contact with Cannæ at all, as their natural place of refuge was Canusium, six miles up the river. In none of the accounts is there any allusion made to Canusium till after the battle, nor of the army crossing the Aufidus, which they must have done if they advanced from the side of Canusium.

Besides this, an army of ninety thousand men and upwards would be sadly cramped in the narrow ground between Canusium and Cannæ, and were cut off in a great measure from its natural granary, the fertile plains of Apulia, and the towns along the coast of the Adriatic, which were still friendly to the Roman cause.

The natural and direct course for the Romans advancing from Larinum, or the neighbourhood of Lucera, would be what is now the great post-road which leads from Foggia to the bridge over the Aufidus, where I left the post-road. In those days there would be nothing more than a mere tract, or mule-path, such as we still find in every part of this country. There are no roads such as we understand, but mere paths, along which a mule may jog, but no wheel-carriage can pass along with safety. The Romans approached with caution, taking care to reconnoitre as they came near to Hannibal. They did not require to cross the river, but kept on the northern or left side. The ground on both sides of the river for a couple of miles up is comparatively level, and would be no great obstacle to an army. As you approach to the spot opposite Cannæ the ground rises about fifty feet above the river, but in some places slopes gently down. From the level and soft nature of the ground the river has a meandering course, having many curves, and, in some places during the winter, evidently overflows the level land on its sides. None of the curves are large, and the ground therefore enclosed is small. The largest, called Pezzo del Sangue, opposite to Cannæ, does not appear to my inexperienced eye at all capable of containing upwards of a hundred thousand men in order of battle, and yet this is the spot fixed upon as the *site of the battle*. I inquired of my intelligent guide,

who had been a soldier in his younger days, whether he thought that a hundred thousand men could be deployed on the small plain before us, or whether sensible men would place an army in such a position; and he confessed that it was quite out of the question. I suppose the Roman army to advance from the north, and to encamp at first at some distance from Hannibal, fifty stadia, as Polybius says. The country is described by Polybius to be plain and open, very fit for cavalry; and this description I found to be such as exactly suits its present appearance. Hannibal is lying with his army at or near the citadel of Cannæ. The Roman consuls are Æmilius Paulus and Terentius Varro, who command the army alternately. Varro is rash and headstrong; Æmilius cautious and wary. Æmilius wishes to wait, and, by his flank position, will be able to keep Hannibal in check from getting provisions from the plains of Apulia. This is the true Fabian policy; whereas Varro is anxious for immediate action, and on his day of command advances nearer to the Carthaginians—so near, that Hannibal sends a body of cavalry to attack them. The Carthaginians are repulsed, but Æmilius, though still earnest in refusing battle, saw that it was now impossible to retreat with safety, and therefore encamped next day with two-thirds of all his forces along the Aufidus. This is the first time that the river is mentioned in connexion with these transactions; and if the Roman army had been advancing from the side of Canusium, we can scarcely imagine that the river would not have been alluded to. It must have been passed to reach Canusium, and they must have marched along its right bank to reach the neighbourhood of Cannæ. Where the Romans struck the Aufidus would be about two miles down the north side, where I found the ground to rise somewhat above the river. There I place the larger camp of the Romans. The other third he ordered to pass the river, and (observe what Polybius, iii. 110, says) to *advance up* the stream—*ἀπὸ διαθέσεως πρὸς ἀνωτὸν*—and then to entrench themselves about ten stadia, a little more than a mile, from his own camp, and about the same from Hannibal. If the Roman army had been advancing from Canusium, this body of men must have been going down the river, and not up the stream, as Polybius says.

Here, then, we have the position of the two armies lying in wait for each other, two-thirds of the Romans across the river on the north, and the main body of Hannibal at Cannæ. Hannibal harangues his troops, and says the gods had delivered the Romans into their hands by inducing them to fight on the level ground, where the Carthaginians had such an advantage. Hannibal then passes the Aufidus from Cannæ to the side where the larger camp of the Romans is placed, but it is not said how far he went down the river. The next day he allows for the refreshment of his army, and to prepare for the struggle. On the third day he offers battle, which Æmilius refuses to accept, and makes such dispositions as may secure his camp from insult. Hannibal then returns to his entrenchment, and sends a body of cavalry to fall upon the Romans of the lesser camp while fetching water from the Aufidus. Then comes the fatal 2nd of August, B.C. 216, as Gellius (v. 17, Macrob. Sat. i. 16) tells us, when the rash Varro had the command. He orders the soldiers of the larger camp to cross the river, and those of the lesser camp to join them. The ground is sufficiently level towards the great plains of Apulia to enable the largest of armies to deploy. No doubt the ground

is not an even plain, like the Pezzo del Sangue, but it slopes away so gently from the river that it may be considered a plain. Hannibal then crosses the river nearer to Cannæ, which he had probably left unoccupied that he might have the advantage of all his forces, and arranges his troops in order of battle. There are so many curves in the river, that it would not be difficult for the right wing of the Roman army to rest on the river, and still have their faces somewhat to the south. This was the cause of the ruin of the Romans, as the wind brought clouds of dust from the plains of Apulia, and blinded them. I inquired of my guide if he had ever seen this phenomenon, and he said that it is not uncommon in autumn, after the stubble has been burnt, and the land exposed to the air, for clouds of dust to be driven along the plain. The Romans were defeated; and then comes the account of those who escaped. Varro fled on horseback; and if he crossed to the north side, and made a slight *détour* to pass Hannibal's entrenched camp, he would have no difficulty in passing the river higher up, and pursuing the same course which I did to Venusia, but it was not necessary to cross the river in order to get away from Hannibal. Though the ground rises to the south of Cannæ, it is by no means so hilly that seventy men on horseback could not pass it, and they would then get into another road in the direction of the small village Minervino, which I visited, and thereby reach Venusia without difficulty. According to Polybius, the ten thousand men left in the larger camp were many of them killed after the battle, and the rest taken prisoners. According to Livy, a portion of those in the smaller camp burst forth, and, fighting their way, joined their comrades in the larger camp. Thus united, they made their way to Canusium during the night, which they could easily do by a slight *détour* to avoid the entrenched camp of Hannibal on the north side. I am aware that this is a view of the precise locality of the battle which is now for the first time suggested, as it is usual to regard the Romans marching down the south or right side of the Aufidus from Canusium, and the battle is fixed at the isthmus of the small curve Pezzo del Sangue, made by the river opposite to Cannæ. I do not believe that such large armies could have been placed on such a confined piece of ground, and if I am wrong in the idea I have formed, I do not think that we have yet got at the truth. I had no time to look for the site of the entrenched camps; I have no doubt they may still be visible, like the camp of Hannibal on the hill above Capua, which I have seen and traced distinctly. All the banks on both sides of the river for six or seven miles ought to be examined, and I trust that some future traveller will make a point to do so. We may then hope to arrive at something like the truth.

I am aware that it will be said that there is no appearance of a stream falling into the Aufidus in the direction where I have placed the battle, and that there are such streams towards Canusium. To this I answer, that in August or even July, in whichever month the battle was fought, it is very unlikely that a drop of water would be found in these small mountain torrents, for they are nothing else. When I passed on my way to Venusia next day all the beds of these streams were dry, and at this time of the year they must invariably be so. Neither Polybius nor Livy allude to any such stream, called Vergellus by Florus (ii. 6) and Valerius Maximus (ix. 2), on whose statements little dependence can be placed.

You may ask, why did not the Romans after their defeat, if the battle

was fought lower down the Aufidus than Cannæ, fly to some of the towns along the coast rather than to Canusium? These small towns had already shown signs of wavering, and, after such a serious defeat, there could be no doubt that they would adhere to the conqueror, as, in fact, they were found to do. The Roman troops, therefore, were aware that no safety was to be found there, and they wisely fled inland to Canusium and Venusia, in which direction they were resting on a wooded country, where the Carthaginians could less easily follow them. I lingered on the plains of Cannæ till the sun had disappeared, and, taking farewell of my intelligent guide, who was under surveillance of the police for his liberal sentiments, I hastened forward over a very uneven road to Canosa, which was still six miles distant. The road, in fact, became at last so bad, that, as we were unable from the darkness to pick our steps, I preferred walking to the risk of being upset. I reached Canosa two hours after sunset, and, with two nights in an open boat, I need not say how ready I was for some repose. Yet, notwithstanding my fatigue, I was obliged to go in search of the police magistrate, who was particularly civil, and seemed to have no suspicions that I was on a political mission.

XXVIII.

THE locanda was good at Canosa, and, after a sound night's rest, I was on foot by daybreak to examine the ruins of the ancient Canusium. It must have been of large size, as the ruins extend in the plain upwards of a mile in all directions from the modern town, and the ancient walls may be traced for several miles. The remains of the amphitheatre are still visible, and show it to have been larger than that of Pompeii. A triumphal arch of brickwork, supposed to have been erected in honour of Trajan, though it seems more like a gateway, is nearly entire, and everywhere you see masses of brick, the remains of Roman edifices. At Sta. Chiara the inhabitants fix the palace of the Lady Busa, mentioned by Livy (xxii. 52, 54; Val. Max. iv. 8) as receiving the fugitive Romans so kindly after the defeat at Cannæ. Numerous sepulchres are found cut in the soft rock; and towards the end of last century one was accidentally discovered full of beautiful vases, coins, and two brass lamps. There were, also, the skeletons of two figures clad in complete armour, which are still to be seen in the Royal Museum of Naples. I visited this tomb, which I found to be about twelve feet square, cut in the solid rock, with a bas-relief of a dog and boar on each side. It was discovered by the proprietor of the ground, while constructing wine vaults. The church of St. Sabinus, the patron saint of the city, contains six very fine pillars of verde-antique, and is supposed to have been erected on the site of the Temple of Jupiter. There is a curious old pulpit, and an episcopal chair sculptured in marble. In an adjoining court, under an octagonal cupola, is the tomb of Bohemond, son of Robert Guiscard, one of the firmest bulwarks of the Crusaders against the infidels. Tasso (Ger. Lib. iii. 63) thus speaks of him :

Ma 'l gran nemico mio tra queste squadre
Già riveder non posso; e pur vi guato:
P' dico Boemondo, il micidiale
Distruuggitor del sangue mio reale.

But my proud foe that quite hath ruinate
My high estate, and Antioch opprest,
I see not, Boemond, that to death did bring
My aged lord, my father, and my king.

It is of white marble, with bronze doors, covered with sculptures and inscriptions in Latin verse; and within is a marble sarcophagus, in which the body is deposited. Whether he died here or at sea, on his way home from the first crusade, is a question which is undecided; but that he was buried here the inscription on these doors clearly states:

Guiscardi coniux, Aberarda, hac conditur arcâ;
Si genitum quæris, hunc Canusium habet.

“Aberarda, wife of Guiscard, is contained in this chest; if you ask for her son, Canusium contains him.”

His death took place A.D. 1102.

Horace complains of the bread of Canusium being full of sand (Sat. i. v. 89):

Sed panis longe pulcherrimus, ultra
Callidus ut soleat humeris portare viator:
Nam Canusi lapidosus, aquæ non ditior urnâ:
Qui locus a forti Diomedæ est conditus olim.

Its bread most excellent;
Which wary travellers provide with care,
And on their shoulders to Canusium bear,
Whose bread is gritty, and its wealthiest stream
Poor as the town's of unpoetic name.

I find that the traveller has still the same complaint to make, owing to the soft nature of the rock from which their millstones are made. Their macaroni, my landlord told me, is sometimes so full of sandy particles that it can scarcely be eaten. It still makes good wine, if I may judge from what I tasted; as for its wool, from which a particular kind of cloth, prized for its durability, was formerly manufactured, they do not seem to pride themselves upon it. There are some remains of the aqueduct constructed by the munificence of Herodes Atticus to supply the city with water; it has long ceased to be of any use, and the inhabitants of Canosa again suffer from the same deficiency of water of which Horace complained. The modern city is built on the site of the ancient citadel, and contains upwards of five thousand inhabitants.

I had now seen all that was interesting in Canusium, and, ordering a mule, I started at once for Venusia, the birthplace of Horace, born B.C. 65, which I found to be about thirty miles distant in the interior. My road lay for several miles along the south bank of the Aufidus, which was at present confined within a narrow channel, though evidently wandering over a larger space of ground when swollen by the winter storms. Though comparatively small in the droughts of summer, it rises far in the Apennines, in the country of the ancient Hirpini, only twenty-five miles from Salerno, which was one of the first towns I mentioned to you on the bay, when I was crossing to Pæstum. The town Venusia, towards which I was wending, is about ten miles from the Aufidus, though Horace calls himself “longe sonantem natus ad Aufidum” (Carm. iv. 9, 2); and frequently alludes to the impetuous character of the stream.

I jogged on for twenty miles over a country chiefly pastoral, though I observed few cattle or sheep, and passed through not a single village. We left the Aufidus and crossed the channel of several mountain torrents, which it would have been difficult to ford in winter. At present not a particle of water was to be seen. I had been so many days without hearing of brigands, that I had forgotten their existence, and had hoped that they were confined to Calabria. In this, however, I was disappointed, as my muleteer announced to me, as we entered the thick wood of Montemilone, that it was frequented by these gentlemen, and had numerous stories to confirm this report. The appearance of the gloomy wood, consisting of old oaks and elms, might well induce me to believe that he was correct in his statement; but no mere report could now frighten me, and on I went, in defiance of all the stories that my guide poured into my ears. We passed through the wood in safety without meeting a single individual, and, indeed, during the whole journey of thirty miles I had only met two shepherds. At the distance of a few miles Venusia appeared before us. It is surrounded on all sides by hills, which rise to a considerable height, particularly to the south-west. To the north-west rises Mount Vultur, a conical mountain like Vesuvius, and resembling it much in its form and appearance.

Venusia fell into the hands of the Romans B.C. 262, when, we are told, it was a populous and important town. At this time a large portion of its inhabitants were put to the sword, and a Roman colony was established there by order of the senate. From this time it adhered firmly to the Roman interests, and, with various vicissitudes, continued a city of considerable note. It was on the Appian Way, and it is mentioned more than once by Cicero as a customary halting-place between Rome and Brundisium. It appears, indeed, that the celebrated orator had a villa here, as one of his letters is dated "De Venusino" (ad Fam. xiv. 20). Before I proceeded to examine the ruins of Venosa, I found it necessary to take some refreshment, and while I was at dinner my window looked out on the ruins of a Roman edifice of reticulated structure, and this I found to be what the inhabitants called the Casa d'Orazio, "the House of Horace." I fear that it had no right to any such name; but I did not examine minutely into the reasons of their belief, pleased with the idea that it was really the residence of Horace. The pigmy works of man might, indeed, pass away, but the grand features of nature still remain the same. There rose Mount Vultur as it was eighteen hundred years ago, and the country was still covered with the woods, the descendants of those trees which had shaded the poet. Observing two villages on the slopes of the hills to the west, I was told that they were called Acerenza and Forenza. The former is the *celsæ nidum Acheronticæ*, "the nest of the lofty Acerenza" (Carm. iii. 4, 14), and its position, as I looked upon it, justified the appellation of Horace. I was told that the approach to it was steep and difficult. The site of the present Forenza does not exactly suit the description given by Horace of Ferentum—*arvum pingue humilis Ferenti*—"the rich fields of the low-lying Ferentum"—as it is placed on a hill; but one of the intelligent inhabitants of Venosa assured me that the ruins of the old city are found down in the valley about seven miles from Venosa, two miles from Forenza. Venosa stands *on the ridge of a hill*; the ground falls to the south and west, and the

eye rests on a well-wooded country. The saltus Banțini of Horace are still there, and an old abbey, Santa Maria di Banzi, the position of which was pointed out towards the sources of the river Bradanus, which I had crossed at Metapontum, still fixes the exact site of these woods. Of antiquities, Venosa* possesses not much.

The church of La Trinità is adorned with some ancient pillars and sepulchral inscriptions. Its entrance is guarded by two stone lions; but the greatest curiosity it possesses is a single column, which, according to local superstition, has the power of binding those to lifelong friendship who walk hand in hand around it. The interior of the church is in sad neglect; it contains the tombs of Robert Guiscard and of his first wife, Alerarda, the mother of Bohemond. The former, a plain marble sarcophagus, contains the bones of Guiscard, and of his brothers William Bras-de-fer, Drogo, who was murdered there on the feast of St. Lawrence, in A.D. 1051, and Humphrey, who succeeded him.

Near this spot the Benedictines began in the thirteenth century a much larger church, which was never finished. The square stones of which it is built are said to have been taken from the ancient amphitheatre; but it is at present overgrown with vegetation.

At the entrance you observe the mounds of the ancient fortress, and on the opposite side the ruins of a strong castle of the middle ages, which was erected in the fifteenth century by Piero del Balzo, Prince of Altamura and Venosa. The walls of the dungeons under ground are still covered with inscriptions by prisoners who had been confined in them. Venosa has so often suffered in the wars with which Italy has been afflicted, that little now remains of Roman origin.

The road along which I am now passing reminds me of the brutal conduct of a young Roman nobleman, told in a speech of Caius Gracchus, quoted by Aulus Gellius (x. 3). It must have taken place about the year B.C. 130. He says: "A few years ago a young man was sent into Asia with the title of legatus. He was carried in a palanqueen. A herdsman of Venusia happened to meet it, and not knowing who was in it, jocularly inquired if they were carrying a corpse. On hearing this, the young man leaped out of the palanqueen, and with the straps which were used for fastening it he ordered the fellow to be beaten to death."

* Since I visited Venosa, the city has suffered severely from an earthquake in 1851, and in 1853 some ancient catacombs cut in the limestone rock, like the sepulchre I saw at Canosa, have been discovered. It has evidently been a Jewish necropolis, from the roughly painted or scratched inscriptions in Hebrew, Latin, or Greek. Twenty-four Hebrew inscriptions have been found, ornamented with the seven-branched candlestick and a pigeon with an olive-branch. The Latin and Greek inscriptions have been misspelt, but the Hebrew is much more correct. There are several corridors, the largest of which, in the centre, is about seven feet high and as many broad. There are cells of various sizes, ten on the right side and nine on the left, and, as far as it has been cleared, it is already nearly one hundred and forty yards long. The walls of these cells have numerous columbaria or niches of different sizes.

At what time the Jews occupied Venosa in such numbers is wholly unknown, but they were evidently in considerable force in Apulia and Calabria at a very early period. Some of the laws of the Emperor Honorius (A.D. 395-423) refer to them as being in this part of Italy. *Vacillare per Apuliam et Calabriam plurimos ordines civitatum comperimus, quia Judaicæ superstitionis sunt* (Cod. Theodos. xii. 1, 158)—"We find that several classes of people are wavering in their allegiance because they are of the Jewish superstition."

My muleteer met with an old friend here, and got at once into an animated conversation respecting some one, whom I could just discover that they united in ridiculing in no common way. The Italians of all classes make use of signs much more than words to express their feelings, and I could not help laughing at the way they showed their contempt for the person of whom they spoke. One of them moved his fingers up and down alongside of his temples, like the flapping of an ass's ears, while the other thrust out his tongue with a very expressive sound. You will recollect a passage in Persius (i. 58) where the same ideas appear. It is among the lower classes of a people that habits continue long after they have been discarded by the educated, and here we find these vulgar but expressive modes of showing contempt still in use among the southern Italians. The following is the passage in Persius to which I refer :

O Jane, a tergo quem nulla ciconia pinsit,
Nec manus auriculas imitata est mobilis altas,
Nec linguæ, quantum sitiât canis Appula, tantum !

O Janus, happiest of thy happy kind !—
No waggish stork can peck at thee behind ;
No tongue thrust forth, expose to passing jeers ;
No twinkling fingers, perked like ass's ears,
Point to the vulgar mirth.

So true is it that, after so many centuries and such numberless changes, this country exhibits among its inhabitants the same customs and habits of life, and, indeed, I may add, the same inclinations and tastes. There is, as in days of old, a marked language of gesticulation, with which they accompany the expression of their intentions, views, and feelings.

I met an intelligent inhabitant as I was strolling through Venusia, and had an interesting conversation with him on various points. Among other things, he inquired, laughing, if I had ever heard of the following mode of discovering whether a youth or maiden is still without knowledge of the other sex. He said that the custom was not unknown to southern Italy, and maintained that it was an excellent criterion. Measure the neck of a marriageable youth or maiden correctly with a ribbon ; then double the length, and, bringing the two ends together, place the middle of it between the teeth. If we find that it is sufficiently long to be carried from the mouth over the head without difficulty, it is a sign that the person is still a virgin, but if not, we are to infer the contrary. This custom must have been known to the Romans, as Catullus (*Nuptiæ Pelei et Thetidos*, l. 377) seems to refer to it :

Non illam nutrix orienti luce revisens,
Hesterno collum poterit circumdare filo.

“The nurse, when she sees Thetis on the day following her bridal night, will no longer be able to make the thread meet round her neck.”

As I had some portion of the day still at my command, I determined to proceed forward to Palazzo, six miles distant from Venosa, where the celebrated Fons Bandusia of Horace (*Car. iii. 13*) is supposed to have been. I reached the village one hour after sunset, and with some appearance at one time of spending the night in the open air ; but we luckily stumbled on the village, and I took up my residence at a house for muleteers. It consisted of one large apartment, in which men and beasts

slept amicably together. The people were particularly obliging, and when I asked if they could give me a room, they showed me a passage, which was one of the entrances to the stable, having an outer and inner door, and here they proposed to cage me. If I did not accept this, I must remain in the stable or go out of doors, as I could get nothing else. As it allowed me comparative quiet, I accepted their offer. They collected some cloths for covering mules, and, spreading them on the stone passage, behold my primitive bed. Nature was too much worn out to make me doubt that I would sleep, notwithstanding the hardness of my couch, and accordingly I dropped asleep without taking off my clothes, when I was awoke by a terrible uproar in the stable, and a loud bang at my door, as if some one had knocked up against it. There was no bolt on the inside, and I knew, therefore, that I was at the mercy of the people. I started up in considerable fright, and, seizing my umbrella, prepared to show fight so far as I was able. As soon as I was fairly awake, I perceived that I was in no way concerned in the matter, and I was somewhat curious to see what was going on. There was a woman's voice loud and furious, and there were violent oaths of men striking my ear. I was rather surprised to find, when I tried to open the door, that I was a prisoner, and I had great difficulty in procuring my release, as the noise was so loud that my voice could not be heard. When the door was opened, I issued forth in a scene truly ludicrous. The large chamber was lighted by a solitary lamp, which only served to make the darkness more visible. In the middle appeared as the most prominent figures the landlord, a muleteer, and the landlord's wife. The muleteer was belabouring the landlord for stealing the food of his mule, while the woman, a strong, masculine Amazon, the worthy representative of Meg Merrilies, was defending her husband, who was far inferior to her in strength and courage.

In the distance appeared the horses and mules, with several muleteers lying by their sides, who merely raised themselves on their elbows to look unconcernedly on the scene. The muleteer was at last satisfied, and the hubbub ceased. I threw myself again on my couch—if so it could be called—and was soon soundly asleep. I awoke thoroughly chilled, finding a strong current of cold air passing through my cage. This was too dangerous, and I determined to pass the remainder of the night in the stable, where I should at least be free from the draught. This turned to be truly out of the frying-pan into the fire, for I found the stable in a state of stifling heat, and this caused the swarms of insects to receive renewed vigour. There I sat on a low stool for a couple of hours, like "Patience on a monument," with all around me soundly asleep. I fear that I shall never be able to read with any degree of pleasure the beautiful ode to *Fons Bandusiae*, as it will always call up my disagreeable associations with Palazzo. The ode, with Francis's translation, I give you :

AD FONTEM BANDUSIAM.

O Fons Bandusiae, splendidior vitro,
Dulci digno mero, non sine floribus,
Cras donaberis hædo,
Cui frons turgida cornibus

P

Wanderings through Italy

Primis et Venerem et prælia destinat,
 Frustra : nam gelidos inficiet tibi
 Rubro sanguine rivos
 Lascivi soboles gregis.
 Te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculæ
 Nescit tangere : tu frigus amabile
 Fessis vomere tauris
 Præbes, et pecori vago.
 Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,
 Me dicente cavis impositam ilicem
 Saxis, unde loquaces
 Lymphæ desiliunt tuæ.

TO THE FOUNTAIN BANDUSIA.

Fountain, whose waters far surpass
 The shining face of polish'd glass,
 To thee, the goblet, crown'd with flowers,
 Grateful the rich libation pours ;
 A goat whose horns begin to spread,
 And bending arm his swelling head,
 Whose bosom glows with young desires,
 Which war or kindling love inspires,
 Now meditates his blow in vain,—
 His blood shall thy fair fountain stain.
 When the fierce dog-star's fervid ray
 Flames forth, and sets on fire the day,
 To vagrant flocks, that range the field,
 You a refreshing coolness yield ;
 Or to the labour-wearied team
 Pour forth the freshness of thy stream.
 Soon shalt thou flow a noble spring,
 While in immortal verse I sing
 The oak, that spreads thy rocks around,
 From whence thy babbling waters bound.

I requested my landlord, who was really a merry, good-natured fellow—though not over-honest, if the muleteer was to be believed—to conduct me to the chief man of his village, when he introduced me to an old man, to whom I told the cause of my visit. He expressed surprise at my pilgrimage for such a purpose, and said that there were two fountains which claimed to represent the Fons Bandusisæ. He took me to them : the one is called Fontana del Fico, the fountain of the fig-tree, and the other Fontana Grande, which was nearly dry, little deserving of its name, as it was of diminutive size. The former has been lately repaired, and its whitewashed, utilitarian appearance was a sad damper to all the poetical embellishments with which my fancy had invested it. Whatever trees had once surrounded it had disappeared ; and though it may be much more useful in its present state, it would have little to recommend it to the fancy of the poet. If it had been in this state in the time of Horace, the world would never have been delighted by his address to Bandusia.

There is a dispute whether this celebrated fountain is not near the poet's Sabine farm, a little way from Tivoli, which I shall afterwards describe to you, and where travellers are shown, in the valley of Licenza, a fountain called Fonte Bello, said to be the Fons Bandusisæ. The Abbé

opy, however, says that this fountain of Palazzo was known as late as the beginning of the twelfth century by the name of Fons Bandusinus, an ancient church is mentioned in ecclesiastical documents as "Eccle-

SS. M.M. Gervasi et Protasi, *in Bandusino Fonte apud Venusiam*." I found that Palazzo is known as Palazzo di Cervaso, which is evidently a corruption of Gervasus. I do not doubt, therefore, that we can conclude that the evidence is in favour of this spot being the site of the fountain, though it is six to seven miles from Venusia.

It was a beautiful morning, and the country through which I passed was thickly covered with wood, protecting me from the heat. The sweet voices of the birds sung joyfully in answer to each other amidst the leafy boughs; I cannot stroll through such a country as this without feeling that it is a privilege to develop a rich and animated conception of the life of nature. I must have witnessed many such mornings before he could depict so accurately a scene in the glowing terms that we find in his immortal work (*Fur. c. xxxiv. st. 50*):

Cantan fra i rami gli augelletti vaghi,
Azzuri, e bianchi, e verdi, e rossi, e gialli;
Mormoranti ruscelli, e cheti laghi
Di limpidezza vincono i cristalli,
Una dolce' aura, che ti par che vaghi
A un modo sempre, e dal suo stil non falli,
Facea sì l'aria tremolar d'intorno,
Che non potea nojar calor del giorno.

Warble the wanton birds in verdant brake,
Azure and red, and yellow, green, and white.
The quavering rivulet and quiet lake
In limpid hue surpass the crystal bright.
A breeze, which with one breath appears to shake—
Ay, without fill or fall, the foliage light,
To the quick air such lively motion lends,
That day's oppressive noon in nought offends.

and what can be more vivid than the description of Boccaccio (*Fiammetta*, lib. v.), when he says: "Hear the querulous birds, plaining with their plaintive songs, and the boughs trembling, and moved by a gentle wind, as if they were keeping tenour to their notes."

I had omitted to get my passport signed last night at Venosa by the authorities, really because I did not know where I was going, and I know now that I am now at the mercy of the police. This forces me back, in spite of myself, to Venosa, and yet I have resolved to proceed at all risks ten miles farther, to a spot, Minervino, the name of which had attracted my attention, and which I was told is the site of a temple of Minerva. I entered through a picturesque country, hill and dale alternating, but with the appearance of cultivation. The inhabitants are clustered together, in Calabria, in villages, and not scattered over the country as with us. When I reached the public square of Minervino, I addressed myself to the priest, who was seated at a door, and inquired respecting the antiquities of the place. He told me that the temple was now called the church of St. Michael, and that the saint had usurped the place of the goddess of Wisdom. On examination, I found that the grotto, which I had imagined a small chapel, was a natural cave of no great size, not equal

to the one which I had visited near Maratea, and that it contained nothing that had any appearance of antiquity except a sepulchral inscription, which was so defaced, that it was impossible to discover the name of the party to whose honour it was erected. The old beadle regarded St. Michael with superstitious veneration, and told me that his worship had been so much neglected by the people of the village, that they dared to work on the day of his festival. Last year, however, he took vengeance for this disrespect, by sending a severe hailstorm, which occasioned great mischief to the country, and in consequence of this the inhabitants are now more attentive to his honour.

This village is prettily situated on the slope of low hills, called *Murgie di Minervino*, and is surmounted by a picturesque old baronial castle. All this neighbourhood serves in the winter as grazing ground for the sheep that descend from the *Abruzzi*.

It was now necessary to return to *Venosa*, which I found it possible to do by some cross paths, which would shorten my journey by many miles; and though I must cross the same woods as yesterday, I shut my eyes to all dangers, and plunged into the unfrequented forest. I passed again through the thick wood of *Montemilone*, on the opposite side from that on which I had yesterday crossed it. The village stands on a hill rising in the midst of deep valleys, and looked a picturesque object in the distance. The whole of this country looks as if it had been subject to the convulsive throes of earthquakes; and this we know it must have been, as the volcanic mountain of *Vultur* is close by. With the exception of some wild goats, which started away as we approached, and flocks of wood-pigeons, I saw no living creature, and was glad when I again reached *Venosa*. I presented myself at once before the chief magistrate, to whom I stated my object in visiting *Palazzo* and *Minervino*, begging that he would overlook any irregularity in my proceedings. I found him ready to give me every assistance in his power, and that he had no suspicions of my having any political object. Being anxious to visit *Mons Vultur*, I inquired respecting the state of the country, for, to my great annoyance, I was told that I was again to be exposed to brigands; but he said that, while he should not like to be responsible for my safety, as even the peasants were not always to be trusted when they fell in with an unprotected stranger, he did not think there was any special danger. There had been a band of brigands on the slopes of *Vultur*, but he had information that they had been broken up, and probably it was safer now than it had been for some time. I told him, therefore, to insert *Melfi* as the place where I should pass the night, as this was the nearest point to the foot of the mountain. The magistrate got quite interested in my "virtù," as he called it, and pressed me to remain the remainder of the day; time, however, was too precious, and I started at once for *Melfi*, as I was told that I should find the road rough and hilly, and I did not care to be benighted as I had been last night. I was now, I knew, on the great *Appian Way* which led from *Venusia* to *Asculum Appulum*, whither I was bound. Here I saw none of the large stones which are to be found in other parts of the road, nor did I see any appearance of a road at all. It was a mere bridle path along which I was passing. I found the village *Barile* small and miserable. Entering into conversation with the inhabitants, who crowded round me as a strange phenomenon, since no Eng-

Fahman had been seen in this remote district in their memory, I found that Roman coins had been discovered in the neighbourhood, though there are no ancient remains in their village. It is an Albanian colony, and stands high, commanding an extensive view of Apulia, which I had just traversed, and even of the sea beyond, as far as Mons Garganus.

On a hill I saw the village Rapolla, supposed to be the ancient Strapellum; my road, however, did not lead through it. The volcanic character of the country through which I had been passing is strongly marked, and the city Melfi I found to be built on a hill of lava. Passing through many vineyards, which seemed to flourish in great luxuriance, I entered the city Melfi, containing about nine thousand inhabitants. Like most cities of Italy, its streets are narrow, to protect from the direct rays of the sun; it had at one time been defended by walls, but they are now in a dilapidated state. I was struck by the fine appearance of the cathedral and theatre, which had in early times been the hall, where the baronial councils of the Normans, who occupied this part of Italy, were held.

Whether it existed in Roman times is unknown; it became, however, the chief city of the Normans when they took possession of Apulia, and here they met, from time to time, to enact laws and transact public business. In 1059, Pope Nicholas II. invested here Robert Guiscard as Duke of Apulia and Calabria. In 1089, Pope Urban II. held here a general council of a hundred and thirteen bishops. The Popes Alexander II. and Pasqual II. also held councils in this city; while the Emperor Frederick II. assembled a diet, and wished to make it the capital of his dominions. You thus see that it was a city in those times of great importance; but all this has passed away. Its public hall has become a theatre, and a portion of the castle is the residence of Prince Doria Pamphili, who has large possessions in the surrounding country.

Its cathedral is a remarkable building, erected in 1155 by Roger Guiscard, King of Sicily, having a richly carved ceiling. The episcopal palace is also a striking object. All this country is subject to earthquakes; on the 8th of September, 1694, it sustained great damage, and scarcely a year passes without some slight shock.* The vineyards through which I had passed I found to be celebrated for their produce, and I confess that I enjoyed a draught of what they call "moscato" with great zest.

This evening, as I jogged along, my fatigue was solaced by the long-drawn notes sent forth so sweetly by the nightingales; to me there is a pleasing sadness in the music of this bird, which wraps the soul in Elysium. Others regard the melody as cheerful, but it possibly depends a good deal on the state of our feelings at the moment. Chiabrera (*Alcippo*, Act I. Sc. 1) speaks of the melody as both sad and jocund:

Non mai si stanca d'iterar le note,
O gioconde o dogliose,
Al sentir dilettose.

* On the 14th of August, 1851, this city suffered severely from an earthquake. The cathedral was nearly destroyed; several churches, the college, the military depôt, the bishop's palace, with a hundred and sixty-three houses, were levelled to the ground. More than a thousand persons lost their lives, though the vibration only lasted about sixty seconds.

"She never tires in reiterating her notes, jocund or sad, delightful to the ear."

It was now necessary to make inquiries respecting Vultur, which towered a few miles from Melfi to a height of upwards of four thousand feet. It had an imposing appearance, being of a conical shape, and rising in a great measure perpendicular from the plain, though I found that it could be ascended by a winding path.

Next morning I started at daybreak with a mule, muleteer, and guide, who was recommended by my landlord as acquainted with the mountain. The approach to the foot of the mountain is through vineyards, and as we mounted the slopes on the north side, we saw the river Aufidus winding very beautifully through deep glens finely wooded. The scenery reminded me of what I had seen on the loftier pinnacles of the Apennines, which I had crossed in Calabria. My guide pointed to several large caverns, which had often been the refuge of brigands. At present they had been dispersed. For several hours we passed through the thick forest of Monticchio, and ever and anon, as I was humming the words of Horace (Od. iii. 4, 9)—

Me fabulosæ Volture in Appulo,
Nutricis extra limen Apuliæ,
Ludo fatigatumque somno
Fronde novâ puerum palumbes
Texere; mirum quod foret omnibus,
Quicumque celsæ nidum Acherontiaë,
Saltusque Bantinos, et arvom
Pingue tenent humilis Ferenti,
Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
Dormirem et ursis; ut premerer sacrâ
Lauroque collatâque myrto,
Non sine dis animosus infans.

Fatigued with sleep, and youthful toil of play,
When on a mountain's brow reclin'd I lay
Near to my natal soil, around my head
The fabled woodland doves a verdant foliage spread;

Matter, be sure, of wonder most profound
To all the gazing habitants around,
Who dwell in Acherontia's airy glades,
Amid the Bantian woods, or low Ferentum's meads,

By snakes of poison black, and beasts of prey,
That thus, in dewy sleep, unharm'd I lay;
Laurels and myrtle were around me pil'd,
Not without guardian gods an animated child—

flocks of wood-pigeons were roused from the woods, and passed over my head. It was indeed such a day as Horace describes, and if time had permitted, I could have thrown myself down, and I doubt not that sleep would have visited me, though the Muses would have kept far from my prosaic brain. Oaks, elms, and chesnuts abounded in this part of the mountain, and even the wild vine was not wanting to beautify the scene.

At last I reached a very striking and wild part of the mountain—a crater of a much more perfect form than that of Vesuvius. Its sides rose

in nearly an unbroken line around, and were covered with old beeches and oaks. It had once been in active operation, but had ceased long before the most ancient historical records that we possess. There are several craters of different sizes, but this is by far the most perfect and striking to the eye. In the largest crater are two small lakes, from which at times issue sulphureous exhalations, like those which rise from Lacus Ampsanctus, which is at no great distance, and is no doubt connected with this ancient volcano.

I rested an hour at the monastery of S. Michele, and was kindly received by the Franciscans. My visit must have been quite an event in their monotonous existence. The Superior, who was full of intelligence, said that they felt they were resting on a volcano that might break out at any moment, as Vesuvius had done eighteen hundred years ago, but they put their trust in a higher Being, and felt secure. They had frequent admonitions by slight shocks; it was, however, many years since they had suffered severely. He maintained that the appearance of the lakes gave warning of what was likely to happen, as they became more turbulent, and threw out exhalations more largely, before a severe shock took place. He said that there were more than a dozen cones scattered over the surface; but what is very curious, no appearance of any extensive stream of lava. To my eye the lava had much more of a basaltic structure than what I had been accustomed to see round the base of Vesuvius. The earth has, indeed, strange humours; now here, now there, she puts forth her tremendous powers. Beneath the purest sky we find the most treacherous soil, and people talk here of earthquakes much as we do of wind and weather.

I had now to determine whether I should climb the highest peak, called "Il Pizzuto di Melfi." The view would have been magnificent from the pinnacle if the air had been clear, which I found at this season of the year was seldom the case, as the heat raised a haze, which prevents the eye from reaching the distant horizon. The mere boast of having put my foot on the highest point of Mons Vultur had no temptation for me. It rises to a height of four thousand three hundred and fifty-seven feet; but, gazing on its conical peak, I bade adieu to the monks, and descended again towards Melfi, very much in the same way I had mounted. There are said to be wild boars in these forests. I saw none of them.

I hurried on to Melfi, and, getting my passport in order, started for Ascoli, the ancient Asculum Appulum, about twelve miles distant. I passed the Ponte Sta. Venere, rather a curious saint, an old bridge, not in a good state of repair, spanning the river Aufidus, which runs below over a rocky bottom, and continues to be a mere mountain torrent. This is the Ad Pontem Aufidi of the Itinerary of Antoninus, eighteen miles from Venusia, on the Appian Way, which an inscription, found close by, shows to have been repaired by the Emperor Marcus Aurelius about A.D. 180. This country, however, is subject to severe shocks of earthquakes, and the ancient bridge of Aurelius must have long since disappeared. The country seems to be favourable to the vine, as all volcanic soils are, and I passed many vineyards. The wine is strong, and requires, it is said, to be watered to make it palatable. If they were accustomed to our port they would not think so. The Italians are a sober race. I cannot say that I have seen a drunken man, or even one much elated with wine, except the

coast-guard at Trebisacce, and I am ashamed to say that I caused my brother to sin by over-indulgence. I was not sorry when I reached Asculum, a little before sunset, and found it of respectable size, on a rising ground, where the Apennines are beginning to descend into the plains of Apulia. The locanda was passable; but after my night at Palazzo, you will believe that I am easily pleased. There are always plenty of churches, but no dissenting meeting-houses, as with us. I heard of Greeks at Melfi and Barile; they were now of the Romish Church, whatever they were originally, and I was amused to hear one of the priests say that some old bishop, whom he named, had gently brought them over. I should like to have heard of their conversion from themselves. It was here that the great battle between Pyrrhus and the Romans was fought B.C. 279 (Flor. i. 18; Plut. Pyrr. 21). They believe it to have been fought in the plain beneath, where swords and pieces of armour are said to have been found. The ancient city was not on the site of the modern Ascoli, but a little way below it, amidst vineyards, where I saw the foundations of ancient edifices, and here sepulchral inscriptions and fragments of columns have been discovered.

XXIX.

I WAS in no great hurry to start this morning, as I had a short journey before me to Foggia, the capital of the province, which I knew to be a modern town, and I therefore remained several hours at Ascoli, conversing with an intelligent man respecting the system of pasturage which prevails here. I am on the point of entering the Tavoliere of Apulia, a vast level plain belonging principally to the crown, of about eighty Italian square miles, nearly one hundred English, which has from the earliest ages been used only for pasturage. It is a treeless flat, as I found it, which is parched in summer, but during the winter the rains bring up luxuriant herbage. These northern plains of Apulia, called "Puglia piana," "level Apulia," differ from the southern, called "Puglia petrosa," "stony Apulia," from a broad chain of rocky hills, the character of which I saw at Minervino a few days ago. The northern part is described by Strabo (vi. p. 284) as of great fertility, and I found from my friend that it has not degenerated, furnishing abundant pasture for horses and sheep; respecting the wool of the latter, Pliny (viii. 73, 1) says that it exceeds all others in fineness. At the present moment not an animal is to be seen, as they have all been driven to the mountains of Samnium; for the winter they descend and pasture in this part of Apulia. This custom, which is, indeed, compulsory from the nature of the soil, must always have existed. Varro (R. R. ii. 1), who was born B.C. 116, alludes to it as the common practice in his time, and during the later ages of the Roman empire a tax was levied on all cattle and sheep thus migrating. The owners made a declaration (*professio*) of the number of head to the publicanus or farmer of the "*scriptura*," and on these the tax was paid. It was called *scriptura*, because each man must register the number of beasts that he sent upon the public pastures. This was one of the earliest of the revenues of the Roman state after it began to *make conquests*, and the custom still continues. This has always been

the grazing-ground of the Neapolitan dominions, and lest the capital should run short of butchers' meat, and the just proportion between cattle-breeding and tillage be destroyed, every species of tillage has been forbidden. The ground is let to graziers for six years for depasturing cattle, and for that purpose alone. The French in 1806 introduced extensive changes, declaring farms held under the crown to be freeholds of those who were in possession of them, and the occupants of lands assigned to them for grazing were declared owners of such lands on payment to the crown of a certain rent, which was fixed according to the number of their flocks, and was redeemable at will. I find, however, from this gentleman, who has been a sufferer, that the Bourbons on their return re-established the old system, by taking the land from those who had been in full possession of it for ten years, and by forbidding the ploughing up or planting any part of the land without the express permission of the crown. The collection of the taxes, bringing about sixty thousand pounds a year, is entrusted to a magistrate called *Direttore del Tavoliere*.

Leaving Ascoli, I began to descend into a level and uninteresting plain. The eye was seldom relieved by trees, and the sameness of the country became tiresome, more so as the sun shone upon me in unclouded splendour. There was not a breath of air, and yet the feet of my mule threw up clouds of dust. My umbrella, indeed, prevented the rays from striking directly upon me, but the fatigue of holding it was almost more than my strength was equal to. The scarcity of water, arising from the calcareous nature of the soil, was very striking, and I could not but recal to my recollection the "*Pauper aquæ Daunus*" of Horace (*Carm. iii. 30, 11*), and his "*Siticulosæ Apuliæ*," "*thirsty Apulia*" (*Epod. 3, 16*). I reached Foggia, where I found a tolerable inn, though I was unable to procure a private apartment for myself, even though I offered to pay for all the beds it might contain. I have a great horror at sleeping in the same apartment with strangers; here, however, I had no alternative, as my companions had arrived before me. As soon as I had refreshed myself, I went out to examine the town, which had every appearance of being in a flourishing condition. Most of the houses were small, but some were handsome, and had more air of comfort about them than I have generally met. The cathedral had a strange, patched appearance, which arose from its having been partly destroyed by an earthquake in 1731, and the upper part of it has been rebuilt in a different style. Foggia is the staple market for corn and wool, and the corn vaults—"fosse"—are extensive, extending under the streets and squares. It has a population of about twenty thousand. The inhabitants have lately erected a handsome theatre, which I visited in the evening, and saw it numerously attended. During the evening I took an opportunity of paying my respects to the governor of the province, *Cavaliere St. Angelo*, who is a cousin of the Prince of Satriano, whose letters of introduction have been so useful, and was received with much kindness. He regretted that his house was full at this moment, from the chief judge and his family having arrived from Naples, but he offered every assistance in his power. I told him how I had been treated by *Cito* in the neighbouring province, and how much annoyance my passport was giving me. Without the slightest solicitation on my part he

rectified it, so far as I saw it was possible, and assured me that he would have thrown no difficulties in my way which he could possibly avoid. I am afraid that I have acted in no Christian spirit, as I have been very loud in my condemnation of Cito's conduct. I told him that I wished to visit in his province Mons Garganus, known as the Spur of Italy, and he at once said that he would relieve me of all difficulties from the public authorities in his own province. I felt deeply grateful for his considerate attention, and gladly accepted his offer. In fact, he knew that I was an English traveller with no political objects, and was prepared to give me every assistance.

Before I started next morning on my visit to Garganus, I rode out five miles to a spot called Arpi, where some slight remains of the walls of the ancient Arpi are still found. Many sepulchres have been discovered, with vases, cameos, and terra-cotta figures. Virgil (*Æn.* xi. 243) speaks of it as founded by Diomedes :

Vidimus, o cives, Diomedem Argivaque castra ;
Atque iter emensi casus superavimus omnes ;
Contigimusque manum, quâ concidit Iliâ tellus.
Ille urbem Argypam, patriæ cognomine gentis,
Victor Gargani condebat Iapygis arvis.

We reach'd the place desired ; with wonder fill'd,
The Grecian tents and rising towers beheld.
Great Diomedes has compass'd round with walls
The city, which Argypa he calls,
From his own Argos named.

This is the direction that I imagine the Romans would naturally follow in proceeding against Hannibal, when he was lying at Cannæ. We know that it was the steadfast friend of the Romans, when Apulia was invaded by Hannibal, B.C. 217, and had its territory laid waste by the Carthaginians. After the battle of Cannæ, B.C. 216, like many other of the towns in this quarter, it opened its gates to the conqueror, who took up his quarters in its fertile plains for the ensuing winter. It came again, B.C. 213, into the hands of the Romans, and is only once afterwards mentioned in history, when Cæsar halted here for a night on his march to Brundisium. It seems, therefore, to me, that the Roman troops, when it was determined to face Hannibal, would naturally be led by this direct course rather than by the circuitous road of Canusium.

Hastening back to Foggia, I proceeded through the same uninteresting flat country for twenty miles to Manfredonia, a city with a population of about six thousand inhabitants, on the shore at the foot of Mons Garganus, which rises to a height of five thousand one hundred and twenty feet. This city was founded about A.D. 1266, by Manfred, one of the early kings of the country, and is defended by walls, which seemed to be in a better state than those which I had seen on other parts of this coast. It is not unlike the "lang toun of Kirkcaldy," the main thoroughfare being a long and wide street from one gate to the other. Its port is defended by a castle, and protected towards the north by a small breakwater, though there is depth of water only for light vessels. The inhabitants had a pale, unhealthy appearance, arising from the malaria of some marshes in its neighbourhood. The ancient city of *Sipontum* was situated a little more than a mile to the south of Man-

fredonia, to which I at once proceeded, and found an ancient church of no great size, called Sta. Maria di Siponto. It is situated close to a marsh formed by the overflowing of the river Candelaro, and the ancient town must at all times have been exposed to the unhealthy exhalations of the marsh called Pantano Salso. I examined the neighbourhood of the church in all directions for ancient remains; they had, however, all disappeared, nor is it surprising, as Sipontum was never a city of any importance. Having returned to Manfredonia, I resolved to hire a small boat to sail round the promontory, landing wherever I might feel inclined, though in this proceeding I expected to have difficulties started by the authorities.

Behold me again launched in a small sailing-boat on the waters of the Adriatic. The day was lovely; a gentle south-west wind wafted us forward, while above towered Monte St. Angelo, as the promontory is now called, far different in height from that of Capo di Leuca, on which I had stood a few days before. The promontory juts eastward from Manfredonia for five-and-twenty miles, to the point near a small village called Viesti. The hill is in some parts nearly perpendicular, though generally it slopes gently upwards, affording several small harbours, in which small vessels can find shelter from the north wind. I landed at the village Matinata, and I was, of course, an object of curiosity to the few inhabitants, who crowded round me to find out the object of my visit. A priest came forward, with whom I entered into conversation, inquiring for ancient remains. He had never heard of any, and did not believe his village could trace its origin to the time of his Roman ancestors. This, however, is no doubt the site of the "Matinum littus" of Horace (Carm. i. 28, 3), where the body of Archytas was thrown ashore, and the heights above rising in the distance are the *Matina cacumina* (Epod. 16, 28). I asked whether they had any bees in the neighbourhood, and there was a grand chorus, "Molti, molti"—"Many, many." They hive, as in other parts of Italy, in old trees, and when these trees are cut down immense quantities of honey are often found. The hills around I observed to be covered with flowers, and they said that the flavour of the honey is particularly odoriferous. Here, then, the expression "*Modo apis Matinæ*" (Hor. Carm. iv. 2, 27) is satisfactorily explained, and, indeed, it is seldom that the character of nature changes. The heat was excessive, and could not but be so, as it lies facing the south, and is altogether protected from the east and north. I looked up at the hills above for the "*calidi buxeta Matini*" of Lucan (ix. 185). The heat was certainly here; the box-groves I did not see. There has been a great demand for wood during the last fifty years from the denudation of the mountains in the interior of the kingdom, and I understand that this demand has led to the cutting down of the trees on this peninsular promontory. I could hear nothing of the "*querceta Gargani*," the oak-groves spoken of by Horace (Carm. ii. 9, 7), but I heard enough of St. Michael and his miracles at Monte St. Angelo, which is now the name by which this promontory is known. The church of the Archangel St. Michael claims to be of very ancient origin, going back to A.D. 492 for the period when the Archangel took up his residence on Garganus. It was sacked by the Saracens, A.D. 869, again restored in greater magnificence by the *gifts of the faithful*, and it continued to enjoy great fame

and riches, till it suffered, like many others, from the sacrilegious hands of the French. The priest, who seemed to be well acquainted with the legend of St. Michael, talked of a stream which, as usual, claimed to heal all kinds of diseases, and this, no doubt, as in many other parts of Italy, is a mere continuation of a pagan superstition, as Strabo (vi. 284) mentions a small stream issuing from a hill in this neighbourhood called Drium, which healed all kinds of diseases in cattle. St. Michael, however, has been kinder, as he has extended its healing powers to human beings.

I was, however, anxious to get on, as the wind was favourable, and I again embarked, being wafted gently forward by the south-west wind. We stretched out into the sea to catch the wind more fully, which would thereby convey us straight to Viesti, near the point. The hills seemed to be clothed with natural wood of no great age, and we passed a natural cove, which ran a good way into the mountain. This is called Porto Greco, and is supposed to be the Agasus Portus of Pliny. Viesti is a miserable village; it had once been in a more flourishing state, when it exported the wood cut on the declivities of the mountain, but this had long passed away, and it is now dying a lingering death. The land on which it stands is a kind of peninsula, and washed on three sides by the waters of the Adriatic. I heard of some ruins about six miles to the north, and was anxious to get on to them. These are the ruins, in all probability, of the small town Merinum, and there is a church still, called Santa Maria di Merino. Pliny speaks of the "Merinates ex Gargano" (iii. 16, 6). It was not fated, however, that I should do so, as a change of wind seemed preparing to set in off the point; and as my boatmen were not accustomed to brave the dangers of the sea, they decidedly refused to accede to my wishes of going farther north. Indeed, they struck work, and declared that they would proceed no farther. I did not much care to go on, as by getting back this evening to Manfredonia I should be able to make a long stretch to-morrow, and mount into the cooler regions of the Abruzzi. I agreed, therefore, to release them from their engagement to carry me round the point, on condition that they lost no time in conveying me back to Manfredonia, so as to allow a few hours of rest before I started to-morrow morning. The wind had luckily changed, and was as favourable for our return as it had been in the morning for reaching Viesti. We scudded quickly before the wind, but were a dozen miles from our destination when the sun went down. If we had not been returning to the point from which we had started we should not have dared to land till the morning, as we must have gone through the ceremony of *pratique*. This, however, was now avoided, and I reached Manfredonia about eleven o'clock, glad to take refuge in the locanda. Here I found my old muleteer hanging on, and I could not help thinking that I saw a smile of secret intelligence pass between him and the master of the boat when I made my appearance. It had been probably arranged that I should be brought back, that he might have another engagement. As it would not have been so unless it had chimed in with my plans, I was not in the least annoyed, expressing great delight that I could again secure his services to-morrow to go as far as Lucera, situated on the first slope of the Apennines, passing through the hot plains of the Tavoliere. It was arranged that we should start two hours before daybreak, that we *might get on to Foggia before the great heat set in.*

Having rested some three hours, I started, to the amazement of my muleteer, before the time I had fixed. He never supposed that I would keep to my arrangement. Off we went in the dark, threading our way with ease along a dusty road, which had been suffocating with heat two days before. We reached Foggia at an early hour, and, as I entered the inn yard, I found a public carriage ready to start, and, on inquiring, found that it was proceeding to Lucera, the very town I intended to visit. I paid off my muleteer, and, having prevailed on the driver to delay a few minutes, till I swallowed my breakfast, I started at once for Lucera, which is about ten miles from Foggia. We proceeded at a slow pace through the dusty roads of the Tavoliere, and, as we approached the city, we began to leave the plains of Apulia, and ascended the slopes of the Apennines. The mountains run in the form of a semicircle, stretching away to the south-east till they end in the promontory of Mons Garganus, which I had just left, while towards the south-west they proceed towards Mons Vultur, which continues to be a prominent object. The plains of Apulia lay like a map at my feet, and I could trace distinctly all my wanderings of the last ten days. On the horizon, towards the south, I could dimly trace the hills, which must be not far from Brundisium. I was on the site of the transactions which took place before Hannibal made a hurried march across the Tavoliere to seize Cannæ. He could no longer remain at Gerunium at this season of the year, situated on the river Fortore, whose course could be distinctly traced on the north towards the Adriatic, as the plain no longer supplied provisions. He was forced, therefore, to go south of the Aufidus, and he captured Cannæ, where the Romans had collected their stores. Lucera is a delightful position in summer, from having the advantage of every breeze from whatever direction it might blow. The Romans found it an important military position in the second Punic war, and it was repeatedly chosen as the place where their armies took up their winter quarters.

Signor Nocelli—to whom I had a letter from my friend Miss White—received me with great kindness, and drove me round the environs of the city. The castle must at one time have been very strong, and its ruins are still magnificent. The population is about twelve thousand, and the city has some good houses, though the streets are narrow and ill paved. The cathedral is a remarkably fine Gothic building, containing six large pillars of verde antique, supposed to have belonged to a temple of Apollo. The public buildings are extensive, and there is a museum of antiquities and coins, which have been collected in the neighbourhood. There are remains of the ancient amphitheatre, showing that it was of considerable size. The fineness of its wool is still remarkable, and continues to merit the praise given to it by Horace (*Carm.* iii. 15, 13).

Te lanæ prope nobilem
Tonsæ Luceriam, non citharæ decent.

My host was anxious that I should remain till the following day, and indeed the fatigues I had lately undergone tempted me much to take advantage of his kindness. Time, however, is precious at the present moment, and having seen everything at Lucera worthy of examination, I resolved to adopt the custom of the inhabitants in going to bed after dinner, and towards evening start on mule-back for Volturara, about

fifteen miles distant, of which I could hear no very distinct account. It is astonishing how little the inhabitants of Italy know of their nearest neighbours, arising, no doubt, from the difficulties thrown in their way by a suspicious government. My couch was most luxurious, and it was a great trial of my resolution to start for the miserable place Volturara must prove to be. Start, however, I did, though strongly pressed to remain. The heat of the day was now over, and the sun was far advanced towards the horizon as I began to ascend gradually the ridges of the Apennines. The scenery had now entirely changed; the hills rose to a considerable height on all sides, and were generally clothed with wood to the top. They seemed fit receptacles for brigands; but I heard no reports of their being in this vicinity. The evening soon closed in, and again I was threading my way by the light of the stars. It was nine o'clock before I reached Volturara, which I found to be merely a resting-place for mule-drivers. I was the only traveller, and was able to find an apartment for myself, where I could at least rest for a few hours. I told my muleteer that I should start one hour after midnight, evidently to his great annoyance, and I saw that, if he could prevent it, there was no chance of our doing so. I threw myself down without undressing, and was soon soundly asleep. My anxiety awoke me at the proper hour; and though it was quite dark, I contrived to scramble down a ladder into the stable, where I found my muleteer asleep alongside his animal. He grumbled sadly at such an unheard-of proceeding; but I was peremptory, and we were soon plodding onwards towards Campobasso, the capital of one of the Abruzzi. The night was dark, though there was light enough to show that we were ascending a ravine, clothed on both sides with wood. In the middle of the glen we met several men enveloped in the long black cloaks of the country, mounted on mules; we passed, however, without greeting, both of us, no doubt, wondering what the other could be doing at such an untimely hour. As the morning dawned, I found myself in a high mountainous district, where the vegetation was at least a month behind the plains which I had left yesterday. The few patches of grain, which were scattered here and there, were not yet ripe for the sickle. I passed several small streams, all tributaries of the Fortore, the ancient Trento containing little water, though I have no doubt full of trout. They were clear as crystal, and looked refreshing to the eyes after the dusty plains of the Tavoliere, to which I had been lately accustomed. On the declivities of the mountains I could perceive small villages, though our road did not pass through them, as we kept close on a mule-path at the bottom of the glens. The first party we met was primitive enough, not unlike in habits to our gipsy families. The father, mother, and children in panniers on donkeys, were proceeding to their labours in the fields, accompanied by their pig and goat. We bade each other God speed as we passed. Throughout my rambles I have always found the peasantry ready to salute with hearty good will, and prepared to enter into conversation without restraint. These people were from a neighbouring village—Gambatesa—to which they pointed on the hill, and thither they returned in the evening with their live stock. The sun rose gloriously from behind the mountains, and the freshness of the morning breeze, which I had almost forgotten, soon cleared away any feelings of languor which the fatigues of the night had induced. The country

through which I was passing reminded me of the south highlands of Scotland, being partly wooded and partly grassy slopes. I was now, in fact, approaching the grazing-grounds of Naples, to which the sheep and cattle were driven during the summer months. There were many picturesque views, which artists would have spent months in conveying to their canvas, and I could have willingly lingered days in sauntering through the glens. This time, however, I could not afford, and I hurried on to Campobasso, which I reached at an early hour. It is situated on the declivity of a hill, which slants off in the form of an amphitheatre. It is a modern town, having a population of about seven thousand, and possessing nothing to attract the attention of a stranger. The mountains are less elevated than in the other parts of the province, and have no conspicuous summits. There is, therefore, a good deal of cultivated land in its neighbourhood, and it is the centre of a trade in corn and cattle. Its cutlery was at one time particularly famous, and rivalled what England could produce; this, however, has long passed away, and English cutlery reigns pre-eminent. Samnium was at all times inhabited by a rude, wild people, and there are, therefore, few of the cities that ever possessed objects of interest to the traveller. It is the natural features of the country that strike the eye, and these can be enjoyed, with whatever rapidity you hurry on. I lost no time in applying to the police magistrate to allow me to proceed; and, as he threw no obstacle in my way, I started on a fresh mule on my way to *Æsernia*, through the ancient *Bovianum*, *Boiano*, the chief city of the Samnites. *Boiano* is about twelve miles from *Campobasso*, and is approached by a gradual descent through a well-cultivated country, till I reached the city, situated on a rocky hill, one of the lowest offshoots of the western part of the Apennines, known in this quarter as *Monte Matese*. It is placed very picturesquely, surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains; and I was much struck by a large stream gushing at once from the side of the hill with great violence. Its coldness was delightful, though prudence dictated a moderate draught.

I remained here for a couple of hours, and examined what was to be seen of ancient remains. They are found on the low ground near the banks of the river *Tifernus*, *Biferno*, the upper course of which is in this direction. It is curious that no specimen of Cyclopean architecture should be found in the southern parts of Italy which I have lately traversed. Is it because these cities of *Magna Græcia* were all of late foundation, and colonised at a comparatively modern period? The walls of *Bovianum* were the first of polygonal blocks of a massive style which I had yet met. There is not much of them remaining, yet they struck me very forcibly as the work of a race differing in civilisation and habits from the later Greeks. Some of the inhabitants told me that they only enjoy the rays of the sun for two months, as the high mountains around throw their shade over them; and I could easily believe that this must be the case when I looked up to the hills. Does this explain the "*Boviana lustra*" of *Silius Italicus*? I now proceeded on my way towards *Æsernia*, which I understood to be about twenty miles distant. The country continued to be hilly, and our progress was so slow, that on approaching the small village of *Cantalupo* I saw the sun fast approaching the horizon. This village lies at the foot of *Monte Mileto*, which is six thousand seven hundred and forty-four feet above the level of the sea, and was a very

striking object above us. Here I was pulled up, as my muleteer maintained that our road lay through a difficult pass, and that he did not know the ground sufficiently to venture forward after sunset. I found it necessary, therefore, to stop, though it was with a grudge, as on examining the premises I saw that my coach must be in the stable with my mule. While I was seated before the door at my supper of dried sausage (how I abominate the idea!), several respectable inhabitants of the neighbourhood joined me. They could not be brought to believe that I was a simple traveller, traversing their country for my amusement and to see the ancient remains of their cities, but pestered me on Neapolitan politics, of which I am heartily sick.

XXX.

I HAD been so thoroughly worn out by the fatigues of the last few days, that, though lying in the stable with the mules, I had slept so soundly that I heard nothing of what had gone on during the night. Imagine my great disgust on awaking to find that my muleteer had disappeared with his mule about midnight, leaving me to make my way as best I could to Æsernia, about ten miles distant. I had paid his hire last night on a representation that he had no money, and required it to pay his night's lodgings. It was a silly act on my part; but the muleteers had, during my long journey, invariably behaved so honourably and faithfully, that it did not occur to me that I could be cheated by any of them. My rule has been to hire them by the day at a fixed sum, which should include all expenses for food to themselves and mule, with a promise of a *buona mano* if they gave satisfaction. If I were living at an *albergo*, I always ordered a meal for two, so that, in fact, I gave him his food in addition; but the expense was so trifling that I did not think it worth consideration.

I found it impossible to get a mule at this miserable place, and, hoisting my knapsack, sauntered on alone towards Æsernia. The morning was delightful—very different from the heat I had been enduring for the last few weeks—and I moved forward with a feeling of independence of all mules and their masters. The road was bad, but this was of little consequence to a foot passenger. I was ascending a wild pass, through which a small stream was flowing eastward to join the river Tiferus, which falls into the Adriatic about twenty miles north of Garganus. To my right rose the lofty Mileto, where my friends last night assured me that snow was always found, and on the table-land a large lake, several miles in extent. I came to a point where the waters seemed to have changed their direction, and were flowing northwards, which proved that I had passed the water-shed, and must be now descending on the western side of Mount Matese. The streams were, in fact, the feeders of the Volturno, on which Capua stands.

I reached Æsernia at eight o'clock, and was once more threatened by the police authorities with arrest because my passport did not bear the signature of the magistrate where I had slept last night. Only imagine this horrid annoyance; and yet this is the law of the land. It was in *reality* of no great consequence, as they must send me forward to Naples

under an escort, and it would only cause me to miss one or two places which I wished to visit. I saw that I was in their hands, and therefore determined to try what a soft answer would do. I pointed out to the magistrate how impossible it was for a stranger to adhere at all times strictly to their laws on such points, and that an English traveller, as I was, must trust to the kindness of the authorities in overlooking any slight deviation from the strict letter of the law. I had, luckily, a letter from Prince Satriano to a gentleman of Æsernia, which I showed to him, and, as he turned out to be a personal friend, he at once signed my passport, and allowed me to proceed to the Albergo.

I was anxious to lose no time here, and after breakfast called on the gentleman for whom I had a letter, who received me with great kindness, and was anxious that I should spend the day with him. To this, however, I could not agree, and merely requested that he would show me any ancient remains that might be found in Æsernia or its neighbourhood. The city is prettily situated amidst the hills at the head of the valley leading down to Venafrum, and has a population of about eight thousand. It is on the site of the old Samnite town, as the modern walls are built on the ancient foundations, constructed of huge polygonal masses of stones, like those which I saw yesterday at Boiano. I have no doubt that this lower part of the wall is of Samnite construction. There is an ancient aqueduct, tunnelled in many places through the rock, and my friend said that it could be traced for upwards of a mile. Where I saw it, it was four palms broad and eight in height, but it is now in ruins. Like other parts of this country, Æsernia has suffered severely from frequent shocks of earthquakes, and it is, therefore, surprising that there should be any such remains. The Roman bridge over the Volturno has survived all these shocks, and is a fine specimen of the massive works of the ancient Romans. Many inscriptions are scattered over the city, but the following is probably the most interesting :

GENI DEIVI IVLI
PARENTIS PATRIÆ
QVEM SENATVS
POPVLVSQVE
ROMANVS IN
DEORVM NVM.
RETTVLIT.

This refers to a fact mentioned by Frontinus, that Julius Cæsar placed a Roman colony here, and in gratitude the inhabitants had erected this inscription, which has survived all the calamities of nineteen hundred years.

My friend wished me to accompany him to a property he has about two miles distant, where some sulphureous springs are found, made use of by the inhabitants for various diseases; but it would have been too great a sacrifice of time for a very insufficient object. I walked out, however, about half a mile to a hill, on which stood an old church dedicated to S. Cosmas and Damianus, said to have been physicians to the Emperors Diocletian and Maximianus (A.D. 284—310), and who suffered martyrdom during the persecutions of those days. There is a festival to their honour towards the end of September, which brings great numbers

of people from all parts of the country, and a fair, like that held at the tomb of Palinurus, where merchants congregate for the sale of their goods, cattle, corn, cloths of all kinds, and jewellery, for the mountain lassies. These saints, probably from their original profession, are considered by the superstitious people to have the power of healing all kinds of diseases, and those afflicted by the various ills to which "flesh is heir to" offer vows, and when they become "compos voti," as the Romans called it, that is, have got their prayers granted, offer up a representation in wax of the form of the disease from which they have recovered. The walls of the church, like many others in Italy, have a variety of such votive offerings, and among others, in former times, though they are now discontinued, were representations of "membra genitalia" in red wax, reminding the classical scholar of Priapus, the god of fertility. The hermæ of Priapus in Italy, like those of other rustic divinities, were usually painted red, whence the god was called *ruber* or *rubicundus* (Ovid. *Fast.* i. 415; v. 319, 333). The making of these waxen figures has always been a considerable manufacture in Æsernia, and the country people crowd in to possess themselves of legs, arms, &c., according to the disease with which they have been afflicted. This custom has been handed down from their pagan ancestors, as you may recollect the allusion to it in that beautiful little ode of Horace (*Carm.* i. 5) to *Pyrrha*:

Me tabulâ sacer
Votivâ paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris deo.

While I, now safe on shore,
Will consecrate the pictur'd storm,
And all my grateful vows perform
To Neptune's saving power.

This is the very custom which is still practised at Æsernia, nor do I think it worthy of being altogether condemned and ridiculed. The feeling is the same that induces us, on recovery from severe illness, to give thanks to Almighty God, either publicly in the church or privately in our closets. It is the superstitious notion involved in giving to the Madonna, or some saint, that alone incurs our ridicule.

There are some curious and strange scenes at these sacred festivals—festas, as the Italians call them—but it is seldom that the traveller is aware of the precise day on which they are enacted. A few days before I left Naples for my southern tour, on the 18th of last April, I was witness to an amusing scene at the Festa di Vomero, which took place on the ridge of the hill above Naples. In the middle ages, you are aware that sacred plays were common in England and every Catholic country, and possibly it was thought the best way of giving the common people some knowledge of sacred history. What I saw at the festa was a continuation of that ancient custom; it was a little drama acted by the Madonna, our Saviour, St. John, and Mary Magdalene. The stage was the public square, and the audience consisted principally of country people, who were deeply interested in the development of the plot. It was Sunday, and they were all in their gala dress. Gold lace, earrings of great value, red-coloured cloaks, added to the liveliness of the scene. The statues

that were to perform in the play were kept in a church at some distance from the place, where the drama was acted. They started at the same moment, separating at a certain point, and arriving by different routes at the square. The Madonna, Mary Magdalene, and St. John went by one street, and Our Saviour by another. First came a procession of the *Congregazioni di Santa Maria Rosario*, at whose expense the whole was got up, being, apparently, country people in good circumstances. They carried lighted torches, and were accompanied by a magnificent flag, on which the Virgin Mary was embroidered. Then came the statue of Mary Magdalene, which had been newly painted for the occasion, followed closely by St. John. These stopped in the square till the Madonna arrived, accompanied by a number of people in white masks, and a band playing a death march. She was completely enveloped in a black mantle, and was supposed to be mourning the loss of her son. In a short time Mary Magdalene passed before us, and soon returned to announce to St. John that she had seen Our Saviour. St. John seemed to be incredulous, and went with her to convince himself of the truth. They both returned to the Madonna, and brought Our Saviour with them. She was so overjoyed that she threw off her mantle, and, to our surprise, about twenty canary-birds flew from beneath her petticoats, and escaped amidst the huzzas of the people. It was rather an odd place to stow them, but their escape gave great amusement. After this they proceeded to a church, where a sermon was preached on the virtues of the Madonna, and concluding with a begging petition.

On leaving the *Albergo*, I had given directions to have a curricke ready to start the moment I had finished the examination of the antiquities of *Æsernia*, as I found that I had reached an excellent road leading to Naples past *Venafrum*. Thanking my kind cicerone for his invaluable assistance, I started. The road was dusty, the heat excessive ; yet it was nothing in a carriage rolling along with a beautiful country on both sides, more particularly after the fatigues on mule-back, or even on foot. I was now passing down the valley of the *Volturno*, along the western side of *Monte Matese*, in general well wooded, with villages perched on the heights. After a drive of a couple of hours, olive-trees began to abound, and I knew that we were approaching *Venafrum*, the ancient *Venafrum*, so celebrated for its olive oil. It is situated at the foot of a lofty mountain, on the banks of the river *Volturno*, and has a considerable plain stretching beneath it, covered with olive-trees and vines. Horace praises its olive-berries :

Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
 Angulus ridet, ubi non Hymetto
 Mella decedunt, viridique certat
 Bacca Venafræ.

No spot so joyous smiles to me
 Of this wide globe's extended shores ;
 Where nor the labours of the bee
 Yield to Hymettus golden stores,
 Nor the green berry of Venefran soil
 Swells with the riper flood of fragrant oil.

I ordered a salad for dinner, that I might judge for myself of this famed oil. I know not whether my taste was corrupt, or my landlord

had presented me with an inferior specimen, but I did not relish the salad. I found that there were two different kinds of oil produced, and probably I had tasted the inferior kind, as I pronounced it to be bad. While dinner was preparing I walked over the town, containing about three thousand inhabitants; it is situated on the declivity of the hill, and I found no ancient remains of any importance—nothing, indeed, except an edifice, which was probably the ancient amphitheatre. Many inscriptions have been found, showing that it was at one time a flourishing Roman colony.

Having rested a few hours I continued my journey. The road was excellent for several miles, till I turned to the left, and, crossing the Volturno at Baja, where there are considerable remains of a Roman bridge, proceeded along the course of the old Via Latina. The country round Alife was beautiful, with the lofty Motesse rising to the north and east, protecting it from the withering blasts of the Tramontana—north wind and scirocco. I found that the inhabitants regarded their miserable village as a very paradise on earth; and, so far as nature was concerned, they were not mistaken, but man had left her to do everything. I should have preferred to-night for the beauties of the country a comfortable inn where I could have rested in peace. The locanda was filthy, as these places usually are, and I cannot say that I rose from my uneasy couch with a feeling that I had been in paradise. I made inquiry of the landlord whether he knew any one in the village acquainted with the antiquities of Alife, which I was aware were rather more numerous than are usually found in such places, and he directed me to a padre of the church, who took an interest in such matters. I introduced myself as an Englishman, who had heard that Alife was a famed town in ancient times, and who had come to examine the remains of its buildings. I found him intelligent, and he expressed himself delighted to act as my cicerone. We soon got very intimate, being kindred spirits in old-world matters, and he pressed me much to spend the day with him. My time, however, is too precious, and I hurried him off to make the best use of the little time I could bestow on the ruins of Alife.

As we walked along, I remarked that I had crossed the river Volturno in two places yesterday, and it did not present to my eyes the rapidity which I had been led to expect from the description of the Latin poets, of which Silius Italicus (viii. 530) calls it "fluctuque sonorus," "with resounding waters," and Statius (Sylv. iv. 3, 67) speaks of it as "vallibus aviis refusum," "running amidst glens," when he told me he had been at its source, near a place he called Rochetta and Castellone di S. Vincenzo, where it issues from the side of a hill in a copious stream, like, in fact, what I had seen at Boiano a couple of days ago. In its upper course it is rapid, and the sound of its waterfalls are heard in these lonely glens at a great distance. He was a lover of the gentle art, and had spent several days on his way down fishing, and tracing the remains of the ancient bridges, which had once spanned the river much more numerous than they do now. Being a clergyman, he was received kindly in the villages that are perched along its banks. He had traced the ruins of an old abbey, St. Vincenzo in Volturno, which must have been magnificent, from the remains scattered over the hill. About five miles from *its source* are the remains of the Ponte deli Colli, of which one arch

remains on the western bank of the river, about a mile above the modern bridge, which leads to the Abruzzi. About ten miles below is the old Roman bridge, now called by the peasantry Ponte Ladrone, which is nearly entire, but which a change in the channel of the river has left high and dry. This I understood to be opposite to an old ruined castle, Tuliverno, which I observed picturesquely situated on the hills to the right, as I was driving yesterday from Æsernia. Six miles farther down is the modern Ponte Borbone, conducting to a hunting park belonging to the King of Naples—the Caccia di Torcino, as he called it. Then comes the bridge, of which I had observed the remains yesterday, called Ponte dell' Inferno, about four miles from Alife. About ten miles farther are the remains of another bridge, called Ponte Anicio, several of the pillars of which still exist. Then comes the bridge of old Capua, in ruins; and next the modern bridge on the road leading to Rome. Lastly is the bridge of Domitian, near the mouth of the river, over which ran the road connecting Sinuessa and Cumæ. It is of this bridge that Statius (Sylv. iv. 3) speaks in such enthusiastic terms. What labour and expense had been bestowed on this single river to enable the inhabitants to have easy access to their property, and what a difference in the present age, when three bridges are found more than sufficient to accomplish all that is required!

The walls of Alife form a rectangular parallelogram, with gates in the centre of each side protected by bastions. The lower foundations of the walls seem to be of old structure, while the upper part is of a much later date. The numerous inscriptions that have been found show that it was a favourite residence of the Romans, and in the neighbourhood the foundations of many villas are scattered in all directions. It would be wrong to say that anything more than the foundations of buildings are to be seen, and even the baths of Hercules at Potito, near Pindemonte, disappointed me. The remains are considerable, but they are only ruins. The city had been well provided with water, as five or six aqueducts are to be traced, and many lead pipes have been dug up. The finest remains of a villa are to be found at Le Grotte, close to St. Angelo Raviscanna, where the vaults are seen, and where rings, cameos, and other curiosities have been dug up. Close to a church, Sta. Maria del Campo, are found other similar grottos, and from an inscription we may infer that the villa belonged to Terentius Celer. It requires a strong mania for antiquities to persevere examining such remains as Alife furnishes, and I was soon satisfied with what I had seen. Thanking my obliging cicerone for the trouble he had taken, and expressing myself highly delighted with the beauties of the natural scenery, I started on my bob-tailed mule towards Cajazzo, the site of the ancient Calatia.

I returned to the north side of the Volturno, and proceeded through a hilly country covered with vines and olive-trees, for a couple of hours, till I came to the small village of Cajazzo, still the same as it was described by Silius Italicus (viii. 210):

Nec parvis aberat Calatia muris.

“Nor was Calatia with its small walls far distant.” It is situated on the declivity of a hill, and the ruins are found extending a considerable distance from the present village. In the plains close to the road the

remains of a tomb are seen, which the inhabitants maintain to be that of A. Atilius Calatinus, whom they claim to be a native of their city, and who was a distinguished Roman general in the first Punic war, twice consul, and once dictator. He was highly esteemed both by his contemporaries and by posterity, and his tomb was adorned, as we are told by Cicero (*De Senect.* 17; *De Fin.* 11, 35; *Pro Planc.* 25), with the inscription, "Unum hunc plurimæ consentiunt gentes populi primarium fuisse."—"Many nations agree that he alone was the noblest of the people." No such inscription was ever found, and we may therefore be allowed to doubt that he was buried here. Some remains of the ancient road leading from Calatia to Capua are still to be seen as you pass along.

I proceeded forward as fast as the heat of the day would permit, being anxious to see one or two places before I reached Naples this evening. I forded the Volturno once more, and, travelling along the south bank, reached the old church, *Sto. Angelo in Formis*, which is on the site of an ancient Temple of Diana, called *Tifatina*, from being situated on the north-western slope of *Mons Tifata*. The pulpit is supported by four columns of white marble, and the font is constructed out of an ancient pillar. At the entrance there are four large columns of the Corinthian order, two of Oriental granite, and two of cipollino; and in the interior of the church other twelve columns, of a small size. The pavement is of mosaic, formed of beautiful coloured marbles, all, no doubt, taken from the ruins of the ancient temple. There are two walls, partly brick and partly reticulated, which are evidently remains of the temple. It was in the plain below that Sulla defeated the Marian general *Norbanus*, B.C. 83, and, in gratitude for this victory, he consecrated a considerable tract of land to Diana, the goddess who was worshipped close to the spot where the victory had been won (*Vell. Pat.* ii. 25). An inscription was found three hundred yards from the church, which states that the Emperor *Vespasian* restored the territory formerly dedicated by Sulla to the goddess. The church is called by the peasantry *St. Angelo a Pisciarello*; and, in the middle of the tenth century, an abbey of Benedictine monks was erected close to the church, but it has long been in ruins.

I was now close to the ruins of ancient Capua, which travellers seldom fail to visit when they are in the south of Italy. The amphitheatre rivals the Colosseum of Rome, and there are many other ruins worthy of a visit. I promised, however, to say nothing on any such trite subjects. Alighting at the locanda of *Sta. Maria*, I requested them to find me a guide to the camp of Hannibal, on *Mons Tifata*, and, meanwhile, to send to modern Capua for a curriole to be ready to proceed on to Naples when I should return.

I climbed the slopes of the hill rather stiffly, as you may suppose, but at last got to the top, immediately above the site of ancient Capua. It was here that Hannibal had placed an entrenched camp when he was besieging the town. It must have been a delightful spot, as the eye stretches over the fertile plains of Campania, with the sea in the distance, and to the left *Vesuvius*, which in those days must have been without smoke, though it was "reeking now like a lum on fire." I dare say that this expression is as unintelligible to you as Hebrew, and yet it is

only Scotch. The camp is about a mile distant from Sommacco, on a hill called Montagnino, at a spot having the name of Santa Croce. It was placed on the brow of the hill, which is perpendicular, and forms a semicircle. At the highest point, facing the south, there is a small level space in the form of a circle, called by the peasants Padiglione d'Annibale—"the pavilion of Hannibal." The encampment must have been completely isolated, and could only be approached on one side. The padiglione is formed of loose stones; which must have been brought from some distance; and along the north you observe the foundations of what may have been towers.

I had just finished my examination of the entrenchment, and was thinking of departing, as the sun was touching the horizon, when I dropped once more into the hands of the police. Oh, the misery of this country! How police-ridden it is! You have no idea of the annoyance to which you may be at any moment subjected. It seems that I was on a royal preserve—caccia they call it—and one of the keepers came up to inquire how I dared to intrude on such sacred ground without a permit from the head keeper, or some such person, at Naples. I could only say that I was quite in ignorance that I was on such ground, and I trusted that he would overlook an unintentional transgression, though, I confess, that I would have run the risk even if I had known. I offered him a ducat to drink to the health of his majesty, and assured him that I would have joined him in such a loyal toast if I were not anxious to reach Naples to-night. I inquired if the mountain was, in any part of it, covered with holm-oaks, as Festus tells us that Tifatæ means in the Oscan language "ileceta;" but he said, that though a few might be found scattered here and there, they were not numerous. We parted good friends, and I hastened on to Naples, where, I need not tell you, I was glad to rest from my labours, having successfully carried out my original intentions.

I have still much to see in this part of the country before I bid an eternal farewell to the kingdom of Naples. You have heard of the Caudine Forks, the Islands of the Sirens, and the Lacus Ampsanctus; without a visit to these interesting spots, I should feel that I had only half accomplished my intentions.

XXXI.

FINDING my friend, Dr. Henderson, the author of the "History of Ancient Wines," prepared to make an expedition round the foot of Mount Vesuvius, that he might see the strange effects produced by the various eruptions that had taken place during the last eighteen hundred years, I agreed to join him, as it is part of a country which is seldom examined by travellers. We started at an early hour, and on our way passed the Fontana del Porto, respecting which there is a curious tradition, carrying us back to the Greek origin of the people. On it there was once the carved figure of an owl, which was called the Cucovajo del Porto—the "Owl of the Port;" and though it has disappeared, they still use the expression in this quarter. It has, indeed, changed its meaning, and now signifies an old woman of an hypocritical character.

There is an amusing comedy in the Neapolitan language with this title, written by Cumarano, and which calls forth great applause from the lower class of people. The sailors are said, in ancient times, to have performed some religious rite to the owl before starting on an expedition, and it is by no means unlikely that this was a remnant of an Attic superstition, which had been handed down from the time when they worshipped the owl sacred to Minerva. The sea has evidently receded, as the fountain is at some distance from the beach, and now neglected by the sailors, though the expression still hangs about the spot.

While we were examining it, an uproar got up between two women, who overwhelmed each other with all the Billingsgate expressions they could collect; and, among others, "Malora di Chiaja" seemed to be a great favourite. This means an abandoned woman, and has a curious explanation, reminding me of the old cry of Edinburgh, "Gardez l'eau," when the wives were emptying their dishes from their windows. The street of the Chiaja lies so low and near to the sea, that there is not declivity enough to permit of sewers to carry off the filth from their houses. This compels them to carry it across the street, and throw it into the sea, which is generally done immediately after sunset, when passengers find it indeed to be a "mal'ora"—"an evil hour"—from the abominable smells that meet them at every corner. This part of the town is inhabited by the lower class of people, and hence arose the expression "Malora di Chiaja," for a woman of abandoned character.

We hired a boat to carry us to Portici, where the King of Naples has an immense palace, through which the public road passes, setting at defiance all our ideas of royal privacy, though it is a strong characteristic of the whole nation. They love noise, tumult, and parade, from his majesty down to the poorest lazzarone. This is the place where the aristocracy pass their "villeggiatura"—"country life"—in October, and you would expect that their houses would be at some distance from the dusty road, that they might enjoy the quiet pleasures of a country life. Such pleasures do not enter into their thoughts, and those who have read Goldoni's plays will understand from his clever satire the state of things here.

Cælum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.

"Those who cross the sea change the climate, not their passions," was said by Horace of old, and is still an adage as true as it was in his time. Their country life consists merely in breathing a different air, though in nothing else does it differ from the life they lead in town. If possible, their parties are more numerous, their entertainments more magnificent, their diversions more expensive—in everything the reverse of what a country life ought to be. During the month of their villeggiatura the corso, or public drive, takes place under their windows instead of being on the Strada Nuova, at the other end of Naples. They drive up and down this dusty road, and imagine that they are enjoying the delights of a country residence. To the weary traveller returning from a visit to Pæstum, this corso is sometimes a great annoyance, if he happen to fall in with it, as once occurred to myself. He must keep in the line of carriages, however anxious he may be to get to his destination, and he may meet four or five royal carriages, when the whole line must stop and pay obeisance to the royal personages.

Passing Portici, we soon reached Resina, a name handed down from the ancient Retina, the harbour of Herculaneum, and as we had repeatedly visited the new and old excavations of that ancient town, we did not think it necessary to stop. Prince Leopold, the king's brother, has a palace here, called *La Favorita*, and in the month of October, when the Neapolitans are supposed to be enjoying country life, the gardens are thrown open to the public on Sunday, and various kinds of amusements are furnished at his expense. The scene is gay, and worthy of the attention of a traveller who wishes to see the manners of various nations. He concludes the season with a ball to the *grandees* of Naples, which is given in a princely style. We soon reached Torre del Greco, which has been often destroyed by the eruptions of Mount Vesuvius, yet has again and again been rebuilt by the industry and indefatigable perseverance of man. It presents a strange aspect to the traveller—houses half covered with lava, others against which the lava had stopped, vineyards growing luxuriantly on the surface of that destructive fluid. The shore, perhaps, is still more curious where the lava had met the sea, and where fire and water fought for the mastery, being piled up in some places to the height of thirty feet. We proceeded to visit the convent of Camaldoli, which is erected, about two miles from Torre del Greco, on a small mound thrown up in former ages, like Monte Nuovo at the Lake Averno. We passed over a stream of lava which had flowed along its base in 1822 without injuring it, and which presented a magnificent appearance. This little mound was covered with the ilex, elms, Spanish broom, thought by some to be the "*aureus ramus*" of Virgil (*Æn.* vi. 143), and thousands of flowers, which rendered it like an oasis in the deserts of Africa. To an English ear, however, the want of the sweet songsters of the woods made it lose half its charms. This convent is regarded as a safeguard to all the surrounding country against the dangers of Vesuvius. They fly here from all the hamlets around, and imagine themselves safe under the protection of its holy walls. In reality, they need only fear a shower of stones or ashes, as the lava could scarcely reach it. The view of the bay of Naples, with the shores of Castellamare and Sorrento, is very striking. On leaving the convent we met with a peasant, who agreed to conduct us across the foot of Vesuvius to Ottajano. This guide rented a piece of ground from the king, which was quite barren when he took it, but which he had planted with vines and fig-trees, and it now produced excellent wine, according to the account he gave us. He had only been in possession for three years, and the vines seemed to have thriven most wonderfully. We walked about a mile through vineyards, which had been planted within the last few years, and at last came to the lava and ashes of the mountain, where everything was desolate and burnt up. We walked for six miles over this scene of desolation without meeting a single individual. The soil, principally ashes and decomposed lava, would in a few years be covered with vines, as they were every year breaking in a small portion of the ground. It is about seventy years since the eruption took place which destroyed this part of the mountain. Here and there we saw the tops of houses peeping from under the lava, showing that it had been cultivated before the eruption. In one part they were excavating a house which the lava had surrounded and run over without crushing, as might have been expected. A vineyard had been planted on a level with the roof of the

house, and to enter it they must descend by stairs. We came to two other conical mounds, which had been thrown up like the one on which the Camaldoli is erected, and one of them had a chimney or vent still remaining through which the fire had issued. It was not above twelve feet in diameter, and was the finest specimen of a volcano in miniature which can be conceived. We threw down stones into the chimneys, and could hear them run down without appearing to reach a bottom. A Neapolitan had bought this part from the king, and was beginning to plant it with vines, fig-trees, and prickly pears, which had a very thriving appearance. This side of Vesuvius is weakest, and there seems little doubt that the lava will inundate this plain at the next eruption. In several parts we saw pits, which the Prince of Ottajano, a proprietor in the neighbourhood, had been sinking to discover the depth of the soil below the ashes, and it did not seem to be more than three or four feet till they came to a red loamy soil, full of stones. This they considered fully able to support any fruit-trees they might choose to plant. On this prince's property we saw a very curious phenomenon—a forest of oaks, that must have stood ever since the eruption, more than half covered up with ashes. The tops of their trunks were seen piercing through the surrounding ashes, and the branches were flourishing as in the best soil. It might have been expected that they would have been shrivelled up by the heat, but the majestic oaks had resisted the efforts of Vesuvius to destroy them. We arrived at Ottajano, a picturesque little village, about eleven miles from Naples, which had suffered a little during the late eruption from a shower of stones. Our landlord told us they were saved by the Madonna, whose statue they had carried in procession. We returned rapidly to Naples by curriole, and got back in time to be present at the opera in the theatre of San Carlo, which was lighted up with more than usual brilliancy on account of the queen's birthday. The magnificence of the court dresses, the chaste decorations of the theatre itself, together with its gigantic size, strike the imagination very forcibly, but it requires a long cultivation of the ear to enjoy the loud music of their operas.

Next day I proceeded over to Sorrento, the ancient Surrentum, on the opposite side of the Bay of Naples, in one of the passage-boats which ply between Naples and that small village regularly every day. They are large and awkward looking, yet well fitted for the bay, which is liable to sudden squalls. Our company consisted of a number of market people, returning from disposing of their produce. We made the passage in three hours, and, on reaching the shore, I found it to be abrupt and extremely high. Without a moment's delay I hired a boat to visit some ruins that are situated on the point of a rock near Sorrento. As we proceeded along the coast we rowed into several natural caves, which were of an immense size, and admirably adapted for smuggling. Indeed, the whole of this coast used to be infested by smugglers, till the government ordered all the private approaches to the shore to be blocked up: and by this arbitrary proceeding the value of the villas on the sea-coast has been considerably lowered. It has put private gentlemen to great inconvenience, and has had little effect in stopping contraband trade, as goods can be hoisted anywhere by means of ropes. His majesty, some time ago, tried another plan to protect the coast, placing several large vessels to cruise along the shore, and stop every vessel that they suspected of smuggling. These large vessels were at the mercy of the winds, while

the smugglers during a calm, which constantly prevails during some part of the day in the creeks and bays, made use of their oars, and had no difficulty in escaping from their unwieldy opponents. The coast here is precipitous, and in many places nearly one hundred feet perpendicular. In a short time we arrived at the point, and landed by a stair cut out of the rock. The site of the villa has been excellent to catch the sea breezes, and enjoy all the coolness for which Sorrento has ever been famous. It occupied the extreme point of the land, and on one side there was an easy approach to the sea. The ruins cover a considerable piece of ground, and show that it belonged to some noble Roman. The cellars are still entire, or, at least, those low apartments which could scarcely have been employed for any other purpose from their want of light. The walls of some other apartments still remain, and exhibit the frescoed stucco which is seen so frequently in the houses of Pompeii. The floors have been inlaid with small pieces of brick, forming a sort of mosaic. There is an excellent piscina communicating with the sea, and what must have proved an excellent fish preserve. There is a descent to it of at least fifty feet, and, to all appearance, it has been covered over. This villa belonged to Pollius Felix, mentioned in the *Sylvæ* of the poet Statius (ii. 2), who describes its situation with great exactness. You still look out on the same natural scenery which its former proprietor admired; Vesuvius, Naples, Puteoli, and the island Ischia, are still as striking objects to the eye as the poet describes them :

Hæc videt Inarimen, illi Prochyta aspera parèt :
 Armiger hac magni patet Hectoris : inde malignum
 Aera respirat pelago circumflua Nesis :
 Inde vagis omen felix Euplœa carinis,
 Quæque ferit curvos exserta Megalia fluctus.
 Angitur et domino contra recubante, proculque
 Surrentina tuus spectat prætorìa Limon.
 Ante tamen cunctas procul eminet una diætas,
 Quæ tibi Parthenopen directo limite ponti
 Ingerit.

“ This window looks out on Ischia, this other on Prochyta ; the armour-bearer of Hector appears through the other ; here the island Nisita sends forth noxious vapours from the sea ; there is Mare Piano, a fortunate omen to the wandering ships, and Castel dell’ Ovo upheaved, which strikes the curved waves ; your islet Sporgatojo is enclosed, and looks out on Sorrento in the distance ; yet, above all the apartments, there is one supereminent, which presents Naples to you directly across the bay.”

I returned to Sorrento by land through the plain, which extends about three miles, being one mile and a half in breadth. It is famed for its fertility, particularly for its oil and oranges. The butter and veal are reckoned the best in the kingdom, and yet they have no pasture for their cows, feeding them chiefly on a kind of hay, lupins, even peaches, and the leaves stripped from the trees. I did not find that the wine had retained its celebrity, having been recommended in ancient times to invalids by the Roman physicians. The climate is still mild and delicious, answering to the description of Silius Italicus (v. 466) :

Zephyro Surrentum molle salubri.

Surrentum, delicious for its healthful zephyr.

And here many English families spend the summer and autumn. They complain, however, of the annoyance arising from the loud chirping of the cicada, whose sound resembles nothing so much as the scream of the corn-craik in Scotland; and if you imagine thousands of such birds assembled in a small plain, and all screaming at the same moment, and continuously from ten in the morning till sunset, you will have some idea of the disturbance caused by this small insect. The lines of Virgil still apply to them (*Eclog. ii. 13*):

Sole sub ardentibus resonant arbusta cicadis.

The creaking locusts with my voice conspire,
They fried with heat, and I with fierce desire.

And (*Georg. iii. 328*):

Et cantu querulæ rumpent arbusta cicadæ.

When creaking grasshoppers on shrubs complain.

They have six feet, with a kind of talon, which they insert into anything they touch, transparent wings, a long snout like the trunk of an elephant, and are about an inch in length. The poet Tasso was born here A.D. 1544; and the spot where his house was situated is pointed out, though, as it has been rebuilt, no portion of the original house now remains.

Next morning I proceeded to visit the Islands of the Sirens, "*Insulæ Sirenusæ*," ascending the ridge "*Surrentini colles*" (*Ovid. Met. xv. 710*), which produced the celebrated wine. Vineyards abound on the lower ground, fenced off by high walls, and, as you mount, you come upon olive-trees. These hills are an offshoot from the lofty group of Monte S. Angelo, which furnishes ice for the city of Naples. To the inhabitants of that city snow, or water cooled with snow frozen into ice, is nearly as necessary as salt. The government farms the supply of the capital to certain persons, who come under an engagement to furnish the sixty principal shops with a stock, which can be sold at four *grani* the *rotolo*. Considerable penalties are imposed for every hour in which it is not to be had. At the end of all the principal streets in Naples you find *acqueole*, "water-stands," where you can have iced water at all hours of the day, paying half a *grano* for pure iced water, and if you choose to add lemon or *sambuca*, paying another half *grano*. This *sambuca* is the spirit of elderberry, and is the great delight of the Neapolitans, though it has to me a disagreeable taste, having some resemblance to aniseed in flavour. The mountain S. Angelo is upwards of four thousand feet above the level of the sea, and during the winter heavy snow falls, which is collected in large pits, and covered over with earth. This is sufficient to form an ice-house, as the heat in that high region, even in the warmest days of summer, never penetrates the slight surface that is over the pits. There is always a cool breeze at all times, as I found in a warm day of August, when I ascended it. On reaching the top of this ridge of Surrentine hills, I looked down on the Bay of Salerno, which I had attempted unsuccessfully to cross a few weeks ago, and in the distance rose Monte Stella, from which I had such a magnificent sunset. The coast on this side is precipitous, and quite barren. No mule or donkey can venture down; indeed, there is only a slight foot-

path, along which you must descend for the greater part by steps. Arriving at the bottom, called Scaritojo, I found a few fishermen, whom I hired to convey me as far as I might require their services. Along the coast, in the direction of Amalfi, and also towards the Punta della Campanella, as far as the eye could reach, the sides of the mountain are nearly perpendicular.

These Islands of the Sirens, three in number, are now called I Galli, and are a little more than a mile from the coast. They lie together in a kind of circle, and along with two small sharp-pointed rocks, are of the same mineralogical structure as the neighbouring continent. The largest island, about half a mile in circumference, is situated to the east of the smaller ones. There is no regular landing-place to the larger island, so that you have to climb up a precipitous rock of nearly one hundred feet. You then find yourself on a rugged ridge, and after proceeding a little to the south, you arrive at a level piece of ground, where are the remains of buildings. This plot of ground is about twenty yards in breadth, and sixty in length. I made a small excavation in one part, and found a marble floor; there is a vault remaining, which seems to have been added to some older edifice, and the bricks are exactly of the same kind as are found in Roman buildings, so that I have little doubt that this was the site of some ancient villa, though in summer it must have been nearly uninhabitable from the heat. The extreme southern point is entirely rock, and never had any building upon it. On the highest point there is an old tower, to which there is now no entrance, but by dint of scrambling I managed to get in at one of the windows. Two half-ruined rooms are the only things that remain. On the west part of the island you find a small part of a building, respecting the use of which there is nothing to be a guide. There are a few burnt-up plants and flowers; trees do not seem ever to have existed on it. I then rowed to the higher of the other two, which lies about a quarter of a mile distant, and ascended to a tower by a regular road. It looks like a carriage-road which had never been finished, as you mount the last forty feet by stairs. These watch-towers are said to have been built by Charles III. of Naples to give warning of the approach of Turkish corsairs; it may rather have been to defend the approach to the important city of Amalfi. There is no appearance of old buildings on this island. Rowing to the most southerly island, I scrambled to the top of it: it is much broader, and better adapted for a building than either of the other two; yet there is not the slightest vestige of an edifice of any description. Such is the present appearance of the Islands of the Sirens, one of them bold and picturesque, the others of a tame and uninteresting character. The description of Virgil (*Æn.* v. 864) is still as applicable as it was in former days:

*Jamque adeo scopulos Syrenum advecta subibat,
Difficiles quondam, multorumque ossibus albos,
Tum rauca assiduo longe sale saxa sonabant.*

And o'er the dang'rous deep, secure the navy flies,
Glides by the Sirens' cliffs, a shelfy coast,
Long infamous for ships and sailors lost,
And white with bones. Th' impetuous ocean roars,
And rocks re-bellow from the sounding shores.

The heat for more than half of the year must be nearly unendurable, and where water could be procured I know not. At the present moment not a drop could be procured, and I suffered as much from thirst as I had done on the sandy beach leading to Taranto. It must have required more than a Siren's charm to have kept me here another hour. Worn out and panting, I threw myself at the bottom of the boat, directing that I should be rowed to the Promontorium Minervæ, now Punta della Campanella, the headland opposite to the island Capræ, now Capri, being the southern boundary of the Bay of Naples. The coast continued to be precipitous, and as we approached the point we came upon some high needle-pointed rocks, which had a picturesque appearance. They were nothing but rocks, and were much worn away by the waves.

The point on which I landed is famed as the site of a Temple of Minerva, which had looked down on the southern extremity of Capri, by far the finest and boldest part of the island. The glare of the limestone rock of which it is composed was at present disagreeable to the eye, and reminded me of what I had complained when I visited the Capo di Leuca, the Japygian promontory, where another Temple of Minerva had been placed. There was scarcely any vegetation to be seen. I found a tower, once strongly fortified, now nearly in ruins, guarded by two soldiers, with several cannon. I was told that it had been erected by Murat, and that his soldiers had, Vandal-like, demolished the greater part of the Temple of Minerva to build the fortifications. The flagstaff remains; the flag had been turned into a shirt for the last officer who commanded it. Some few remains of the ancient temple are found, and the space over which they are scattered shows that it must have been extensive. It is situated about seventy feet above the level of the sea, to which there have been two steep descents. I descended by the most precipitous, and found an enormous grotto, which seems at one time to have been walled in. There is a small passage which ascends through the rock, communicating probably with the temple, but it has never been explored. The roof of the cave is covered with beautiful stalactites of the most fantastic shapes. This promontory was a point of considerable importance in the coast-line of Italy, forming the point of demarcation for the two fleets that were appointed, B.C. 181, to clear the seas of pirates (Liv. xi. 18). Here also part of the fleet of Augustus, B.C. 36, on its way from Misenum to Sicily, suffered heavy loss (App. B. C. v. 98).

I rowed forward to Capri, separated from this promontory by a strait three miles in width. On reaching the island, I was requested by a police-officer to write my name in a book, and with this simple ceremony was allowed to advance up the hill to a little village, where I found a respectable locanda. After some refreshment, I proceeded towards the palace of the Emperor Tiberius through ground without shelter from the sun's rays. The palace is situated on the southern part of the island, on the highest point overhanging the sea. As you approach it, you see everywhere immense ruins, which plainly show the extent of the villa. Some parts have been excavated, and exhibit mosaic floors and stucco walls, stained red and green—colours which appear so frequently in Pompeii. You are shown the place where the emperor used to amuse himself in making those, who offended him, leap over a precipice into the sea. It is at least three hundred feet high, and the projecting rocks must

have ended their sufferings before they reached the bottom. There was a large marble sarcophagus lately discovered, containing a quantity of bones: it is ornamented with a variety of figures. Augustus took a fancy to this island, and in exchange for it gave the Neapolitans, to whom it belonged, the island of *Ænaria*, *Ischia*; but it was his successor, *Tiberius*, who rendered it famous, or infamous, by taking up his residence, A.D. 27, for the last ten years of his life on it. It was here that he gave himself up to the unrestrained practice of the grossest debaucheries, which have rendered his name scarcely less notorious than his cruelties. The heat prevented me from venturing to ascend to *Anacapri*, the western portion of the island, rising to a height of sixteen hundred feet above the sea, and approached by a flight of more than five hundred steps. It was here that General *Church* made a narrow escape of being taken prisoner by the French, and the place by which he fled is pointed out. I rowed round the southern part of the island, and was amply repaid by a magnificent view of that bold and bluff scenery which renders *Capri* so conspicuous an object at a distance. Its peaked rocks, abrupt precipices, and large grottos hollowed out by the ceaseless dashing of the waves, render this island well worthy of a visit.

I had still five or six hours at my command, and as the breeze seemed to be setting in from the south I determined to hoist sail, and make for the promontory of *Misenum*, on the opposite side of the bay, if my boatmen could be bribed to undertake the passage. I did not expect that there would be any difficulty with the police, as Englishmen are allowed to visit all these ancient sites near *Naples* without annoyance about passports. My boatmen told me that if the breeze left us we would be far in the night before we could make land, and this I was aware would be the case. This, however, was not a matter of consideration, as I have become so case-hardened that it makes little difference whether I spend the night in their open boats or in one of their abominable *locandas*. Of the two, the last was, perhaps, the least desirable. We hoisted the lateen sails at once, and the breeze continued to freshen, bearing us on gallantly, to my great joy, and cooling the air so deliciously, that I seemed to be wafted through a very paradise of delights after the hot and suffocating oven of this morning. The entrance to this bay is thought to be one of the finest in the world, the palaces of *Naples* rising in tiers one above the other in a kind of amphitheatre, *Vesuvius* smoking in the foreground, and behind the lofty range of the *Apennines*, shooting off through *Monte S. Angelo*, past *Sorrento*, till it lowers itself at the promontory of *Minerva* and *Capri*, which I had just left. To the north lay the islands of *Ischia* and *Procida*, with the bluff promontory of *Misenum*, towards which we were steering. The small bay of *Baiæ* begins soon to show itself, along which the proud aristocracy of *Rome* used to have their summer residences. I reached the promontory of *Misenum*, forming the northern boundary of the Bay of *Naples*, in time to ascend to its summit and examine the ruins scattered over the headland. Its shape is somewhat in the form of a pyramid, being joined to the mainland by a narrow strip of lowland, beyond which is a small inlet forming the port of *Misenum*. You look down on the *Mare Morto*, a large stagnant pool, which communicated with the outer port by a narrow entrance. It was here that *Augustus* established a fleet for the defence

of the Tyrrhenian Sea, and it continued to be the naval station throughout the empire. The elder Pliny was in command of this fleet at Misenum when the memorable eruption of Vesuvius broke out, in which he perished, A.D. 79, and of which his nephew has given us so interesting an account. The ruins on the summit of the promontory are not very extensive; towards its foot inland there are vast substructions and subterraneous galleries, which no doubt formed part of the villa which belonged to Lucullus, the splendour and magnificence of which was marked even in that luxurious age. It came afterwards into the possession of the Emperor Tiberius, who often made it his residence during the earlier part of his reign, and where he ultimately died the 16th of March, A.D. 37. Long after this we find the last Emperor of the West, Romulus Augustulus, confined to this villa after his deposition by Odoacer, A.D. 476. The villa was placed in a commanding situation, and must have enjoyed a cool breeze from whatever direction it blew. The view, too, was striking, overlooking the palaces of the Roman nobility scattered along the shore of Baia, and stretching away to Vesuvius and the high range of Monte S. Angelo, with the islands of Capri and Ischia.

I lingered on the promontory, where so many of the most illustrious Romans must have enjoyed the same scene which now greeted my eyes, and as the sun sank beneath the horizon, rushed down to my boat, and directed that they should hasten forward through the Bay of Baia to Puteoli, the modern Pozzuoli, which was the nearest point where I could find shelter for the night. The wind had now gone down, and all was silent except the sound arising from the measured splash of the oars. The bay is now little frequented, though it was otherwise in ancient times. Many a gay scene had passed on its water. Horace exclaims (Epist. i. 1, 83):

Nullus in orbe sinus Baiis præluet amœnis!

“There is no more lovely bay in the world than Baia!” And Martial (xi. 80):

Littus beatæ Veneris aureum Baias,
Baias superbæ blanda dona Naturæ,
Ut mille laudem, Flacce, versibus Baias,
Laudabo digne non satis tamen Baias.

“Though I should celebrate in a thousand verses Baia, the golden shore of Venus, Baia—the most pleasing gift which Nature could bestow in her most liberal mood—I should fail to do justice to Baia.” The scenes, however, were not always of this pleasing character, as it was on this very spot over which I was now passing that the monster Nero had attempted to drown his mother, and though she escaped the danger, she fell shortly after a victim to his malignity in one of the neighbouring villas.

We reached Pozzuoli long after sunset, and on approaching the shore were hailed by an officer, who demanded whence we came. I called out that I was an *Inglese*, who had been benighted off the point of Miseno, and that I wished to pass the night at Pozzuoli if he could find me lodgings. I knew that if I placed myself in his hands no difficulties would be started. He seemed delighted to have got hold of me, and at once said that he would take me to a friend's house, where I could lodge,

if I would be satisfied with such accommodation as he could afford. To this I acceded, and paying off my boatmen, accompanied him to a private house, where I found a clean bed and a hearty welcome. I asked him to engage a mule and guide for next day to visit Patria, the ancient Liternum, where the ruins of Scipio's tomb are placed.

XXXII.

POZZUOLI is one of the usual places for sight-seers to visit, and I shall, therefore, not say a word on the subject, as the ancient remains have been often described, merely reminding you that it was the place where St. Paul landed on his way to Rome, and where he remained for seven days before he set forward on his journey along the Appian Way (Acts xxviii. 13). I was anxious, however, to see the spot where St. Januarius, whose blood liquefies every year in the Cathedral of Naples on the 6th of May, had been beheaded in the fourth century. This took place where the chapel of the Capuchins now stands, on the hill above the town. Here I was shown the stone on which his head was cut off, and the old priest assured me, with all solemnity, that every year spots of blood reappear at the very moment it liquefies at Naples. The following legend, however, prevails among unbelievers, and is given as the origin of the superstition. When St. Januarius was made a saint, his statue was placed in this chapel at Pozzuoli, and a small lamp was kept constantly burning before it. An old woman was appointed to feed the lamp with oil, and on her bottle the monks had inscribed the letters E.O.S.G.—*i.e.* Ex oleo sancti Gennarii. In course of time the O was nearly obliterated, and, when the old lady died, the bottle came into the possession of her relations, who gave out that it contained the blood of the saint, and that the letters were E.S.S.G.—*i.e.* Ex sanguine sancti Gennarii. With this pretended blood they made the ignorant people believe that they could work miracles, and drew a large revenue from their folly. The priests, as in the case of the late miracle at Ajeta, thought it too valuable a prize to remain in the hands of laymen, and, while affecting to disbelieve its being the blood of St. Januarius, they agreed to put it to the proof by carrying it to Benevento, to which town the body of the saint had been conveyed when he was beheaded. They affirmed that, if it were really the blood, some symptoms of recognition would take place on approaching its former master. Accordingly they proceeded to Benevento, and, when the bottle was presented to the body, such joy was evinced, that the blood had nearly burst from the bottle. Of course this put an end to all doubt on the subject, and ever since the bottle has remained in the possession of the canons of the cathedral.

I proceeded on my onward journey, paying a farewell visit to the Academia, or Puteolanum, a villa of Cicero, which was situated on the cliff above the road leading to the Lucrine lake. The ruins are found at the spot now called Lo Stajo, and here Cicero, no doubt, composed the philosophical dissertations which bear that title. Pliny (xxxi. 3, 2) describes the situation of the villa, and tells us that a warm spring burst forth in the grounds a short time after Cicero's death possessing medicinal properties for diseases in the eye. The villa then belonged to

C. Antistius Vetus, who was consul B.C. 30, in the reign of Augustus. The spring no longer exists, but the earthquakes and eruptions, to which the whole of this part of Italy has been subject during the last eighteen hundred years, has caused great changes. Nothing now remains of this celebrated villa but a few brick walls and subterraneous apartments. Passing on, you come to Monte Nuovo, which was thrown up on the night of the 29th September, 1538, by a sudden eruption, which destroyed part of Pozzuoli, and lessened the size of the Lacus Lucrinus by half. I climbed up to the edge of the crater and descended to the bottom, a depth of two hundred feet, nearly perpendicular. The volcano has long been extinct, and its bottom is thickly covered with reeds and even with grass. Though there is no appearance of fire, yet I imagined that I could perceive a strong smell of sulphur; and this might very well be the case, as I was at no great distance from the Solfatara, the ancient Forum Vulcani, so called from the number of holes upon its surface, all emitting smoke and a sulphureous stench. It is this that must have suggested to Horace the idea so powerfully expressed in one of his odes (ii. 1, 5) addressed to Asinius Pollio, who was writing a history of the civil wars, which had lately taken place. He warns him that he is treading on ground undermined by subterraneous fires, which may at any moment break forth:

Incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso.

You incautious tread
On fires with faithless embers overspread.

The Lucrine lake, which in former times supplied the Romans with exquisite oysters, was so destroyed by the eruption of 1538 that it has ceased to supply fish. Oysters, of course, still abound on this coast, and they are now found more particularly at the Lago di Fusaro, the ancient Acherusia Palus, on the other side of the ridge, about three miles from this spot, where the Neapolitans make picnics to enjoy them in the greatest perfection. The road to Baiæ lies between the sea and the Lucrine lake, being in fabulous history said to have been constructed by Hercules on his return from Spain as a passage for his cattle. Close to the shore are two caves, at one time employed as baths, though long neglected. If you scrape the sand you find it quite hot. The hill at this place closes upon the sea, and the passage is so narrow that you have scarcely room to pass. In looking over the precipice you see the remains of ancient buildings at the bottom of the sea, and this confirms the statement of Horace (Carm. ii. 18, 17):

Marisque Baiis obstrepentis urges
Summovere littora,
Parum locuples continente ripâ.

And, though the waves indignant roar,
Forward you urge the Baian shore,
While earth's too narrow bounds in vain
Your guilty progress would restrain.
The sacred landmark strives in vain
Your impious avarice to restrain.

Turning back, I proceeded along the banks of the Lacus Avernus,

above which rises on one side Monte Barbaro, the ancient Mons Gaurus, celebrated for its wines, though it is now desolate and barren. Its fertility was probably destroyed by the eruption of Monte Nuovo, though the vine is again making its appearance on its slopes. It was a strong and heady wine, and this is said to be the character of the wines made in this neighbourhood in the present day. However picturesque all this coast may be, and interesting from its connexion with world-known recollections, there is a feeling of loneliness and desolation from a want of human beings. It must have been in later Roman times a healthy climate, as the aristocracy had their summer residences along the coast; and yet, at the present moment, to live here during the hot season is considered fatal. Why it should be so it is difficult to say, unless the numerous volcanic eruptions have changed the character of the climate. I reached the site of the ancient Cumæ, and found a few hovels, where a large city once stood. You approach through a gateway formed of massive and lofty brickwork, called Arco Felice, supposed to have been one of the gates of the city, though there may be doubts if this were really the case. Near this are the remains of a small temple called Tempio dei Giganti, "Temple of the Giants," because a gigantic statue was found in it; and at a little distance is an amphitheatre, whose form can be distinctly traced, though it is now in a ruinous state. In wandering over the hill you discover ruins of houses and pillars of temples, of which you are able to make nothing. Of course the Sibyl's grotto is the most interesting to a stranger, from which she was said to deliver her prophetic lore. It was a large subterranean chamber, hewn out of the eastern side of the rock on which the citadel stood:

Excisum Euboicæ latus ingens rupis in antrum,
Quo lati ducunt aditus centum, ostia centum;
Unde ruunt totidem voces, responsa Sibyllæ.

Virg. *Æn.* vi. 42.

A spacious cave, within its farthest part,
Was hew'd and fashion'd by laborious art,
Through the hill's hollow sides; before the place,
A hundred doors a hundred entries grace;
As many voices issue, and the sound
Of Sibyl's words as many times rebound.

Justin Martyr (*Paræn.* 37) found it here in the second century, and describes it as a great hall, artificially excavated, containing three reservoirs of water, and with an inner recess. The cave was in a great measure destroyed by Narses, when he besieged Cumæ, A.D. 552. You still find some remnants of the cave, hewn out of the solid rock, entering it by a dark passage, which it is difficult to traverse. The plain extending to the north along the coast is now a royal forest.

The country, on which you now enter after passing Cumæ, is flat and uninteresting; on the left side you see the Lago di Licola, considered to be the remains of a foolish undertaking of the Emperor Nero to join the Lake Avernus by canal with Ostia, at the mouth of the river Tiber, a distance of one hundred and sixty miles. Both Suetonius (*Ner.* 31) and Tacitus (*Ann.* xv. 42) assure us that the attempt was made, though only a small portion was accomplished; and the historian adds, *manent vestigia irritæ spei*—"the traces of his disappointed hopes are still visible." The

lake looks to the eye not to be artificial, as it is much broader than would be at all likely, if it had been intended merely for a canal. I was now proceeding along the Via Domitiana, leading from Capua to Cumæ. In some places you can perceive the remains of the enormous blocks of lava with which it had been paved. In the fields around are ruins of houses and arches, probably of the aqueduct bringing water to Cumæ. The ground is well cultivated, and the verdure of the fields is pleasing to the eye, in no way betraying the noxious nature of its atmosphere. The cattle are plump and healthy; to man alone nature seems to have forbidden this spot.

The whole tract of country along the coast, from Cumæ to the mouth of the river Clanius, is flat, marshy, and covered with low brushwood, much resembling what I found near Præstum. I saw no forest in this vicinity which could represent the "Gallinaria Pinus," where Juvenal (iii. 305) tells us that brigands were as ready to attack the unprotected traveller as I found them in the southern parts of Italy. In one of his epistles (Fam. ix. 23) Cicero mentions it as being the spot where he met a friend, when he was on his way to his villa at Cumæ. It is still, however, called Pineta di Castel Volturno, though I saw no pines. Strabo (v. p. 243) speaks of it as a mass of brushwood, which it is at the present moment.

The Torre di Patria—the ancient Liternum, situated on the river Clanius, now Lagno—consists of a few straggling huts, where hunters leave their horses when they come down from Naples to shoot quails. At a place called Le Rotte, you are shown what is called the tomb of the celebrated Scipio Africanus, who took up his abode here when he retired in disgust from Rome, and where he ended his days in a kind of voluntary exile. It seems a strange place for a residence, having a confined view; and at all times it must have been unhealthy, as the character of the surrounding country must have caused the waters to overflow in all directions. The Clanius runs sluggishly, and forms a lake towards the sea, which was the Palus Literna. That Scipio resided there, there can be no doubt, as the villa was still in existence in the time of Seneca (Ep. 86), who gives a graphic description of its appearance, contrasting the simplicity of its arrangements with the luxurious splendour of the age in which he lived. We are also told by Pliny (xvi. 85, 1) that some of the olive-trees and myrtles planted by the hand of Scipio were still visible, though an interval of about two hundred and fifty years existed between them. There is a doubt whether he was buried here, or in the family sepulchre at Rome. According to Valerius Maximus (v. 3, 2), he caused to be engraved on his tomb:

Ingrata patria, ne ossa quidem mea habes—

"Ungrateful country, you do not contain even my bones"—and there seems every reason to suppose that the modern name of Patria must have been derived from some tradition of this epitaph of Scipio; the name is traced back as far as the eighth century. The building shown as the tomb has no appearance of a sepulchral monument. It is a vaulted chamber, fifteen feet by twelve, plastered with pozzolana, the cement found at Pozzuoli, mixed with pieces of brick, and is more than half filled with earth. There are no columbaria in the walls, and nothing indeed to show that

it was ever a tomb. There has been a large building connected with it, without anything to fix the epoch when it was erected. At a short distance from Le Rotte there are six large mounds rising like towers, which are called Torrioni. It is impossible to say from their appearance what they were originally, and there have been no excavations. The only other remains of ancient times is the Ponte a Selice, the bridge over the Clanius, along which the Via Domitiana ran. The buttresses on both sides are nearly entire, and chiefly built of brick and rubble-work. Several pieces of columns, formed of breccia, are scattered up and down. I made every inquiry respecting the inscription "Ingrata Patria" giving name to the spot; but this has long since disappeared, if it ever existed. When I heard in what way the tomb was employed at the present moment, I was strongly reminded of the base uses to which Shakspeare imagines the dust of Cæsar might be turned to :

Imperial Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

So the tomb of Scipio is now used by the wretched inhabitants as a trap in which they catch porcupines. The following is the method they pursue. They dig holes, and cover them slightly with straw and earth, when the porcupines passing over drop in and are thus caught. There is a place about two miles distant called Pitafo—*i.e.* Epitaphio—where sepulchral inscriptions have been found; and a little farther on is Vico di Pantano, where the villa of Scipio is placed by some. If it be so, its situation was in no respect preferable to Patria. It is a miserable village at present, though it no doubt dates its origin to distant times, as various objects of antiquity have been found in its neighbourhood, and among others the following inscription :

D . M . S .
PRISCO . ET . IVSTAE
IVSTI . FILIIS
AGRIPPINVS . ET . HERENNIVS
FRATRES .
FRATRIBVS PIENTISSIMIS .

As I entered Vico, I met the funeral of a child, attended by a number of priests saying masses for its soul; and when they entered the church, the body was placed in the centre, and plentifully exorcised with holy water. There seemed to be none of the relations present, and, as might be expected, the service was a mere matter of form. Finding some difficulty to get a stable for my mule, I asked a peasant if he could find me a place where it could rest for an hour. He took me to his own stable, and kindly invited me to dine with his family. The dinner consisted of a *minestra*—a kind of soup made of turnip-tops and meat, which we ate with a fork, dipping our bread into the soup—a broiled piece of kid, two artichokes, and Bologna sausage. It was home-baked bread, and was excellent. The red wine was of the unadulterated juice of the grape, and particularly good. I was in the direction where the famous Falernian wine of old was made, and the vines do not seem to have degenerated.

I proceeded onwards to the village of S. Elpidio, near which the ancient Atella was situated, and where there is still an old church called

Sta. Maria di Atella. There are some remains of its walls, and the foundations of ruined houses amidst vineyards. I saw no inscriptions, though some have been found, which I was told had been removed to Naples. The spot where the ruins are found is called Castellone. The city of Atella is best known in connexion with the peculiar class of dramatic representations called "*Fabulæ Atellanæ*"—a broad farce, which became so licentious in its character, that in the reign of Tiberius they were altogether prohibited, and the actors banished from Italy. The plays in the Neapolitan dialect, now acted in some of the theatres for the lower classes at Naples, are of a character that we may not improperly believe them to be handed down from those dramatic pieces of Atella.

I am now in the midst of the great Campanian plain, celebrated in ancient as in modern times for its inexhaustible fertility. Strabo calls it the richest plain in the world, and it still strikes the eye as worthy of being so called. The farms are from two to fifty acres in size, and they are let for a period of from four to twelve years. The ground is planted with rows of elms or poplars, and the vines are trained in graceful festoons from tree to tree. Grain and other crops are raised under the shade of these trees; and though the crops are not so large as they might be if there were no trees, yet deficiency in quantity is more than made up by the variety of produce raised on the same soil. Early in the spring the ground is ploughed, and maize is sown in furrows, with beans, potatoes, melons, &c., in the open space between the furrows, and when these summer crops are gathered in, the ground is ploughed again and wheat sown. I saw to-day several large farms entirely laid out in orchards, containing a great variety of fruit, such as apples, pears, apricots, peaches, figs, plums, walnuts, with stone pines towering over all.

Proceeding across the country for about six miles, I came to a wood, which had a greater resemblance to an English park than is usually found here. It was thickly planted with oaks, which had reached a great age, and clumps of brushwood added to the beauty of the landscape. The young buffaloes started as I passed, and tossed their deformed heads at the sight of a stranger. This spot is called Castellone del Bosco, and here the ancient Suessola stood. The ruins of buildings are seen, built of Travertine stone, which is produced by a small stream called Gorgone, rising in the wood at the foot of a hill. This stream, like that of which I spoke at Pæstum, has the quality of petrifying reeds, branches, or pieces of wood, so that they become stone in weight and hardness, and may be employed in building, as is proved by the walls of Suessola. I was shown a curious phenomenon in a reed bent into the water, which had the point turned into stone, while the rest of the reed, even to its root, was a living vegetable. All the waters in the neighbourhood are sulphureous, and called by the natives *Acque del Montone*, or *Sto. Giuseppe*, and were once as famed as those of Ischia are now. The peasant said, that cattle suffering from disease in the feet, and mangy dogs, recover if they are dipped several times in these waters. Its melons are famed, and its mozzarella, a kind of curd, is carried into Naples for sale. The pasture under the trees seemed particularly rich. There was an imperfect inscription :

D. M. S.
CLAVDIAE.

There were originally six other sepulchral inscriptions, but they were carried off to be foundation-stones for a cross at the Vescovato d'Acerra. There is an ancient tower at one side of the modern edifice, used as a farm-house, covered with ivy to the height of forty feet. I returned to Naples through Acerra, which is about four miles from the ruins of Suessola. There is nothing ancient about it except the stones, which it stole from Suessola, and which now form the foundation of the cross. It is supposed to be the birthplace of Polchinello, the favourite of the nation. The country is no longer exposed to the overflowing of the river Clanius as it was in the time of Virgil (*Georg.* ii. 225):

Vacuis Clanius non æquus Acerris,
Clanius no friend to the empty Acerræ,

as the country is drained by a large canal called *Il Regio Lago*, which prevents the recurrence of such inundations. I do not know, however, whether the air be not rendered more noxious by its waters being used for steeping flax.

At Casale Nuovo, a small village on the way to Naples, I was amused by an inscription over an apothecary's shop:

"*Altissimus creavit medicamenta de terrâ et vir prudens non abhorrebit illa.*"—"The Almighty created medicines from the earth, and a wise man will not despise them."

XXXIII.

BEFORE leaving Naples, a few days ago, I found that two Oxonian friends had determined to visit the Caudine Forks and the *Lacus Ampsanctus*. They were resolved to travel with as great comfort as circumstances would allow, and it was arranged that we should hire four horses and proceed at our ease, with a servant to look after our horses. I warned them of the difficulty we should have in finding accommodation for such a cavalcade; still, as it would enable us to get over the ground rapidly, and I felt that I had no time to lose, I thought we might try if the journey could be thus accomplished.

The royal palace of Caserta—one of the most magnificent in Europe, rivalling the *Escorial* and *Versailles*—was the first point towards which we directed our course. Hurrying over the plain past *Aversa*, and along the road, which I had often traversed, we reached Caserta at an early hour. The approach to the palace is through a narrow avenue of poplars, which appear paltry in presence of such a mass of building. It is certainly a magnificent palace, if massiveness of structure constitutes magnificence, yet I could not but feel that it was deficient in chasteness of design, and in that classic beauty which we might expect in a land distinguished in former times by its noble buildings. It was designed by *Luigi Vanvitelli*, and begun by *Charles III.*, in 1752. Its form is rectangular, being 746 feet long, 546 broad, and 113 high. The material of which it is built is white limestone, brought from quarries near *Capua*. It consists of eight stories, two underground and six above. If you place yourself in the centre of the octangular vestibule, at the foot of the main staircase, you have under your eye the great cascade to the north, the

beautiful country to the south, the staircase to the east, and in front the colossal statue of Hercules.

The staircase is remarkable for its size, and the variety of the marbles with which it is adorned. If you wish to see specimens of all the marbles of this country, collected in a short space, visit this palace. The stairs are formed of single blocks of the marble of Trapani, in Sicily, called Luma-chella, and at each landing are lions exquisitely sculptured, with numerous statues of allegorical figures. The sides are of the finest marbles, among which you see the choicest breccias of Dragoni, and the marbles of Vitulano in Principato Ulteriore. There are twenty-four Ionic pillars adorning the centre of the vestibule, made of the red breccia of Mons Garganus in Apulia, and sixteen of the portico are of the yellow breccia of the same mountain. This staircase seemed to me to throw into the shade the other parts of the palace.

On entering the chapel, after examining the staircase, it appears to be dwarfish, though I have no doubt that this idea may arise from contrast. Marbles again abound here, furnished by the quarries of Mondragone, of Castro Nuovo, in Sicily; Corinthian pillars of the yellow marble of Sicily, approaching in colour to the "giallo antico," and the purest white marble of Carrara. Here, too, they have collected the finest specimens of ancient marbles, the "giallo antico" and "verde antico." The theatre also is suited in size and magnificence to a royal palace, being richly adorned with marbles of every kind—in fact, no expense or labour had been spared to render it worthy of a royal residence.

The gardens behind are said to be laid out in the English style; with the exception, however, of patches of grass, which were sadly parched, there is little to remind you of England. There is a fine sheet of water, in which swans were bathing their snow-white necks; and the cascade is particularly striking, more so, perhaps, from the small quantity of water which one is accustomed to see in this country.

Having satisfied our curiosity, we proceeded along a part of Mons Tifata, so often mentioned in the campaigns of Hannibal, towards the Ponte Maddaloni, about five miles distant from Caserta. The view from this mountain across the fertile plain of Campania, with Vesuvius and Capri in the distance, is very striking. The hills around were covered with olive-trees and vines. The aqueduct now used to furnish water for the gardens and palace of Caserta, had been constructed in ancient times by the inhabitants of Capua to convey water to their city, but had fallen to decay after Capua was destroyed. The springs are at the foot of Mons Taburnus, in the vicinity of the village Airola; the largest being called Fizzo, and of the others the most abundant is Fontana del Duca. From the source of these springs to Caserta the distance in a direct line is twelve miles, the windings making it upwards of twenty-one miles. There are a number of bridges and tunnels. The largest bridge is the Ponte Maddaloni, along which we rode. It consists of three tiers of arches, one above the other. The first tier, consisting of nineteen arches, was the ancient level, which conveyed water to Capua; but as Charles III. wanted water for his cascade, it was necessary to raise two other tiers, of which the second consists of twenty-seven, and the third of forty-three. Having heard much in praise of this aqueduct from my *Neapolitan friends*, I confess to have been a little disappointed, as its effect is

much weakened by the contracted nature of the arches ; yet the landscape around is beautiful, thickly covered with vineyards, olive-trees, with small villages peeping from among them.

On reaching S. Agatha de' Goti we found that we had time to proceed forward to Airola through the valley, which is the site, according to Cluverius, of the celebrated pass called *Furculæ Caudinæ*, or Caudine Forks, where the Romans are believed to have sustained one of the greatest disasters that befel them in the whole course of their history. It is to Livy (ix. 2) that we owe its picturesque description, but I have a strong feeling that the historian must have drawn on his imagination, and worked up a pretty tale to amuse his readers. His words are : *Saltus duo alti, angusti silvosique sunt, montibus circa perpetuis inter se juncti ; jacet inter eos satis patens clausus in medio campus, herbidus, aquosusque, per quem medium iter est ; sed antequam venias ad eum, intrandæ primæ angustię sunt, et aut eadem, qua te insinuaveris, retro via repetenda ; aut si ire porro pergas, per alium saltum arctiorem, impeditioremque evadendum.* "There are two narrow defiles, or gorges, covered with wood, united by a continuous range of mountains on each side, enclosing a plain of considerable extent, abounding in grass and water, through which the road passes ; before you reach the plain, you must pass the first defile, while the other way back is by the road along which you have entered ; or, if you venture to proceed forward, it must be by the other glen, still more narrow and difficult." The Romans advanced incautiously through the first gorge, but when they came to the second, they found it blocked up by trees thrown across, with a mound of large stones. Hastening back by the road by which they had entered, they found it also shut up by the same kind of obstructions. They are thus represented as caught in a trap, and, according to Livy, a body of Roman soldiers, which must have amounted to at least thirty thousand men, had to surrender to the Samnites. It is probable, however, that we have not got the entire truth here, as Cicero (*De Sen.* 12) speaks of it as a battle "*Caudinum prælium*;" and again (*De Off.* iii. 30), "*Cum male pugnatum ad Caudium esset*"—"When the unsuccessful battle of Caudium had been fought"—so that there had probably been a defeat, which is not alluded to by Livy, and it may have been only the remnant of the army that surrendered.

At all events the question arises, where was this remarkable gorge so graphically described by Livy ? This road, along which we have been passing to-day, a mere mule-path, was certainly not by any means the one along which we should expect a large army to pass if there was any other more easy of access. There is an open and natural pass a few miles farther south, along which the Appian Way was afterwards conducted, passing the villages Arienzo, Arpaia, and Monte Sarchio, and leading on to Beneventum.

The Roman army was encamped at a village, Calatia, the ruins of which are found at Le Galazze, about half way between Caserta and Maddaloni. They were induced to believe that the Samnite army had gone east to attack Lucera, which, you may recollect, is situated overlooking the Tavoliere of Apulia, and they started with the intention of relieving Lucera from this siege. If they were at all acquainted with the passes of the country—and we can have no doubt that they must have

been—they would naturally proceed along the pass through Arienzo, and not by this mountainous ridge through Airola. We have no means to guide us except this description of Livy, for it is never again mentioned in history. If the army consisted of thirty thousand men, or fifty thousand, as Appian (Samm. Exc. iv.) asserts, I cannot believe that a general would have been induced to lead them through this hilly country, when he believed that there was no enemy to oppose him. Cluverius, however, places the Caudine Forks between St. Agatha de' Gothi, where we now were, and Airola, towards which we were proceeding to spend the night.

On leaving St. Agatha we ascended by an almost impassable path, and about three-quarters of a mile from the village we entered a very narrow valley, which bears certainly a resemblance to the description of Livy. Its entrance, however, is by no means so narrow as to make it possible to blockade it in the way that he tells us. A small stream—the Isclero, the ancient Isclerus—passes through it, and if they entered it by the ravine—yet how could such a large body of men do so?—the enemy could very easily have prevented them from returning. The valley widens somewhat, but to no great breadth, and is closed by a considerable hill, at one side of which runs the stream where no army could ever have passed, and on the other side it is so narrow, that I have no doubt that trees and stones would have been a sufficient barricade to an army cooped up in this narrow space. The hills on both sides are of considerable height, and quite impossible for an army to penetrate, if they were opposed. It is a romantic little valley, and now well cultivated. In the first place, I think it is too small; and in the next, I cannot imagine that the Roman army would ever have marched in this direction, if they believed that there was no opposition at Arienzo.

Having satisfied our curiosity, and being convinced—at least I was so—that this was not the site of the Roman disaster, if the Roman army consisted of thirty thousand men, we proceeded on to Airola, where we arrived after sunset, and found, as we had anticipated, great difficulty to get accommodation for ourselves and horses. Money, however, will procure everything except cleanliness in such places, and we contrived to find beds, which gave my companions a foretaste of what they must endure if they intended to travel through the byways of Italy. I am case-hardened, and slept soundly enough through the fierce onslaught, but my friends had never closed their eyes when the first faint glimmer of light appeared.

At daybreak we rode leisurely forward to the post-road leading from Naples to Benevento, and, proceeding backwards to Arienzo, traversed the ground which native writers have fixed as the scene of the disaster. The freshness of the morning was delightful, and as we approached Arienzo, the numerous orange and fruit gardens gave it a gay and pleasing appearance. The entrance to this pass, close to Arienzo, is somewhat narrowed, but it could never, unless great changes have taken place, have been blocked up, as Livy describes it to have been. The valley widens as you advance east from Arienzo, and extends at least three miles across, never becoming narrower. Here, no doubt, there is room for a large army, yet, if this be the spot, Livy's description does *not* in the least apply to it. It is strange that we should never hear of *this picturesque defile* in any of the subsequent transactions that took

place in this quarter between Hannibal and the Romans. I cannot help thinking that Livy's description is nothing else than a

Purpureus pannus late qui splendeat.

"A purple patch to shine from far." I am sorry to be obliged to conclude by confessing that, so far as I am able to judge from a careful examination of the ground, nothing certain can be affirmed respecting the Caudine Forks, if any such narrow defile ever existed except in the historian's imagination.

We were now on the great Appian Way, leading from Rome to Brundisium, the end of which you may recollect that I mentioned with a fountain as it entered the latter town:

Appia longarum teritur regina viarum,

"The Appian, queen of ways, is passed along," as Statius (Sylv. ii. 2, 12) calls it. We proceeded back to Arpaia along the course of this great Roman road, and observed some remains of it at the bridge close to Arpaia, where a massive wall had been built to raise the road to a proper level across a hollow. Arpaia is a miserable little village, and has been considered by some to be the site of Caudium, from which Furculæ Caudinæ derived their appellation; but the distance agrees better with a spot four miles farther on, nearer to Monte Sarchio. About a mile from Arpaia there is a spot called Forchie, which might lead one to believe that here must have been the scene of the disaster. The sixteenth milestone is found at Arpaia. On the one side, in large Roman characters, is found

IMP · CÆS · DIVI · F
AVGVSTVS · COS · XI ·
TRIB · POTEST · VII ·
F · C ·

"Imperator Cæsar Divi Filius Augustus, Consul XI., Tribunicia Potestate VII., Faciundum Curavit."

It is very interesting to find this inscription, showing that the milestone was erected in the eleventh consulship of Augustus, B.C. 23, a year marked by a severe loss, the death of his nephew Marcellus, not more grieved for by his mother Octavia than by his uncle. On the reverse, in small rude characters, appears the following long but interesting inscription, giving the names of several well-known characters in proper chronological order:

D · N · FL · CLAVDIO
IVLIANO · PIO · FELICI
INVICTO · AVG ·
D · D · D · N · N^{is} · N · THEODOSI^{is}
ARCADI^{is} HONORI^{is}
BONO · REIP · NATVS^{is}
M · XVI ·
D · D · D · N · N · N · VALENTINI
ANO · THEO.
ET · ARCADIO

Flavius Claudius Julianus, surnamed *Apostata*, "the *Apostate*," A.D. 361—363, is a well-known character. Theodosius the Great was the opposite of Julian, and his strict orthodoxy has made him a peculiar favourite of the Catholic Church. In the age of Theodosius (A.D. 370—395), "the ruin of paganism," says Gibbon, "is perhaps the only example of the total extirpation of any ancient and popular superstition, and may therefore deserve to be considered as a singular event in the history of the human mind." Next appear the names of Arcadius and Honorius, sons of Theodosius, and lastly Valentinianus III., Roman emperor from A.D. 425 to 455, in whose reign Attila, the scourge of the human race, made a descent, A.D. 452, on Italy. It is curious that this worthless little stone should in a short space span over nearly five hundred years, and give a collection of names famed in the world's history, which could not probably be furnished by any other in the world.

Proceeding forward from Arpaia through a cultivated plain, we saw rising to the left Mons Taburnus, now Taburno, the lower parts of which are still covered with olive-trees, as in the time of Virgil (*Georg.* ii. 38):

Oleâ magnum vestire Taburnum.

"The lofty Taburnus clothed with olive-trees." It rises to a considerable height, and has a table-land of some extent, such as I saw on Mons Tifata, near Capua; it is a royal domain, and here the royal herds and horses graze during summer, though the declivities towards the road looked rugged enough. We passed the bridge, Ponte Schito, over the Isclero, or Faenza, an old Roman construction, and then reached the small village, Monte Sarchio.

We found nothing here to detain us; the old castle is picturesquely situated, and on looking back we could distinguish the ruined castle of Airola, where we had spent the night. The country through which we now passed is undulating, and at one spot, called Sferracavallo, there is a considerable descent. We entered the papal dominions at Epitafio, two miles from Beneventum, and found the country bare and bleak as we approached the town. Long before we arrived, we knew that we were nearing it by the shoals of priests and monks whom we met, and whom we imagined to look upon us with scowling eyes. The town lies low, and is not seen till you arrive within half a mile of the walls.

Benevento, though in the centre of the kingdom of Naples, is subject to the Pope, and at its gates are papal sentinels, by whom we expected to be challenged, but no notice was taken of us, and we proceeded forward to the albergo unmolested. The province contains forty-five square miles, and was conferred by Napoleon on Talleyrand, but the Congress of Vienna restored it to the Holy See. We were now in search of the *Lacus Ampsanctus*, which is known as *Mofete*, and we made diligent inquiries in the town as to the direction we ought to take. No one, however, had heard of it, and we were therefore left to the mercy of an imperfect map, and to the little information we had picked up at Naples before we started. The day was too far advanced to admit of our proceeding in such a search; and, besides, there were many objects of interest around Benevento which were worthy of attention.

Churches, monasteries, and all kinds of religious houses, with their inmates, cluster around,

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the woods
In Vallombrosa.

The cathedral had suffered severely by the earthquake of 1088, and of the ancient building there only remained the front, the belfry, the large bronze gate, the columns supporting the naves, and the two marble chairs; the rest is modern. It possesses no architectural beauty, and displays the barbarous taste of the Archbishop Roger, who about A.D. 1200 erected it anew, sparing the stones of no ancient building which could be turned to account. Its solidity, however, must have been great, as the front has withstood the shocks of repeated earthquakes. In front of the dome there is a small Egyptian obelisk, covered with hieroglyphics, of red granite, from Thebes, surmounted with a cross. The bronze gate is of the eleventh century, and believed to have been made in Constantinople. The columns are most of them of white Parian marble, and no doubt originally ornaments of Roman temples. At the side of the principal altar I was much struck by two ancient marble chairs, constructed by an artist called Nicola, A.D. 1311, as an inscription states, one used for the pulpit, and the other by the archbishop when he listens to the service. The French plundered the church in 1795 of all its rich treasures of gold and silver vessels; the inhabitants made an attempt to recover the plunder to their sad loss, as upwards of two thousand of them fell in the vain attempt. The court of the palace contains many Roman inscriptions, bas-reliefs, and pieces of ancient Egyptian obelisks, and the library is said to have preserved a large collection of Lombard manuscripts of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, though we did not consider it necessary to examine them.

In the court close to the palace of the archbishop is a large fountain of Carrara marble, with a statue on a high pedestal of Pope Benedict XIII., who had been a benefactor of the town. The church of S. Sophia, though small, is ornamented with six columns of Oriental marble, the only remains of a former church, which had been destroyed by an earthquake in 1702. The court of the municipal palace contains a fine relievo of the Rape of the Sabines, which originally adorned the fountain in the square in front of S. Sophia. Near to the church is the castle, where the Pope's representative resides, who governs the duchy of Benevento.

Of all the ancient remains, the Triumphal Arch of Trajan, now called *Aurea Porta*, is perhaps the most interesting. It is constructed of marble, flanked by four columns, with entablature, frieze, and cornice of the Corinthian order. On the top there was a space, on which there must have been a statue or triumphal chariot of the emperor. Between the columns are numerous bas-reliefs, so united that they seem to be of one single stone, notwithstanding the many earthquakes which have overtaken this part of Italy. They represent the glorious deeds of the emperor, particularly the war against the Dacians, A.D. 104, and the victories over their king, Decebalus. The author was Apollodorus of Damascus, who was also the architect of the Forum Trajani at Rome.

It was erected A.D. 112, according to the inscription, by order of the senate and Roman people. This arch is by far the most magnificent of those that have come down to us from ancient times.

The town stands between the rivers Sabatus, now Sabato, and Calor, now Calore. The ancient bridge over the Calor still exists, consisting of five arches, now called Ponte Leproso. The first arch alone appears to be ancient, constructed of immense polygonal masses of stone without mortar, whereas the other arches are of brick of a later date. On the opposite side of the river Calor you are shown the plain which was the scene of the bloody battle, A.D. 1265, between Charles of Anjou and Manfred of Swabia, whom you may recollect that I mentioned as founding the city of Manfredonia in Apulia, close to Mons Garganus. Here Manfred fell, and near the bridge two heaps of stones are pointed out as the memorial of his burial-place.

The ancient amphitheatre had been of considerable size, and its ruins are found near the parish church of S. Modesto. The interior is entirely filled with rubbish, and is now occupied with the miserable houses of the poor inhabitants. Indeed, we were particularly struck by the poverty and filth of the inhabitants in all parts of the town. We walked along the banks of the river, and enjoyed the freshness of the evening breeze, proceeding about two miles to a spot called Le Colonne, where the battle, B.C. 275, between Pyrrhus and the Romans under M. Curius was fought, in which the former was defeated.

To-day we were to make an attempt to find the Lacus Ampsanctus, though we had only a vague idea of its position; and, in order that we might have a long day before us, we determined to start the moment there was the slightest streak of light. We considered that our best plan was to reach the post-road from Naples to Foggia, which was said to be about a dozen miles across the country by mule-paths. The morning was fresh, and the country through which we passed was hilly, affording many delightful points of view, more particularly in the valley of Sta. Maria, which was well cultivated, with here and there copses of wood on the hills. We reached the road at Dentecane, where some ancient inscriptions have been found, and ruins of buildings. What ancient town it represented is unknown. Being ignorant of the proper direction to take, we proceeded at a venture to the village Taurasi, where we determined to rest our horses and take a fresh start. We found it a miserable village, and soon had a crowd of its inhabitants around us, who had never seen an Englishman before. The priests came to pay their respects; they were intelligent, and from them we learned that the Mofete, the object of our search, was about six miles distant, though we would find the path difficult for our horses. This was the site of the ancient Taurasia, mentioned in the inscription on the tomb of L. Scipio Barbatus, given by Orellius, and in the church there was an inscription to Publius Virgilius. Was he a relative of the poet?

For the benefit of future travellers, who may be in search of Lacus Ampsanctus, I may give my experience, which was bought dearly by the fatigues of a long day's journey. We made an unnecessary détour to Taurasi, groping in the dark. The traveller ought to take a guide at Dentecane or Venticane, on the Foggia road, to the village Gesualdo; and as this guide will in all probability know nothing of the position of

lake, though he may assert that he does, a new guide ought to be had at Gesualdo, where the position of the lake called *Le Mofete* is known, being about six to seven miles distant, or three hours' ride. If the traveller trusts to groping his way, he will wander for hours, and probably never find the object of his search.

At Taurasi we inquired if any one had seen *Le Mofete*, when a man came forward and declared that he knew it well, and was willing to be our guide. We started with him at eleven o'clock, and began to cross the country, sometimes up the channel of mountain torrents, which in winter must have been impassable, and sometimes up steep declivities, when we had to climb on foot, dragging on our horses with difficulty.

We had to make numerous détours before we got clear of these difficulties, and no sooner were we out of one ravine than we found ourselves in another. These mountain streams are the feeders of the river *Calor*, which we had crossed at Beneventum. We saw small villages perched on the distant hills, but did not approach any of them. The country was quite bare and uncultivated, with brushwood scattered here and there. Neither sheep nor cattle met our eye. We continued to plod on under a broiling sun for several hours, anxiously inquiring of our guide when the lake would appear, and getting very impatient, as the distance seemed to increase the farther we advanced. At last matters began to grow serious, as the hours were rapidly passing, and I insisted that our guide should tell us honestly whether he really had ever seen the lake, when he confessed that he never had, and only knew the direction in which it was to be sought. Here we were in a pretty mess; but while we were debating anxiously what course we ought to pursue, we came across two rough-looking men, the only individuals we had met since we left Taurasi. They assured us that they knew *Le Mofete*, from which it was distant about two miles, and as we had no time to lose, we engaged them to conduct us to it.

For some time we stood on the edge of what might be called a crater, about a hundred yards in circumference, at the bottom of which was the *Ampsactus*, of which we had been so long in search. The following is the description by Virgil (*Æn.* vii. 563):

Est locus Italiæ medio sub montibus altis
Nobilis, et famâ multis memoratus in oris,
Amsacti valles: densis hunc frondibus atrum
Urget utrinque latus nemoris, medioque fragosus
Dat sonitum saxi et torto vortice torrens:
Hic specus horrendum, sævi spiracula Ditis,
Monstratur, ruptoque ingens Acheronte vorago
Pestiferas aperit fauces; quis condita Erinnyis,
Invisum numen, terras cœlumque levabat.

In midst of Italy, well known to fame,
There lies a lake (*Amsactus* is the name):
Below the lofty mounts on either side,
Thick forests the forbidden entrance hide.
Full in the centre of the sacred wood
An arm arises of the Stygian flood,
Which, breaking from beneath with bellowing sound,
Whirls the black waves and rattling stones around.
Here Pluto pants for breath from out his cell,
And opens wide the grinning jaws of hell.

When I said that we stood on the edge of a crater, you must understand that it was not complete, but something like a semicircle, and that the bottom of it, where the small lake was seen, was on a level with the surface of the narrow valley which ran towards it. The hills in its immediate vicinity rise to no great height, nor yet are they covered with wood, though there is some slight brushwood. There was nothing solemn nor religious in its aspect. The water had a dark, pitchy appearance, and was thrown up occasionally in several places to the height of four or five feet. At the edge on which we were standing we were possibly forty feet above the water, and we did not dare to descend, as the exhalations of sulphur were so strong that we should have been suffocated long before we reached the water. We were standing to windward; I made a slight descent, but our guides declared that it was death to attempt a nearer approach, and the strong smell of sulphur convinced me that they were correct in their assertion. Everything around was covered with efflorescent sulphur, and vegetation had that pale, deadly hue which the presence of sulphur always causes. One of the Tratture de' Pecori, from the Tavoliere of Apulia to the mountain regions, passes close to it. It was the first that I had seen, though I had heard of these sheep-roads when I was passing through Apulia. Its breadth was about sixty paces, and on each side rose a fence of rough stones, raised to the height of a couple of feet. Our guides told us that this lake proved very dangerous to these flocks of sheep, as the shepherds sometimes in ignorance remained in its neighbourhood during the night, and a change of wind bringing the exhalations of sulphur, suffocated them in sleep. There was a small pool on the ridge of this eminence, which was spouting the water up in a slight degree. It was lukewarm, and had a sulphureous taste. In fact, the whole of this country seems to be volcanic, and is constantly subject to earthquakes. In the distance we saw a lofty peaked mountain, and, on asking its name, were told that it was Monte Voltore, up which a few weeks before I had attempted to ascend. The peak, in fact, was Il Pizzuto di Melfi, which had appeared so striking from the point to which I had climbed. I had thus again nearly crossed Italy to its eastern coast. We inquired if there were any ancient ruins in this neighbourhood, but our guides knew of none. Pliny (ii. 95, 3) speaks of a temple to Mephitis, the origin of the present name *Le Mofete*, in this quarter; but, though we looked all around, we saw no appearance of ruins.

We had now satisfied our curiosity, and it was necessary to consider where we should pass the night. Frigento was some four miles distant, but said to be of difficult approach, and out of our direct road to Naples. We determined, therefore, to proceed to Gesualdo, a distance of eight miles, particularly as it was larger, and we had a better chance of getting accommodation. The path was much the same as it had been in the morning, and we had to walk, leading our horses, for the greater part of the way. About eight we reached Gesualdo, and found a tolerable albergo. The principal inhabitants hastened to pay their respects, and from them we found their silver articles got tarnished by the sulphureous exhalations of the lake when the wind blew for several days towards them.

Next morning we proceeded back towards Naples across a hilly country, passing the river Calor, somewhat south of Taurasi, and making straight for the Foggia road, which we struck in the vicinity of Serra, a straggling little village close to the banks of the Sabatus, which joins the Calor near Beneventum. We were now passing along one of the celebrated passes towards Apulia, spoken of by Polybius, though the hills on each side rise to no great height. This is the third defile which I have threaded. You will recollect the defile leading from Æsernia, past Venafrum, with the lofty mountain Matese rising by its side; then the pass of Arienzo and Arpaia, where some place the Caudine Forks; and lastly, this of Avellino. The first is by far the most striking and picturesque.

We reached Avellino at an early hour, a city of some size and of great commercial activity, having manufactures of cloth, paper, and extensive dye-works. Its macaroni is considered to be the best in the kingdom, and most of the workmen in this manufacture at Naples come from this neighbourhood. The sausages of Avellino, called cervellate, have a high reputation at Naples.

Two miles to the right is the village Atripaldi, on the opposite bank of the Sabatus, which numerous ancient remains prove to have been the site of Abellinum. It was destroyed in the wars between the Greeks and Lombards, and the inhabitants established themselves on the site of the modern Avellino, which has thus retained the name, but not the situation, of the ancient Abellinum. We traced the vestiges of the ancient amphitheatre, and some portions of the city walls, along the banks of the Sabatus. In Avellino there are some bas-reliefs, altars, and inscriptions, which had been found on this site. As we passed along we saw large fields covered with filbert-trees, which are extensively cultivated, and are said to bring a large income to the inhabitants. They are cultivated with great care, being regularly pruned, and having fresh manure at their roots every year. These nuts were known to the Romans, who are said to have introduced the tree from Pontus, in Asia Minor, whence they also got the cerasus, our cherry. They called it *Nux Pontica*, and afterwards *Avellana*, either from this town, Abellinum, or Avella, in this vicinity, where it was propagated with great success.

Our horses, accustomed to the level country round Naples, were sadly knocked up, and it was evident that they must rest here for the remainder of the day, so that we determined to leave them in the hands of the groom, to come on at their leisure, and take post-horses on to Naples, which we should be able to reach in the evening, visiting Avella and Nola on our way. We started at once, and hurrying past Monteforte, with its ruined castle picturesquely perched on the peak of a rock, soon reached Avella, where we stopped a short time to visit its ancient remains. The site is still called *Avella Vecchia*, and here the vestiges of its amphitheatre, of considerable size, may be traced. How few of these ancient towns existed without such a place of amusement, and how few of them could now support an exhibitor, even of their favourite Punch and Judy! The city walls are still visible; but what is most striking is the commanding view over the plains of Campania, with Vesuvius in the foreground and the beautiful Bay of Naples in the distance. You can easily understand

the expression which Virgil (*Æn.* vii. 740) uses respecting it, when you have once looked down from its heights :

Despectant mœnia Abellæ.

“The walls of Abella look down on the plains.”

Its cheese—ricotte—is still famed even in Naples, keeping up its former reputation for rich pastures, which are found on the hills behind. Silius Italicus, viii. 519, says :

Pascuaque haud tarde redeuntia tondet Abella.

“Avella clips its flocks, returning early.”

Its soil is still better fitted for fruit-trees than for grain. Our guide spoke of a cave called Grotta degli Sportiglioni, half a mile distant, which seems to produce, as far as we could make out from his description, either stalactites or petrifications, like the little stream at Suessola, which I mentioned a few days ago. The discovery of an inscription in the Oscan language has rendered Abella particularly famous, recording, if it has been properly deciphered, a treaty of alliance between the citizens of Abella and those of Nola. It is still found in the museum of the seminary at Nola, and has been illustrated by many antiquarians, but most completely by Lepsius and Mommsen.

We proceeded forward through the plain towards Nola, which we found to be a large and flourishing city of ten thousand inhabitants. It occupies the site of the ancient city, though there are scarcely any remains now visible, with the exception of inscriptions, which are very numerous. We were lucky enough to be present at the excavating of an ancient sepulchre, which furnished some beautiful specimens of painted Greek vases. I confess, however, to be a little sceptical on this point, and to suspect that an attempt was made to hoax us, believing that the inhabitants keep a sepulchre prepared for strangers, to induce them to purchase these vases, which are manufactured in Nola for this very purpose. Of course we did not let our suspicions be known, but the vases remained in their hands for some other travellers, more simple or less suspicious than we were. There can, however, be no doubt that immense numbers of these vases have been discovered here ; you may see specimens of them in every museum of Europe, and it is a subject of dispute among antiquarians whether they were of native workmanship or imported from some other quarter.

The most important event possibly mentioned in its ancient history is, that Augustus died here A.D. 14, on his return from Beneventum, whither he had accompanied Tiberius, and from thence to Bovillæ his funeral procession was attended by the senators of the cities through which it passed (Suet. Ang. 98, Tac. Ann. i. 5). In the middle ages it is celebrated as the town where the use of bells was first introduced in churches ; whence the names of “nola” and “campana” were given to such bells, and the Italians still call a belfry “campanile.”

You will be surprised that no difficulties were started by the police during the whole of this trip ; it was, however, so evident that we were simple travellers, visiting the country for our amusement, without any political object, that even these suspicious officers did not think it necessary to interfere with us. You will inquire what is the impression I have

received from my intercourse with the inhabitants; it is that the government rests on a very insecure basis, and that the great mass of the intelligence of the country would gladly welcome a change. Everywhere I was questioned on political subjects, and had often great difficulty in steering clear of the pitfalls laid for me but then, whether they are fitted for a more liberal government, I confess to feel great doubts. There are, no doubt, well-educated men scattered through the country, but so far as I am able to judge they are "*rari nautes in gurgite vasto.*"

The great mass of the lower orders cannot be otherwise than steeped in stolid ignorance, as no continuous efforts have been made to diffuse education. Laws may be made, and such laws do exist, as I have elsewhere said, but there is no attempt to put them into execution.

XXXIV.

I AM going to devote this letter to some points in which I know that you take a special interest—the proceedings of the Jesuits, the various miracles that are constantly going on here, and some curious words which I picked up in the south of Italy. I find that the Jesuits are the favourites of government, and that every aid is given to place the education of the country in their hands. I received much attention from the heads of the body at Naples, only, I am aware, because they felt an interest in converting me to their faith, and when they failed, they told me, honestly enough, that it was not because I was not convinced, but because my temporal prospects would be injured by such a change. I could afford to laugh at these taunts, and continued to be always on good terms with them. I was amused in having a French work sent to me with the compliments of the rector of the Jesuit College, and a request that I would read it carefully, and tell him if it were not thoroughly convincing. On looking over it, you may imagine my surprise to find it written by Pierre de Joux, whom I had left French master of Dollar Institution, and whom I had a short time before met at Harviestoun, the house of Mr. Craufurd Tait, to whom Scotland is in a great measure* indebted for that first-rate educational establishment. I had left this French gentleman outwardly conforming to the Protestant religion, while he was taking notes for undermining it. The rector was surprised when I told him that I was personally acquainted with M. De Joux,†

* A sum of nearly 80,000*l.* was left by Mr. M'Nab, a native of Dollar, without stating distinctly in what way it was to be employed. The clergyman of the parish, the Reverend Mr. Watson, proposed that it should be laid out in the erection and support of a gigantic poor-house, or hospital; but this did not coincide with the enlightened views of Mr. Craufurd Tait, a large proprietor in the parish, who believed that such an erection would tend to pauperise the district, and prove a curse rather than a blessing. He succeeded, by opposition in the Court of Chancery, in delaying the settlement of the question till the death of the clergyman, when, by a judicious appointment to the vacant charge, of which he was patron, he was able to carry out the noble design which he had originally proposed. To Mr. Tait, therefore, Scotland is indebted for this celebrated institution, who thus became nearly as great a benefactor to his country as the original donor of the money.

† M. De Joux was a pleasant companion, and could suit himself to any company into which he was thrown. He was born in 1752, in a small town at the

and that I had not been so impressed by his intellectual and moral qualities as to induce me to believe that he possessed the power of throwing light on such difficult and abstruse questions.

The Jesuits have increased within the space of three years upwards of five hundred, and have several establishments throughout the country. Their college at Naples seems to be conducted in an able, and I would say fair manner, if we allow that they are conscientious in the views they have adopted, however mistaken we may consider them to be. I have had several opportunities not only of examining the mode which they pursue in their schools, but also of hearing their opinion on education. On every subject they speak liberally, except on religion. Their establishment in Naples is extensive; they have a college for the education of those intended to belong to their own sect, and these are trained, of course, in the strictest Catholicism; besides, they have a seminary, where they teach five hundred boys gratis. Aware of the importance of moulding the budding mind, the Jesuits have always devoted their energies to get hold of the youth of a country, and the Pope has been ever ready to give them his assistance. There are seven professors in their external seminary, who are in general men well acquainted with their several departments, though ignorant of everything foreign to their particular subject. Their prefect is an excellent mathematician, zealous in his efforts to convert Protestants, having been successful, it is said, in the case of an old Frenchman. The prefect was one of Napoleon's artillery officers, and is well skilled in scholastic rhetoric, employing the Socratic method of entrapping the unwary with great dexterity. I should not require a better specimen of Jesuitical sophistry than an hour's conversation would afford you. He is the rector of their school, and having no class, merely overlooks the teachers.

Their mode of teaching somewhat resembles the Lancasterian plan: a class is in two divisions, equal not only in number, but also, as nearly as possible, in talent. These divisions are severally called *Romani* and *Car-*

foot of the Alps, studied at Geneva, and at the age of eighteen it is said that the Marquis of Abercorn brought him over to England, where he studied theology. Then he proceeded to Bâle, where he studied Hebrew and the Oriental languages under Buxtorf and Herzog, being admitted to the ministry at the age of twenty-three. After having for five years assisted the celebrated Count de Gébelin in his grand work, the "Monde Primitif," and composed, under his direction, the "Dictionnaire des Origines Latines," he worked with him at his "Origines Grecques" and "Histoire de la Parole." Then for fourteen years he was the chief director of the second college of the Department of Leman, and next president "du Consistoire réuni de la Loire Inférieure et de la Vendée" for eleven years and a half. He was then rector of the University of Bremen, during which presidency he published, in 1803, his "Prédication du Christianisme." The work which was put into my hands was, from end to end, a panegyric of Catholic worship, popes, Jesuits, religious corporations, &c. The title of this work is: "Lettres sur l'Italie, considérée sous le Rapport de la Religion. Par M. Pierre de Joux, Membre de plusieurs Sociétés Savantes. 2 vols. Paris: 1825." It was written for a young English nobleman, preceded by, as he describes it, "un précis apologétique des motifs qui en ont déterminé la publication, et qui expliquent mon retour sincère à la religion catholique, professée par mes ancêtres." In this introduction, which fills nearly fifty pages, he gives not a very flattering account of Scottish manners and customs. He died at Paris in October, 1825. His son, Jean Marc, was an Anglican clergyman in Mauritius. A list of his works is given in *Messrs. Haag's* "France Protestante."

thaginienses, having regular trials of strength in presence of the master. Is it possible that the hostile feelings between these two nations should have been perpetuated from generation to generation, till it reaches the present day in the peaceful combats of the school? With us, games of French and English were common enough when I was at school. Each boy has a right of challenge, when he receives permission from the master, and sends a written paper, signed with his name, to his opponent, in the following words: Ego, A. B. lacesso C. D., die 6^o Jul. Ludimag. K. N. If he be conquered, he adds Cedo tibi, and loses his place. The Roman division has the regular number of officers employed in the time of the republic, such as consuls, prætors, quæstors, and even dictator, with appropriate badges. The Carthaginians have officers peculiar to themselves. These large divisions are subdivided into decuriæ, with a decurio at their head, whose business it is to note down on paper all the blunders made by each boy in his division, and to report his behaviour to the master at the end of each week. Each decurio is furnished with a ruled printed paper to receive the names of his pupils. The boys who have behaved to the satisfaction of the master during a month receive the following testimonial to show to their parents:

In collegio Neapol. Soc. Jes.,
A. B. Auditori,
Diligentiæ et modestiæ præmium,
A mense Maio ad mensem Iunium, Anno 1826.
Scholarum Præfectus—
Ludimagister—Riccadonna.

When the boys have chosen their magistrates by ballot, those elected receive the following testimonial:

In collegio Neapol. Soc. Jesu,
Cesare Bevilacqua, Auditor,
In solemnî magistratum creatione renuntiatus est. Die 6^o Jul.
Anno 1826.

Such are a few of the incitements to emulation which the Jesuits employ, and which seem to be successful in their zealous hands. I was admitted to a private exhibition of the rhetorical class, and was highly pleased with the manner in which it was conducted. The pupils read a number of themes in Latin, Greek, and Italian, on various subjects. There were several copies of verses, chiefly on religious subjects—to the Madonna, San Paolo, &c., and one on Milton in Greek verse. It is the custom at the end of each hour for the whole class to stand up and repeat a Latin prayer, being in all external ceremonies much more attentive than we are. It is said that the Jesuits are anxious to furnish such a programme of classes that they may occupy the place of the university; and when we recollect the tenacity of this celebrated society, and the consummate art with which they accommodate themselves to circumstances, I should not be surprised if they were to be successful.

I became very intimate with the Jesuits, and though they found me staunch to my principles, they were ready to admit me to any of their ceremonies which they thought I should be anxious to witness. You are aware that, in Catholic countries, Thursday before Easter and Good Friday are kept with great ceremony. On those days Naples exhibits

such a contrast to its usual noise and tumult, that you would think you had been suddenly transferred to some other part of the world. The life-pulse of this bustling town seems at once suspended; not a carriage is to be seen in its streets, and the quietness is even greater than is to be found in the streets of Edinburgh when the inhabitants are in the performance of their religious duties. The idea which possesses them is, that Our Saviour having gone down to the grave, we may very well go on foot—a greater mortification of the flesh than it would be to us in our temperate climate, as these people never walk. It is a custom, I believe, introduced by the Spaniards, who were so long in possession of the country; but they have contrived, with their characteristic levity, to turn what might have been an imposing Christian solemnity into a mere amusement and diversion. Under pretext of performing their devotions at seven churches, the whole population issue forth in their gala dresses into the Toledo, the principal street, which can now be traversed without danger. The streets here have no side pavements for foot passengers, so that on ordinary days you are every moment in risk of being knocked down by carriages of all kinds. The novelty of the situation gives a zest to the change; yet you could never discover by the looks and appearance of the crowd that they were engaged in the performance of a solemn duty. Friends meet, laugh and talk, as they would do in the corridor of San Carlo. Some of the higher classes adhere to the old Spanish custom of black dresses with long veils reaching to their feet. I was much struck with their elegant drapery, and thought that they appeared more in conformity with the occasion. The king, with his family, is seen walking quietly along the street to visit the seven churches, and no one crowds after him, as would be the case with us.

I observe that the Jesuits, having only been lately restored, are trying to make their church as attractive as possible, and on all festive occasions exert themselves to outdo their neighbours by those clap-trap effects which the Catholic Church does not think beneath it, if it only excite public attention. Perhaps they understand human nature in this country better than we phlegmatic northerners do; at all events, in their church fêtes there is a great deal of theatrical effect, though it may be little else than tinsel. One of the most effective ceremonies that I ever witnessed is the lifting of the funereal veil which shrouds the cross and principal altar during the hours of darkness. On Easter-eve they contrive to make this symbolic ceremony particularly striking; and though I have seen it in several of their churches, the Jesuits carried off the palm. Their church is one of the largest in Naples; it is plunged in gloom and darkness, only made more perceptible by an occasional glimmer of light when some door is opened. The low and monotonous chant of appropriate litanies, by invisible beings from the depth of the naves, fell hollowly on the ear. Though you know it to be mere acting, the mind could not help being filled with awe, while reflecting on the mighty event in the world's history, which this was an attempt to represent. This continues till the moment that Christ is supposed to burst from the fetters of the tomb, when the veil is suddenly withdrawn, and all appears in a blaze of light, while joyful hallelujahs and the full-toned organ burst into loud acclaim. The bells send forth a merry peal, and salvos of cannon in

front of the church announce to the city the triumph of light over darkness.

The Nativity is another of the festivals which they represent theatrically, having a kind of stage in all the churches, more or less effectively got up with a manger, surrounded by unnatural landscapes and groups of shepherds and shepherdesses, leaping and gambolling like their flocks. You cannot but laugh at the fantastic figures of men and animals that are mingled with them. In fact, the more absurd and grotesque the whole representation, the more successful is the exhibition. The figures are generally in wood, and do credit to the artists employed in the low-class theatres of Naples.

The Roman Catholics do not allow, as with us, every man who may wear a black cassock to preach; this privilege is restricted to those on whom nature may have bestowed peculiar gifts, and I was often warned by my Jesuit friends when they had a first-rate orator in their pulpit. Of course, their idea of what is appropriate does not agree exactly with ours, and yet the "dadding of the Bible," the roaring and ranting, that sometimes take place in our own pulpits, ought to make us pause in ridiculing some of the scenes that I have witnessed. Remember that they are an excitable people, and require everything to be represented before their eyes; you will then understand that our cold forms would not suit them. Their pulpit is generally a kind of stage, where the clergyman can pace around with a Madonna or an image of Our Saviour at one side. It depends upon the subject which the preacher may have chosen what is the precise address he may make to the figure before him. The following scene was related to me by a friend who was present, though it is in no respect more strange than what I witnessed at the Festa del Vomero. The preacher prayed, in most touching terms, the Madonna for the Magdalenes who might be present, and when she did not answer his appeals so readily as he expected, he rushed forward and redoubled his supplications. It was of no use; the Virgin was silent; when, turning to the audience, he exclaimed that she refused to intercede for such sinners. "No doubt," he said, "she is ashamed to see so many before her, and wishes to veil her face." And then, without more ceremony, he lifts a part of the dress of the Madonna and covers her face, and yet this is not more strange than stowing a number of canaries below her petticoats. It was then that the people in despair burst into loud cries; women threw themselves on the floor and tore their hair, when the preacher exclaimed, "This is all very well; howl and lament; that is right enough; but, above all, give to the church! 'Why so?' do you say. You have nothing to do with that; give—we have only two more evenings to address you, and poi più niente," added the importunate preacher, with one of those negative Neapolitan gestures which are more expressive than elegant.

There is no end of strange scenes in Naples, when you know where you may find them. There is a special day when they offer prayers for the dead, to relieve them from purgatory; and even the exhibitors of Punch and Judy give a day's earnings for masses for these souls. There is one of the churches where you are admitted to the vaults, which are dimly lighted, and where the dead, who have long passed from this busy scene,

are laid out for your inspection, each in a vault, dressed out in gay attire, a strange contrast to the ghastly appearance of the countenances on which you gaze.

Among other sights to which my Jesuit friends obtained me access was the funeral of the commander-in-chief, who had died suddenly on entering his carriage to attend a ball. The funeral services of men of rank in this country are performed with great ceremony, and attended with all the splendour suited to the theatrical feelings of the people. Troops of cavalry and infantry preceded him to the tomb, while the poor old man, with lank and shrivelled countenance, lay exposed to the public gaze at full length on a magnificent carriage. Arrived at the church, which was in a blaze of light from a thousand wax-tapers, his body was placed on a splendid catafalque highly ornamented. He was dressed in his uniform, with all his insignia around him, and the funeral service was performed with everything that could add solemnity and dignity to the scene. At the close of the ceremony the body was left in the custody of the clergy, and those who had attended proceeded to their homes.

There was a religious service which I was anxious to witness, and from which I knew the English were specially excluded, owing to the rude and offensive manner in which many of them behave. It was the adoration of the Holy Sacrament, the fête of the Quaranta Ore, as the Italians call it, at which the king usually takes a part, as Prior of the Congregation. I heard by accident that it was to take place at the church of San Fernando, and I applied to my friends to procure me admission, which they had no difficulty in doing, knowing that I would take care to avoid every act that might be offensive to the religious feelings of the worshippers. It was truly a gala exhibition, and what few travellers are admitted to witness, being a meeting of all the noblest of the land, gentlemen-in-waiting, and the highest officers of the army. The congregazione, or royal society, was distinguished by a long white linen tunic, the effect of which, I confess, was somewhat burlesque, when contrasted with the brilliant and gorgeous uniforms that were mingled with them. Imagine to yourself the nobility of Naples exhibited before you in their shirts, and you have exactly the scene that met my eyes. Suddenly there was a bustle among these strange figures, and the roll of the drum announced the approach of his majesty. He was, of course, received with all the marks of respect which his rank required, and he bowed most graciously to all around. The religious ceremonies began, which are to an uninterested spectator apt to be tedious; but nothing could exceed the devoutness of his majesty, and the number of genuflections must have been very tiring. I was not sorry when the whole came to an end, and the audience were allowed to depart. I had seen his majesty and the queen a short time before at a different scene—at a ball given by the nobility on the occasion when the kingdom was relieved of the presence of the Austrian troops. There is a club of the high nobility—*Accademia Nobile*—who hold festive meetings during the winter; and when the Austrians left, they begged the king and queen to honour them with their presence, which it was thought politic to grant. It was the first time for several years that the king had met his subjects face to face without the protection of foreign troops. I had never been presented at our own Court, and therefore had no right to be in the presence of royalty;

and if such a question were put, I should of course be excluded. It was, however, the business of the committee of management to attend to these matters, and my influence in that quarter was sufficient to secure such a breach of strict etiquette to be overlooked.

How is it possible to describe such a scene!—magnificence, illumination, all Naples agog, gold-embroidered dresses, jewellery, all the finest flowers that a southern garden could produce, and, above all, an overflowing crowd of all the beauty that the land can furnish. The king and queen were all gracious, and seemed delighted to meet their subjects in this free manner; whether it were really so might be doubted, if we could have penetrated beneath the surface. A high dais was erected at one end of the room, where the royal personages rested when they had passed through the rooms, and the nobility had arranged various dances to be performed before them. I was much struck with the beauty of some of the fair ladies who had been thus honoured, and who were in fancy dresses, representing the fashions of bygone ages. Mademoiselle Dentici, Princess Gentola, and the Duchess San Teodoro, a most fascinating creature, threw all the others into the shade, though I do not think that England had any reason to hang her diminished head. She was well represented in Miss Talbot, and Miss Beresford,* niece of the Bishop of Ossory, who were fine specimens of our northern beauties.

I ought to say this much in favour of my Jesuit friends, that, however they might desire to attract public attention, they did it in a legitimate way, and avoided all jugglery. I could see that they winced when I referred to the silly miracles which I brought under their notice as taking place at no great distance from their own church. The church of Sto. Agnello possesses a speaking crucifix, also an image of Sta. Maria d'Intercessione, who has carried on many pious conversations with the mother of Agnello and with Agnello himself. Indeed, it is difficult to name a church which does not possess a speaking Madonna, or a statue of Our Saviour with health-giving liquor exuding from its dry wood. In the church Del Carmine it bowed its head in time to avoid a cannon-ball, which would otherwise have decapitated it during the siege of Naples by Alphonso of Aragon, in 1439. At Saint Dominico-Majore you are shown the crucifix which said one day to Saint Thomas Aquinas, "Bene scripsisti de me, Thoma; quam ergo mercedem cupis?"—"You have written well of me, Thomas; what reward, then, do you ask?" To which Thomas answered, "Non aliam nisi te ipsum."—"No other than yourself." According to the legend, this holy man was at the moment in an ecstasy; and the fervour of his religious zeal was so great, that it supported him in the air three feet from the ground for several hours.

Miracles in this country are so numerous that they almost cease to be miracles, and may be regarded as the natural production of the land. Besides the blood of St. Januarius, so well known, we have the blood of St. John, which bubbles up the precise moment that his gospel is read; and still more edifying is that of the church Del Carmine. Here the king and court proceed once a year, and in their presence a barber is employed to cut the hair from the head of Christ, in ivory of colossal size, which has grown miraculously since last visit. These precious hairs are

* She is now Countess of Erne, residing at Crum Castle, in Ireland.

distributed among the noble personages who are present, and are thought to avert a variety of calamities. There is also the miracle of St. Aspreno, whose special power is to cure people afflicted with neuralgic pains. The patient introduces his head into an opening of the wall in the chapel consecrated to the saint, and no doubt derives much benefit. Animals have also their protector, and it is an amusing sight to see the priest of St. Anthony blessing a vast collection of horses and mules, brought together from Naples and the neighbourhood, all gaily decked with flowers and ribbons of the most flashy colours.

There must surely be something in the peculiar nature of this people that predisposes them to such superstitious notions. You no doubt recollect the various miracles mentioned by Livy of oxen speaking, spears starting from their place, eyes of statues moving, though none of them are more absurd than those that are believed by the people of Naples. The philosophic Plutarch thus speaks of these miraculous appearances: "Indeed we shall not deny that sweating statues and weeping images, and some even emitting drops of blood, may have existed; for wood and stone often contract a mouldiness and mildew that gives out moisture, not only exhibiting many different colours themselves, but receiving a variety of tints from the circumambient air. Yet, with all this, there is no reason why the Supreme Being should not avail himself of these signs to predict future events. It is also very possible that a sound resembling a sigh or a groan might come from a statue by the disruption or violent separation of some of the interior parts; but it is quite beyond the bounds of possibility to imagine that an inanimate thing can give forth an articulate voice, or a clear, full, and perfect expression. As for those persons who are possessed with such a strong sense of religion that they cannot reject anything of this kind, they found their faith on the wonderful and incomprehensible power of God; for there is no kind of resemblance between Him and a human being, either in His nature, His wisdom, His power, or His operations. If, therefore, He performs something which we cannot effect, or executes what with us is impossible, there is nothing in this contradictory to reason; since, though He far excels us in everything, yet the dissimilitude and distance between Him and us appears most of all in the works which He has wrought. But 'much knowledge of things divine,' as Heraclitus affirms, 'escapes us through want of faith.'"

The Neapolitans are, indeed, a strange and unaccountable people; superstitious in some matters, and utterly devoid of it in others. Imagine the priests making of the bones of the dead, candelabra, handles of umbrellas, and carving most ingeniously the bones into flowers and all kinds of ornaments. It may be said, however, that this is not more sacrilegious than making skulls into drinking-cups, as used to be done by the Indians of America.

It is difficult to understand what idea they have formed of the Virgin Mary; every Madonna seems to be different from all others, and each regards the one whom he addresses to possess powers to which others have no pretension. You see them burning wax-tapers before their Madonna, that they may, through her favour, draw a lucky number in the lottery, with a threat, however, that their offerings will be withdrawn *should they prove unsuccessful*. A common method to propitiate her is

to employ the *zampognatori*—bagpipers—of whom I have already spoken, and who descend from the Abruzzi in the winter season to earn a precarious livelihood from the piety of the Neapolitans. This delicate attention is thought sure to secure the favour of the Madonna. You must know that these Madonnas are found at the corners of every street, and a few months ago the whole city was thrown into a state of excitement by these little Madonnas beginning everywhere to work miracles; every street had its crowd of suppliants, and you could not pass along without seeing a multitude of devout worshippers on their knees. I always gave these crowds a wide berth, as you were expected to take off your hat to the image as you passed; and if you were observed to refuse this salutation, you ran the risk of being torn to pieces by an infuriated mob. No carriage was allowed to pass without the party being compelled to descend and pay his respects to the Madonna. At last it became too serious—in fact, a perfect nuisance—so that the government found it necessary to interfere. It was whispered through the city that it was a plot of the Carbonari to rouse their followers; but, be this as it may, the Madonnas were nailed up with boards, and sentinels were stationed below them to prevent crowds from collecting. This took place in the month of April, 1826. No sooner had this cause of excitement passed away, when the minds of the whole people were fearfully agitated by a report which spread among them, that some ancient prophecy had predicted that Naples was to be swallowed up on the 23rd of September by an earthquake and volcanic eruption. Then you could see passing along the streets priests with crucifixes and two lamps on each side, chanting their melancholy hymn, “*Ora pro nobis.*” They would stop every now and then, exhorting their hearers to immediate repentance, as this might be the last time that God would deign to call on them.

These processions of priests, chanting their melancholy ditties, were constantly going on during 1826, as it was what they called *anno santo*—“the holy year”—when absolution was to be obtained for all bygone crimes more easily, if proper means were taken to propitiate the priests. You may recollect the pithy saying of Du Lorens, that you must more particularly beware of your enemy after he has partaken of the holy sacrament, as he then commences a new score: “*Gardez-vous bien de lui les jours qu’il communique.*” This agrees with an observation which I heard the prefect of police here make, that after a general confession of sins and absolution the police are obliged to be more on the alert, as it is then that they expect a greater number of assassinations and atrocious crimes to be committed.

It is difficult to penetrate to the depths of human nature, and to say how far these external ceremonies, of which they are so fond, stand in the place of what we consider to be religion. Is it individualised here, or an attempt made to make man “pure as He is pure? I cannot pretend to give an opinion on a subject which would have required a much greater intimacy with the inner life of this people than it was possible for me to obtain. I have picked out a number of the superstitious notions that are apt to strike a stranger as grotesque; this, however, may exist, and yet there may be much of real piety. Yet I am prepared to state, that I met men of as high moral principle, and as strong Christian feelings,

as any that our own country, of which we are justly proud, could produce; but then I refused to consider them as belonging to the Roman Catholic Church, since they discarded much that, as it appeared to me, that church required them to believe. They were always ready to distinguish between what was necessary for salvation, and what was a mere excrecence, as it were, which we might believe or not, according to our credulity.

I found in my tour that there were men sent out by the different orders of monks—we might call them missionaries—to preach and confess the honest country people. They were regarded, as you might expect, by the regular clergy of the parishes as interlopers, and yet they dared not refuse them admission to their people. I was told that they did immense mischief, destroying the influence which the resident clergy might exercise over their people for good. They had no time to throw difficulties in the way of those who came to confess; knowing nothing of their previous history, they were ready to give them absolution according to a regular tariff. Along with indulgences they sell dispensations for marriage within the prohibited degrees, for eating meat on fast-days, and the privilege of having private chapels; above all, they find an inexhaustible mine in purgatory, and in saying masses for the souls of relatives believed to be in that limbo. These masses are sold at a price which, I was told, is wrangled over very much in the same way as fish-wives do over their wares in the streets of Edinburgh, when they are selling "caller haddies." And it is said that these itinerant monks are not quite honest in their dealings, as they club together a great many souls for whom they have received payment, and make one mass do for the whole.

Though the miracle of St. Januarius has been often described, it may interest you to have an account of what took place in my presence. You know that he is the patron saint of Naples, and that the miracle of the liquefaction of his blood is one of the events in which the people take a deep interest. The longer or shorter time that the saint takes in the performance of the miracle is of serious moment, and has sometimes been fraught with important consequences. I had no difficulty in obtaining access to the portion of the church set apart for foreigners, and of all who were present, I am sorry to say, that our own countrymen and women behaved the most offensively. The scenes that take place vary according to the wishes of the priests, but when I was present there were no peculiar circumstances that required them to go out of the routine. The church was by no means filled, and those who were present were evidently of the lower classes. At one side of the altar were seated a number of old women, who claimed to be lineal descendants from the family of the saint, for I imagine that he himself left no descendants, if celibacy was then the law of the church. These relatives treat their great ancestor with scant respect, and load him with many reproachful epithets if he be slow in listening to their prayers. Sometimes they were silent, and I could not help thinking that they followed the signal of a leader from their bursts of indignation. It is strange that these relatives should have ended in a number of old and wretched women. Immediately after I entered, there appeared a long procession of flags and monks, of all the different orders in Naples, advancing by one aisle and disappearing by another. They all did homage to the statue of the *saint* as they passed the altar, but the scene that followed was still more

amusing. The statues of forty saints advanced in procession, fastened firmly on stages and carried by priests, and as they passed the altar these statues were made to do obeisance to the great St. Januarius. They were richly and gorgeously adorned with gold and silver tassels, precious stones, and carried nosegays in their hands. The family of the saint addressed them as they passed in language suitable to their rank, always ending, however, with bawling out, "Great is Sto. Gennaro, and much more powerful than you!" I could not help thinking of the silversmiths of Ephesus, when they called out, in former times, "Great is Diana of Ephesus!"—so true is it that there is nothing new under the sun. The day was now far advanced, and I began to be a little impatient for the closing scene, when the blood made its appearance in a transparent box, surmounted by a golden crown, and carried under a purple canopy, which was supported by priests of the highest rank. This box contained two phials; the one is empty, the contents having been carried off to Madrid by Charles III.; in the other is an opaque matter, which becomes red when it is liquid, but it was impossible to say so from anything that I saw. I was close to the altar, and made every effort to see its contents. The bottle is carried up to the altar and placed there, when the archbishop presents it to the head of the statue, and if the saint is propitious it takes not more than ten minutes—as it did when I saw the miracle—to liquefy. It is then brought forward to the people, who rush on to kiss the phial. There was a great crowd of parties jostling each other to get near to it, and I joined, that I might see more minutely its contents, but the swaying of the multitude to and fro, and the constant movement of the phial by the priest, prevented this being possible. I gave it up in despair, and retired without being able to say how the trick is accomplished, if there be any trick performed more than in mere words. Though it seemed to be a liquid when it was presented to the people, I cannot affirm that it was ever anything else. The same miracle is being performed with the blood of St. Januarius at Madrid, and the Capuchin monastery at Pozzuoli, as I have before mentioned.

Voltaire defends this miracle on the grounds that the heated imaginations of warm climates have probably need of visible signs to bring them in subjection to the divinity, and thinks that they ought not to be abolished except when they have become an object of contempt to the people who had previously respected them. Machiavelli is of the same opinion as to such objects of worship, believing that they may be made use of by governments to ward off public calamities. This is looking at such matters in the light of expediency, and means that religion is merely an engine for acting on the ignorant masses.

I think that it may interest you if I give a collection of words used in the south of Italy which are to be found in no Italian dictionary, and many of which seem able to be traced to a Greek source. I have already referred to the origin of the language of Bova, south of Gerace, which there is no doubt was a colony from the Morea in the fifteenth century, but I was interested in finding scattered up and down words for the origin of which we must go to a much more remote date. Thus, at Maratea, a little south of Cape Palinuro, I find the following list of words which are not to be found elsewhere. Trofa, nourishment; or, as it was explained to me, "un albero qualumque chi intorno a se nutrisce

altre piante nate da sue radici;" it seems to come from τροφή, nourishment; ceramilo, a tile, from κέραμος; stranzacalona, the turtle, from χελώνη; catojo, a room in the lower story, from κατά, down, and σίκος, a house; profiti, a piece of ground producing the earliest fruits of the season, from πρό, before, and φυτόν, grown; lacco, a small ditch with stagnant water, from λάκκος, a ditch; pede cata pede, following on the footsteps of, from πόδα κατά πόδα, foot by foot.

At Gerace, I find hazana, a small aperture in the wall, to contain articles; fondiche, a small aperture in the tiles to allow the smoke to escape; naca, a basket, in which they put their children on their heads; manale, a piece of black cloth over the head; ritorto, a piece of white cloth; ajosa, come quickly, which may come from αίσσω, to rush forward; arcojero, old things, from ἀρχαῖος, old; faldale, a leathern apron, at San Fili, on the road from Paola to Cosenza; pettiglia, a support to the breasts made of pasteboard; quatraro, a child; fano, an aperture in the roof to admit the light, from φαίνω, to show; rizza, a root, from ρίζα, a root; trizza, a tress; esti, is; aspro, or spro, water; ahai, I have found; pivoli, birds of bad omen; stalamo, small drops of water, from σταλαγμός, a drop; callipo, to cleanse the furnace.

XXXV.

I HAD now nothing to detain me further in the neighbourhood of Naples, and I had still much to see in Italy before I bade it farewell. Taking an affectionate leave of my kind friends, whom it was not likely that I should again meet, I started by curricule to hurry over the dusty plain of Campania, which I had so often traversed in every direction. My course was now northwards for the modern city of Capoa, situated on the site of the ancient Casilinum. I was a practised traveller in this part of the world, and had a mind quite at ease as to my being able to overcome any difficulties that might present themselves. I had very different feelings from those with which I started on my Calabrian tour, when I had been warned of the many dangers I must encounter, and which, though I escaped, I am aware that it was more by the protection of a kind Providence than by my own prudence.

Stopped, as all travellers are, at the entrance of Capoa, I presented a fresh passport for their examination, and was allowed to go forward without a moment's delay. At such a town as this they are accustomed to see English travellers at all times, and know that we have no other object in view except mere pleasure. This city is situated on the left bank of the river Volturno, a deep and rapid stream, along which I had travelled in passing down the defile from Æsernia, and the sources of whose tributaries, Calor and Sabbatus, I had seen on my search for Lake Ampsanctus. The ancient city Casilinum, of which Capoa now occupies the site, played a very distinguished part in the Second Punic war, having defied the arms of Hannibal, B.C. 216, after the battle of Cannæ. The Roman troops, only a thousand in number, endured all the miseries of a protracted siege, with a scanty store of provisions, but were at last compelled to surrender. It never became a city of importance, being a mere dependency of Capua; and it was not till the destruction of the latter, in

the ninth century, that the inhabitants transferred themselves to this spot, which seems then to have been unoccupied, and gave it the name which it now retains.

It is built within a narrow bend of the river, with walls having a circumference of about two miles, and a garrison of three or four thousand men. I am not aware, however, that in modern times it has ever tried to rival the bravery of the Roman garrison; and when I tell you that, before the suppression of monasteries by the French, it contained twenty-four of these ecclesiastical establishments, and churches to the number of fifty, I do not suppose that you will be surprised that their thoughts were more directed to heavenly objects than the affairs of this world. Even still I was told that the archbishopric of Capua was the second in point of wealth and importance of the whole of Italy, and every canon is said to enjoy the revenues of a prelate. I must confess that the cathedral is in every way worthy of such high dignitaries. It has an open quadrilateral court, surrounded by twenty Corinthian pillars of Oriental marble and cipollino in single blocks of stone, and around it are placed many tombs of the middle ages, and one of Roman times, representing a festival of Bacchus. The interior of the church is divided into three naves, adorned with twenty-four large Corinthian pillars of Oriental marble in single blocks. The baptismal font, of black African marble, is supported on the backs of two lions, and has every appearance of being of Roman construction. I was much struck by two little pillars of verde antique used for candelabra. To the confessional you descend by a flight of marble stairs, and in this lower part of the church you find many ancient marble pillars; and in another part of the church I observed an ancient bas-relief, representing a hunting scene, with the figures of Diana and Endymion. Few cathedrals in Italy are served by such a large body, amounting to forty canons of the first rank, twelve of the second, and ten chaplains—*mansionarii*, as they are called. This is certainly a goodly array, and if the inhabitants are not well instructed in the doctrines of the Catholic Church, it cannot arise from a deficiency in the number of clergy.

The city has three principal streets running parallel to each other, and a fine square, called *De' Giudici*, where the higher classes assemble in the cool of the evening, as they do in all parts of Italy. Here is a church, called *S. Eligio*, with two lofty pillars of Egyptian marble in front; and in the lower basement of the municipal palace you are struck by six colossal heads built into it, which are said to have been brought from the ancient amphitheatre of Capua. In passing through the streets you observe many ancient inscriptions brought from Capua.

There being nothing more worthy of notice in Capua, I hired a mule to proceed forward to *Calvi*, the site of the ancient *Cales*, celebrated for its wines. *Horace* says:

*Cæcubum et prelo domitam Caleno
Tu bibes uvam.*

“Thou shalt drink *Cæcuban* wine, and the juice of grapes squeezed in the *Calenian* press.”

The road continues for four miles to follow the exact route of the *Via Appia*, but at a spot called *Casa-Lanza* it branches off to join the road along which I had passed on descending the valley of the *Volturno* from

Æsernia. This is a part of the Via Latina, and after proceeding other three miles, I reached the miserable village of Calvi, with the ruins of a feudal castle of the middle ages.

The remains of the ancient city are of considerable extent, and show that it must at one time have been of great importance. The places of public amusement enable you to judge of its former size, and if you find a large theatre and amphitheatre, you may be tolerably sure that it must have been well peopled. In the days of Cicero (*Ad Fam.* ix. 13; *Ad Att.* vii. 14) it was evidently flourishing, and we see by his letters that it engaged the special protection of the great orator. It was the birthplace of M. Vinicius, the son-in-law of Germanicus, and patron of Velleius Paterculus (*Tac. Ann.* vi. 15).

I could trace very distinctly the oval form of the amphitheatre, and at a spot called S. Casto Vecchio you see the remains of what seems to have been the theatre. Near this there is a brick arch, under which the road passes, and which may have been one of the gates of the ancient city. In the street leading from this arch there is a large piece of wall with another fine arch, possibly the remains of some temple, and a little farther on you come upon the remains of a public edifice, divided into different rooms, which the inhabitants call the Temple of Mercury. Outside the cathedral and seminary are fragments of red and grey Oriental marble, with their capitals scattered on the ground, and some pieces of rosso antico. The cathedral is dedicated to S. Casto, the first bishop of Cales. The soccorpo is supported by two rows of pillars of cipollino marble, the remains, no doubt, of the ancient city.

Here, too, what I have often seen, is a large spring of water issuing from the rock, and traces of channels, which have the appearance of aqueducts. The path leads through two hills, of a very picturesque appearance, to a grotto, which it is difficult to say whether it be natural or excavated. The inhabitants maintain that the cavern extends two miles underground, and opens near a spot called Le Torricelle.

I cannot say that I found the wine particularly palatable; it had a curious aromatic flavour, which was not at all pleasing; and yet, in former times, it was scarcely inferior to the celebrated Ager Falernus in the excellence of its wines. Indeed, the Falernian district seems to have been close upon Cales, extending away towards the sea; but at the present moment the wines of this part of Italy are in no way remarkable.

A considerable part of the day was still at my command, and as it made no difference where I spent the night, I determined to push on five or six miles farther, to Teano, the ancient Teanum Sidicinum. The road was hilly, with many beautiful spots, where the eye stretched over the Falernian district. There are many traces still of the Via Latina; and this is not surprising, as intercourse with different parts of the country here is principally carried on by mules. The bridges, of a very substantial character, are still to be seen on the road. Teano is a city of about four thousand inhabitants, where I found no difficulty in obtaining accommodation sufficiently good for my purpose. At daybreak I sauntered out in the direction of a convent, from which I was told I should enjoy an extensive view of the surrounding country. It was, indeed, a magnificent prospect, as the rays of the rising sun lighted up *the distant landscape*. There lay before me once more the coasts of

Baiæ, Misenum, Cumæ, with the islands of Ischia and Procida. Vesuvius on the left was sending forth its smoke; and Monte S. Angelo closed the view in the distance. I was overlooking the city of Teano and the volcanic hills of Roccamonfina and Sessa. The background was filled with hills clothed with thick groves of oaks and chesnuts.

On my return, I proceeded to examine the ancient ruins which lie on lower ground than the modern town, and in the direction of Calvi. The remains quite confirm the statement of Strabo (v. pp. 237, 248), that it was the largest and most populous town on the Via Latina, and the most considerable of the inland cities of Campania after Capua. There are considerable remains of the amphitheatre with subterranean vaults, showing that it was intended for a large population; and the theatre, now called Cerchio, must also have been of considerable size. Some pipes discovered here had the inscription

COL . CL . FR . TEAN .

In several other inscriptions the Claudian family is mentioned, and it arises, in all probability, from a fact alluded to by Livy (xxvi. 15) in its history. This town had been selected, B.C. 211, as a place of confinement for a part of the senators of Capua, while they were awaiting their sentence from Rome; but the Consul Fulvius, contrary to the opinion of his colleague, App. Claudius, caused them all to be put to death without waiting for the decree of the senate. This would, no doubt, leave a pleasing impression of the Claudian family on its inhabitants, and induce them to place themselves under its protection.

There are remains of many other buildings, but in such a ruinous state that nothing can be decided respecting them. There are several inscriptions built into the wall of the campanile of the cathedral; one more particularly attracted my attention with the name of Catilina. It runs thus:

D . M . S .
 CATVLINAE . RESTITAE . CO
 NIVGI . INCOMPARABILI . QVAE MECVM
 VIXIT . ANNIS . XXIII FELIX B . M .

There is also a long inscription to the Emperor Adrian, erected in his third consulship, which happened A.D. 119. The interior of the church is adorned with many ancient columns, and before the door lie two sphynxes of red granite; inside is a marble sarcophagus, with its cover and bas-reliefs, not badly executed.

In my morning's walk I had made acquaintance with a well-informed man, not a whit more friendly to the present government than many others whom I have met in other parts of the country; but as I can place no confidence in such casual friends, and really feel no interest in such matters, I make it a rule to change the conversation, and turn it to some subject of which they may be supposed to have some knowledge. I inquired if there were any old legends connected with the churches of Teano; he confessed that there were, but he was no believer in such nonsense. The following event had happened at the church of S. Antonio, and was believed by the ignorant people. When the festival of this saint is celebrated, his statue is richly decked out with a variety of jewellery,

which is carefully put away during the rest of the year. Two men, who had not the fear of God before their eyes, resolved to divest the saint of his property, and one of them was making off with the booty, when his companion called to him to come back and strip the bambino—Our Saviour in the arms of the saint—of the trinkets around him. While he was so employed, the saint clasped him in his arms, and held him so firmly, that he was not released till he was delivered over to the secular arm.

Another story connected with Teano, and which, he said, is recorded in a Latin inscription in one of the churches, refers to their first bishop, named Paris, who came hither in the third century from Athens. He found the inhabitants worshipping a dragon, which he slew, and, in consequence, was exposed by the enraged people to the fury of a lion and bear. These fierce animals threw themselves at the feet of the holy man, and, wagging their tails, licked his feet. The inhabitants could not resist such a miracle, and, being converted to Christianity, appointed him bishop.

He told another legend respecting a spring, at one time called *Fonte della creature*—"fountain of infants"—but now *Acqua scomunicata*—"excommunicated water." The inhabitants had the superstitious idea that any child dipped in it before its seventh year, issued forth healed of whatever disease it had been afflicted. The parents, however, were bound to furnish a plentiful repast, and then, having stripped their child of his clothes, left them to be distributed among the poor. A bishop put an end to this superstitious practice, and the spring is now in consequence called "*Acqua scomunicata*."

The acidulous springs of Teano were well known in ancient times, and still exist. Pliny alludes to them (xxxi. 5, 1): "*Et quæ vocatur Acidula, ab Teano Sidicino quatuor millibus passuum; hæc frigida.*"—"The cold acidulous spring is situated four miles from Teano." My friend said they were found near Francolisi, in the direction of Cales, and were still frequented by those afflicted with stone in the bladder. Vitruvius (viii. 3) alludes to its being used for this purpose in his time about B.C. 20. There are other springs of the same nature close to Teano, at a spot called *Caldarelle*, and at no great distance are found ruins of brick and marble at *Bagno Nuovo*.

There is a curious story told in connexion with these ancient baths, which shows the pride of the Roman aristocracy, their insolence and cruelty, about the year B.C. 124. It is found in a famous speech of Caius Gracchus, and is given by Aulus Gellius (x. 3, 1). He said: "A consul was lately visiting Teano of the Sidicini, when his wife, who had accompanied him, expressed a wish to bathe in the men's baths. M. Marius, one of the principal inhabitants, gave directions to the *quæstor* to turn out the men, who were then using them, but as this was done less quickly than suited the fine lady, she complained to her husband of the delay, and of the mean way in which they were furnished. The consul immediately ordered a stake to be fixed in the public square, and that M. Marius should be stripped and publicly whipped." Such was the treatment that an Italian of rank received from a brutal Roman consul.

There is an inscription in the *campanile* of the cathedral which evi-

dently belongs to these baths, and which again refers to the Claudian family :

S. BALNEVM CLODIANVM
EMPTVM CVM SVIS AEDITICIIS.

These springs abound in this quarter from the hilly nature of the country. I heard of one at Cascamo, which the inhabitants believed to predict whether their crops would be abundant, according to the quantity of its water. Another fine spring, on an eminence, had the appellation, "di cento finestre," "the hundred windows," from the magnificence of its views over the plains of Campania.

I had now to decide in what direction I should proceed to reach S. Germano—whether I should double back on my steps to Torricelli, on the road to Calvi, and then proceed by the road leading to Venafro, or take the direct course across the hills, making my way as I best could. You know how averse I am to retrace my steps, if it can be avoided, and therefore you will not be surprised that I resolved to take the hilly country, being sure that it could be penetrated, if not by mules at least by one on foot so inured to fatigue as I am. Before I started I walked out to a small chapel, Santa Maria del Trivio, where are some traces of the Via Adriana, leading to Sessa, and to which the name Adriana is still attached.

The direction that I took was very much what the Via Latina pursued in ancient times. Ascending the course of a small stream, the banks of which were clothed with fine oak-trees and chesnuts, I passed under Rocca Monfina, which stands on a hill, believed to be of volcanic origin, and reaching the top of a ridge, the water-shed between the Vulturinus and Liris, I descended into a valley to a small village called Conca. Here I passed a very uncomfortable night in a locanda, and in the morning proceeded past Tora, where there is some appearance of an ancient paved road, no doubt the Via Latina, and threading a picturesque ravine, through which flowed a small stream called Peccia, joined the road leading to San Germano. I could scarcely have managed to get on if I had not procured a mule at Conca, which brought me forward with comparative ease. It was even then a long and fatiguing journey, under a broiling sun, at this period of the year.

San Germano is a city of some size, containing about four thousand inhabitants, and is situated at the foot of Monte Casino. It lies between the mountain and a river, the rich plain beneath being traversed by a number of rivulets flowing from the hills, which still, as in the days of Silius Italicus, A.D. 60, are the cause of heavy fogs. "Nebulosi rura Casini," "the country of foggy Casinum," as he calls it (iv. 227), and again (xii. 527) :

Nymphisque habitata Casini
Rura.

"The country inhabited by the water-nymphs of Casinum." The agrarian law of Rullus, B.C. 64, proposed to portion these lands among the Roman citizens (Cic. de Leg. Agr. ii. 25, iii. 4), and this actually took place during the Second Triumvirate, when a military colony was established.

San Germano stands partly on the site of the ancient Casinum, which

is repeatedly mentioned during the second Punic War, and on one occasion Hannibal encamped in its territory, ravaging the country for two days, though he did not attempt to reduce the town itself. Considerable ruins of the ancient town are scattered over the lower slopes of the hills about a quarter of a mile outside the gate leading to Rome. The amphitheatre, of an elliptical shape, is of no great size, though almost entire. The exterior is of reticulated structure; very different from the amphitheatres of Capua, Pozzuoli, or the Colosseum of Rome. The entrances are formed of large hewn stone, and on the top are seen stones with holes to fasten the coverings, which were hoisted to protect the audience from the rays of the sun. The chambers for the wild beasts, and the canals leading in the water for naumachia, are distinctly seen. Indeed, it is in that perfect state of preservation that it would require little repair to make it suitable for its former uses.

Alongside of the amphitheatre is a large piece of ancient wall, supposed to have belonged to a temple, from which there were got many pieces of mosaic pavement and many granite columns which now adorn the monastery of Monte Casino. In 1757 the following inscription, now seen in the monastery, was found here, which shows that the amphitheatre and temple were built at the expense of a Lady Ummidia Quadratilla. It runs thus :

VMMIDIA · C · F ·
 QVADRATILLA ·
 AMPHITHEATRVM · ET ·
 TEMPLVM · CASINATIBVS ·
 SVA · PECVNIA · FECIT ·

“Ummidia Quadratilla, daughter of Caius, built this amphitheatre and temple for the inhabitants of Casinum at her own expense.”

It is curious that we should have this lady described by Pliny the younger (vii. 24), though under the name of Nummidia, as having just died, about A.D. 90, in her eightieth year. She was fond of a town life and theatrical amusements, retaining a set of pantomimes, and being an encourager of that kind of people to a degree, as Pliny says, inconsistent with her sex and rank. Varro (*De R. R.* iii. 3) alludes to the family: Philippus cum ad Immidium hospitem Casini divertisset: “When Philip was spending the day with his host Immidius at Casinum.” The family came into notice under the early Roman emperors. It can be traced for about two hundred years moving among the nobles of Rome, and intermarrying with the family of the Emperor Antoninus. The old lady, whom we find mentioned in this inscription, made a very judicious will, as Pliny tells us, though she had been much courted by legacy-hunters, leaving two-thirds of her fortune to her grandson, Ummidius Quadratus, and the other third to her granddaughter. It was probably the son of this Ummidius who married the sister of Antoninus Pius, and his grandson, having been induced by Lucilla to enter into a conspiracy against her brother Commodus, was put to death A.D. 183, and from that time the family disappeared from historical records. The founder of the family seems to have been C. Ummidius Durmius Quadratus, and is interesting to us as having been governor of Syria during the early period of the *Christian religion*. He was governor from about A.D. 51 till his death,

60, being the friend and supporter, as we are told, of Antonius x, procurator of Judæa, before whom the Apostle Paul, A.D. 60, ched "of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come" (ts xxiv. 25). It was probably the property of this Quadratus that dratilla inherited. There is an inscription in the monastery of the Casino which gives a detailed account of his life, in which we find he was legate of the province of Lusitania, now Portugal, during reign of Caligula; then of Illyricum, under Claudius; and lastly of a, under Nero. It is when we come across names connected with who have acted an illustrious part in the world's history, that the gues of such a journey as I have undertaken are felt to be completely id.

The chapel of the Crucifix, close to the amphitheatre, is remarkable the solidity of its structure; of a quadrangular shape, it is difficult to whether it was originally a temple or sepulchre. It has the form of reek cross, being built of large square stones placed on each other, out cement or mortar. The pavement, vaults, and cupola are of the e massive materials. The theatre is at no great distance, in a very ous state, commanding a magnificent view over the country. In the ity of the Cappucini there is a considerable portion of road, paved, the Via Appia, with large blackish stones, of pentagonal shape, with paths running alongside—no doubt a part of the way mentioned in following inscription:

.....
 L · CALPVRNIO · PISONE · COS ·
 EX · C · C · P · P · VIAM · SILICE ·
 STERNENDAM · A · PORTA ·
 CAMPANA · AD · FORVM ·
 P · SPELLIUS · P · F · SPELLIANVS ·
 SABINVS · Q ·
 C · SATTIVS · C · F · CALATRO · II · Q ·
 CVRAVERVNT.

only name in this inscription known to history is L. Calpurnius), who was consul with the Emperor Nero, whose name has evidently 1 at the top, A.D. 57, and whom we know to have been slain, A.D. 70, Africa, because he was said to have been forming a conspiracy against pasian, who had just obtained the empire. n front of the principal church are large pieces of ancient columns, 1 their pediments, and a vase of travertino, with the following in- ption:

HERCULI
 SANCTO · SAC ·
 P · POMPONIVS · NOE—
 TVS · VOTVM · SOL ·
 AMICOS · ACC · BENE ·
 L · EGGIO · MARVLLO · ET ·
 CN · PAPIRIO · ÆLIANO · COS ·
 L · D · D · D · K · · IVL ·

rullus and Ælianus were consuls, A.D. 184, in the reign of Commodus,

but history passes over them unnoticed. This had been erected to the honour of Hercules, who was regarded by the Romans as the giver of health (Lyd. de Mens. p. 92). The gens Pomponia was numerous, but none of them are mentioned with the cognomen of Noetus.

What, however, makes Casinum most interesting to the scholar is that it was the residence of M. Terentius Varro, whose vast and varied erudition in almost every department of literature earned for him the title of the "most learned of the Romans." He was the intimate friend of Cicero, being born B.C. 116, and died at the advanced age of eighty-nine, B.C. 28, having lived through the most stormy period of Roman history. I am not much given to sentiment, yet I could not stroll over the site of his villa without feeling that it was a spot sacred to the scholar. After the destruction of the hopes of the senate at Phursalia, B.C. 48, he yielded to fate, and was received into favour by Cæsar; but before this was known, his villa at Casinum had been seized and plundered by Antony—an event which Cicero severely reprobates in his second Philippic (cc. 40, 41), contrasting the ennobling pursuits witnessed within its walls with the base excesses and foul debauchery of its captor.

The remains are found at a spot called Monticelli, in the middle of the plain, where are seen brick walls of reticulated structure along the banks of a stream, the waters of which he had to confine by a strong embankment, which still remains, after a period of nearly two thousand years, to prove the solidity and strength of Roman works.

The monastery of Monte Casino has been so often described by travellers, that I shall merely say that it stands on the summit of a lofty hill, up which a road winds for a couple of miles. The slopes are covered with a species of wild grass and dwarf shrubs, having not much of an Italian aspect, but the view from the top stretches away over a beautiful country. It was founded by St. Benedict, A.D. 529, on the site of a Temple of Apollo, the marble pillars of which may very probably be those which are now adorning the chapel of the monastery. Near the top of the ascent there is a large stone with an indentation, like the print of a knee, enclosed by an iron grating. The legend is that St. Benedict knelt here, as he approached the temple, to offer up a prayer for strength to contend against the pagans, and that the imprint of his knee was miraculously made on the hard stone, as may be still seen.

I have always thought that the system of monasteries, though pernicious in their abuse and defective in their intellectual arrangements, contained much that was interesting to the imagination, and actually contributed at the time of their erection to increase the happiness of life. Not only so, but I believe that we owe to them the commencement of the intellectual and moral education of Europe, and that they carried it on successfully to a certain point. Besides, as they made the hierarchy a stronger bulwark against the violence of the great and the oppression of the throne, these establishments were for a long time of incalculable advantage to the world.

At almost all periods of the middle ages the order of St. Benedict, to whom this monastery belongs, stands foremost amongst the cultivators of learning and of the arts. They were unquestionably the pioneers and builders of European civilisation, and always stood high above all the other orders of monks. Monte Casino has been called the Sinai of the

middle ages. It gave birth to a numerous body of communities, which spread over Europe, and of which not the least famous were our British monasteries, such as Yarrow, Bury St. Edmund's, Whitby, Reading, St. Alban's, Croyland, all of which were distinguished for the labour they bestowed on the collection and transcription of books. It is to this system of transcription that we are indebted for all that remains of ancient learning, and the monks of Casino set an example which was closely followed by all the communities that were affiliated to it. To them we owe the works of Homer, Tacitus, Cicero, Terence, Horace, Seneca, Virgil, and Lucan.

On presenting myself at the gate, as a foreigner who was travelling through their beautiful country, and anxious to examine whatever was worthy of attention, I was received with great civility, and everything I wished to see was placed at my command. It was the manuscripts, which are little known in England, that I was more particularly desirous to examine; and the following notes may not be uninteresting to you who are fond of antiquarian subjects.

The most ancient codex is of Origenes, according to the version of St. Jerome, written in uncial characters, A.D. 569. I understood it to be *Homiliæ Origenis, xxviii.*, in *Jeremiam et Ezechielem*, translated at Constantinople, after the completion of the Eusebian Chronicle, A.D. 380.

A codex of the eleventh century, a treatise on veterinary surgery, by Constantinus Africanus, whose date is not certainly known, but may probably be the same person as Sex. Julius Africanus, a Christian writer at the beginning of the third century, called by Suidas a Libyan (s. v. *Ἀφρικανός*). He wrote a work entitled *Κεσροί*, that is embroidered girdles, which treated of a vast variety of subjects, and among others of medicine. This codex is No. 200.

A codex of Dante, No. 512, written in 1367, with an abridgment of the whole poem in the terza rima of Dante, still unpublished, and which is thought to be the work of Pietro, son of Dante.

A codex of Boccaccio, "*De Claris Mulieribus*," done into Italian by Donato, in obedience to an order of Queen Joanna, of Apulia. It was written in 1455, and at the end there is a letter of the Sultan to Pope Nicolas V., translated from Arabic into Greek, Latin, and Italian, with the answer of the pope. These letters were written after the taking of Constantinople, in 1453.

A codex of the twelfth century, No. 2, B. B., written in Latin characters, containing the acts of the Council of Ephesus, A.D. 431, against the dogmas of Nestorius, patriarch of Constantinople.

The original codex of the chronicle of Leo Ostiensis, and a copy of the same chronicle, with the additions of Petrus Diaconus.

A collection of very rare diplomas, referring to the former Abbey of the Benedictines, at St. Angelo, in Formis, once the Temple of Diana Tifatina, near Capua, of the remains of which you may recollect that I gave an account. This collection consists of bulls and diplomas, on parchment, of Pope Urban II., Pasqual II., of Richard I., Prince of Capua, at the end of the eleventh and beginning of the twelfth centuries. All these diplomas are written in Lombard characters, and contain the portraits of the princes, clothed in the fashion of their country, and

surrounded by soldiers, in the act of presenting the diplomas to the abbots.

A codex of the *Æneid* of Virgil, of the fourteenth century, with marginal notes and interlineations. This codex is remarkable, as containing at the commencement of each book the arguments formed from the very words of Virgil, and believed to have been the work of Herennius Modestinus, pupil of the Jurist Ulpian. He lived under Gordian, A.D. 239; and though one of the latest of the great Roman Jurists, he ranks among the most distinguished.

A very rare codex of the *Iliad* of Homer, written on papyrus, No. 603, with notes, which are said to be by Eustathius.

XXXVI.

I SPENT a couple of days very pleasantly at San Germano, employing my time partly in examining the library of Monte Casino, and partly in wandering over the ancient remains in its neighbourhood. I was strongly pressed to accompany a party, whom I found bent on mounting to the top of Monte Cairo, a lofty mountain in this quarter, from which I was promised a sight of the Adriatic sea in the distance; this, however, must depend on the clearness of the atmosphere, and I declined to undergo the fatigues of such an ascent for such a problematical pleasure.

I started at daybreak on mule for Aquino, along a dusty plain, partly cultivated with corn, but in a great measure covered with very fine oaks. I had not proceeded far when a party of gendarmes rode up, and demanded, though with perfect civility, to see my passport. I was a little surprised to find this appearance of insecurity, by a strong body of armed men patrolling the public road, and was sorry to find that it was only too necessary, as I have again got into a part of the country beset by brigands. I am approaching the confines of the Papal and Neapolitan States, and it seems that it enables these parties to cross backwards and forwards, according as they are pursued. The officer in command said that there was not much danger of my being attacked, as it was known that his men were constantly patrolling the road, but that I had better not attempt to pass through the wood leading to Ceprano, as he could not ensure my safety if I did so. I thanked him for his civility, and assured him that I would give it a wide berth. I inquired if he knew of any ancient remains in this quarter, when he said that I should find, about a mile further on, some remnants of two marble statues, one of which was called by the peasants *l'uomo morto*—"the dead man." These I afterwards saw, both in a very mutilated state.

I had a letter to the Canon Michelangelo, the vicar-general of the diocese of Aquino, and was received most hospitably and kindly. I found him to be well acquainted with the antiquities of Aquinum, and ready to give me the benefit of his knowledge. He possesses a museum of some value—being rich more particularly in terra-cotta figures, of different descriptions—which had been found here.

Aquinum is interesting to the scholar as the birthplace of the satirist Juvenal, who was born possibly about A.D. 20. He thus speaks of it (*iii.* 319):

Et quoties te
Roma tuo refici properantem reddit Aquino,
Me quoque ad Helvinam Cererem vestramque Dianam
Convellere a Cumis.

“And whenever Rome shall send you back to your native Aquinum, anxious to restore your strength, then you may tear me away, too, from Cumæ to Helvine Ceres and your patron deity Diana.”

It was also the birthplace of C. Pescennius Niger, who was saluted emperor by the soldiers A.D. 193, and was slain the following year. The site is situated about four miles from the left bank of the Liris, and about the same distance from the banks of the river Melpis, now Melfi. It was a populous and flourishing place during the latter period of the Roman republic, being spoken of by Silius Italicus as “ingens Aquinum;” and Cicero, who had a villa here, frequently alludes to it as “frequens municipium.”

The modern village, containing only six hundred inhabitants, is about a quarter of a mile to the west of the ancient city. The remains of the walls are formed of massive square stones placed above each other without cement, and show that their circumference must have been about two miles. The site of the old town is now called Civita Vetere. Little of the amphitheatre remains, but its foundations are visible from east to west, measuring about forty feet, and from north to south fifty-four feet. The theatre on the Via Latina, which had evidently run through the town, may also be traced. The extent from east to west sixty-four feet, and from north to south thirty-two feet. There are two churches, which appear to have been ancient temples, called S. Pietro Vetere and Sta. Maria Maddalena. In the walls of the former is an inscription again, as at Casinum, referring to the worshippers of Hercules :

LOCA SEPVLTVRE CVLTVORVM
HERCVLIS VICTORIS INFVNDQ
DOMITIANO IN FR. P. C. XX.
IN AGR. P. L. VI.
M. MANISI (VS) PRISCVS PRISCIANVS
DONAVERVNT.

“Ground for the burial of the worshippers of Hercules the Victorious in the Domitian estate, a hundred and twenty paces in front, fifty-six in depth, M. Manimisius and Priscus Priscianus have presented as a public gift.”

Neither of these public benefactors are known to history; but they must have lived after the reign of the Emperor Domitian A.D. 81—96.

In a field near the theatre are found many fluted pillars, a considerable portion of a cornice and frieze, showing that some temple must have been situated in this direction. The diameter of the column is about five feet. The foundation of the building may be traced for nearly two hundred feet in length, and sixty in breadth. The canon was inclined to consider it the temple of Ceres, mentioned by Juvenal, but no inscription had ever been found to give a clue.

He drew my attention to an old Mosaic above the dome of St. Peter's church, representing the Madonna, to which they attach much value; and within are some old sarcophagi, one of which has nine or ten figures,

supported beneath by two heads, and ornamented on each side by a bust. A large tomb had been lately opened, in which two skeletons had been found, placed the one with the head at the feet of the other. Near it a stone had been found with the following words, but it was in a mutilated state

C . CAM . PIVS . C . F . SIL .

The family of Priscianus is again alluded to in the following inscription:

D . M . S .
M . AVRELIO . CALPVRNIANO
QVI VIXIT ANN . LXX .
M . AVRELIVS . PRISCIANVS
FRATRI DVLCISSIMO
B . M . F .

I do not recollect that the name of Ennius is ever found in Roman history, except in the celebrated poet; here, however, we have it on a small tombstone of Aquinum:

T . ENNI . T . F
AVCTI
IN . F . P . XII
IN . A . P . XII .

I spent a pleasant afternoon with the Canon Michelangelo, who pressed me to remain with him till next morning; but I determined to go forward without delay. Aquino lies low, and, if I may judge from the pale, sallow looks of the inhabitants, must be unhealthy. It is surrounded by woods, and the overflowing of the streams in its neighbourhood, which are made use of to steep flax, cannot fail to be injurious.

As the sun declined the suffocating heat abated, and I rode slowly forward through a country which might be a paradise, but is at present only partially cultivated. I passed the small river Melfa; near the source of which my friend, the canon, told me there were considerable remains of an ancient town called Atina, the "potens Atina" of Virgil (*Æn.* vii. 630), and which Silius Italicus (viii. 398) calls cold and bleak, "Monte nivoso descendens Atina."—"Atina descending from its snowy mountains;" and this description, my friend assured me, is as true at the present moment as it was in former times. It stands on a hill, and is surrounded by lofty mountains on all sides. He had often visited it, having drawn up an account of its remains, which he kindly placed at my command.

The present village occupies only a small portion of the ancient site; the walls can be traced distinctly, being of polygonal blocks, fitting neatly into each other. There are remains of a temple at a spot called Settignana, said to be of Janus, and near it are some ruins of a villa, which the inhabitants regard as that where Cicero spent the night before proceeding to exile. Cicero (*De Divin.* i. 28) alludes to this circumstance in these words: "Cum in illâ fugâ, nobis gloriosâ, patriæ calamitosâ, in villâ quâdam Campi Atinatis manerem."—"While I was resting in that villa at Atina, before I started in that flight, glorious to us, but calamitous to our country."

The temple of Diana is supposed to have occupied the site of the pre-

sent church of S. Silvestro, and which the inhabitants have a tradition was erected by the Emperor Adrian. In the church of Sta. Maria there is the following inscription :

OB . PVDICITIAM IVNIAE
CRATILLAE ATINATES PVBLICE
STATUAM PONENDAM CENSVE
RVNT ET STOLAM DEDERUNT
QVAM IVNIVS SYRIARCHES CVM
FILIIS EXORNAVIT DEDICAVITQVE ;

“ The inhabitants of Atina in public assembly decreed a statue to Junia Cratilla for her modest conduct, and gave her a robe, which Junius Syriarches with his sons embroidered and dedicated.”

And outside of the church is the following :

IVNIAE ARIAE
RVFINAE . C . F .
VIR . CO . FIL .
EIVS .

These two inscriptions are said to refer to two marble statues, which were removed to Naples, and are now in the Royal Museum.

I could not be so near to the birthplace of the greatest of Roman orators without making a pilgrimage to Arpinum, and the banks of the Liris, along which Cicero must have often strolled in meditative mood. I resolved, therefore, to ascend as far as Sora, and then take the nearest route into the Papal States. The sun had set when I reached the small village of Arce, where I had some difficulty in procuring accommodation, and had to submit to the discomforts of a bed in the locanda. I have ceased to dwell on the fatigues of travelling through this country, as there is a disagreeable sameness in the want of cleanliness to which you are subject. It is the same everywhere in these little villages, and no one need attempt to do what I have accomplished, unless his constitution be such as will withstand excessive heat and labours that never end.

Arce lies on the slope of a hill on a beautiful situation, with a small castle, Rocca d'Arce, overhanging it. It is only interesting to us as the site of a villa of Quintus, brother of Cicero, which the orator describes very fully in a letter to his brother, on a visit which he made to it at the time it was being built. He talks of the great heat, “*magni calores*,” and at this period of the year I can bear witness that the climate has in no way changed in that respect. He says (ad Q. F. iii. 1) : “*In Arcano A.D. III., Idus Sept. fui. ibi Messidium cum Philoxeno (the architect and contractor), aquamque, quam ii ducebant non longe a villâ, belle sane fluentem vidi, præsertim maximâ siccitate : . . . balnearia et ambulationem et aviarium. Villa mihi valde placuit, propterea quod summam dignitatem pavementata porticus habebat; quod mihi nunc denique apparuit, posteaquam et ipsa tota patet, et columnæ politæ sunt. Totum in eo est tectorium ut concinnum sit.*” “I was at Arcanum on the 11th September. There I saw Messidius with Philoxenus, and the water, which they were conveying not far from the villa, flowing most copiously, at least considering the excessive drought to which we have been lately

subject . . . also the baths, piazza, and aviary. The villa has pleased me very much, as the paved portico looks particularly well now that it has been wholly exposed to view, and the pillars are polished. The whole, however, depends on its being properly covered and plastered." The vicissitudes of two thousand years have left little of it; the water still remains to point where it stood, and Fontana buona is the name of the spot.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of the road, leading along the banks of the river Liris towards the city Arpino. The river lies a little to the left as you ascend, and is seldom seen, being shrouded by trees. It is described by Horace (*Od. i. 31, 8*) as a peaceful and gentle stream :

Non rura, quæ Liris quietâ
Mordet aquâ, taciturnus amuis.
Nor the rich fields that Liris laves
And eats away with silent waves ;

but what I saw of it does not suit this description. It is a clear and rapid mountain river, and in its upper course could never have been anything else. Horace might possibly have seen it only near its mouth, where the *Via Appia* crosses it, and there it has been described as a "wide and noble river, winding under the shadow of poplars through a lovely vale and then gliding gently towards the sea."

As you approach Arpino, you see it at some distance stretched along the slopes of the hills, with high ground behind. It contains eleven thousand inhabitants, and there is more appearance of commercial activity than is usually found in these cities. It possesses the most extensive paper manufactory in the kingdom of Naples, giving employment to upwards of two hundred persons. It is still famed for its woollen manufactures, as it was in ancient times.

From the northern gate to the east the walls still remain in their original form, of large polygonal blocks of stone, one of the few specimens of Cyclopiian structure which I have seen. They run along the brow of the hill as far as the ancient citadel now called *Civita Vecchia*, on its highest summit. This city is chiefly distinguished as having been the birthplace of two of the most illustrious men in Roman history, *C. Marius*, born B.C. 157, died B.C. 86; and *M. Tullius Cicero*, born B.C. 106, died B.C. 43. As I saw the house of Horace at *Venusia*, I expected to have the houses of *Marius* and *Cicero* pointed out to me here. The former is on the hill called *Civita Falconieri*, and *Cicero* lived at what is called *Torre alta di Cicerone*. *Cicero* (*ad Att. xi. 13*) speaks of co-heirs of a *Fufdii* of *Arpinum*, and a farm was purchased by him for *Q. Cicero* (*ad Q. F. iii. 1*). It is interesting to find the family handed down by various inscriptions to the present time. Thus, in the wall of the church of *S. Antonio* are the following :

P. FVFIDIUS
FVFIDIAE . P. L.
NOTAE SORORI.

And again :

NOTVS
FVFIDIAE . P. AVGE
MATRI.

In the church of Sta. Maria there are several mutilated inscriptions; none of any interest, except one with the name Tullius, reminding us of the great orator. The words are crowded together, and some of the letters nearly illegible. It seems to be the following :

. . . . VMSACRVM.
 RIMERCVRIOLAN
 CILIXTVLLIVS
 TEMARRECIAE
 IINOMAIN.

Leaving Arpino in the afternoon I rode down three miles to Isola, a village situated in a small island, formed by the waters of the Liris, which is interesting from being near to the site of the paternal villa of Cicero, and for the beautiful views that numerous waterfalls present. The village contains about three thousand inhabitants, chiefly occupied in woollen manufactures, but it is visited chiefly for its cataracts. One of the best views is got from the bridge Serella, where the stream divides into two branches, forming another small island, but the finest point of view is from the top of Monte San Giovenale, where both cascades are presented to the eye at once, with the royal palace rising in front. Besides these two cataracts, the river presents much fine scenery along its banks, particularly a group of five small cascades, one above the other, at Remorice, with a fringe of poplars and other trees on both sides. It is an excellent fishing stream, and supplies trout to both Naples and Rome.

The position of the paternal villa of Cicero has been much disputed; this has, in my opinion, arisen from omitting to take into account that the orator, during his successful career, had added house to house, and that, too, in his own province. If we take this point into consideration it will clear away many of the difficulties that surround the question. We find him in a letter (ad Att. viii. 9), which was evidently written towards the end of his career, writing thus: "Ego Arpini volo esse pridie Kal. deinde circum villulas nostras errare, quas visurum esse me postea desperavi." "I am anxious to be at Arpinum the day before the calends, and then to saunter about my country houses, which I despaired of ever again seeing." This clearly shows that he had more than one villa in this quarter, and now let us see the description of the position of one of them, which he has given very beautifully in the second book *De Legibus* (c. ii. 1):

Atticus. Sed visne, quoniam et satis jam ambulatum est, et tibi alii dicendi initium sumendum est, locum mutemus, et in insula, quæ est in Fibreno, (nam opinor illi alteri flumini nomen esse) sermoni reliquo demus operam, sedentes?

Marcus. Sane quidem. Nam illo loco libentissime soleo uti, sive quid aut scribo, aut lego. Ego vero, quum licet plures dies abesse, præsertim hoc tempore anni, et amœnitatem hanc et salubritatem sequor, raro autem licet. Sed nimirum me alia quoque causa delectat, quæ te non attingit ita.

Atticus. Quæ tandem ista causa est?

Marcus. Quia, si verum dicimus, hæc est mea, et hujus fratris mei

germana patria : hinc enim orti stirpe antiquissimâ : hic sacra, hic gens, hic majorum multa vestigia. Quid plura? hanc vides villam, ut nunc quidem est, lautius ædificatam patris nostri studio : qui cum esset infirmâ valitudine, hic fere ætatem egit in litteris. Sed hoc ipso in loco cum avus viveret, et antiquo more parva esset villa, ut illa Curiana in Sabinis, me scito esse natum.

Atticus. Sed ventum in Insulam est, hæc verò nihil est amœnium, ut enim hoc quasi rostro finditur Fibrenus, et divisus æqualiter in duas partes ; latera hæc alluit, rapideque dilapsus cito in unum confluit, et tantum complectitur quod satis modicæ palestræ, loci : quo effecto, tamquam id habuerit operis ac muneris, ut hanc nobis efficeret sedem ad disputandum, statim præcipitat in Lirem, et quasi in familiam patriciam venerit, amittit nomen obscurius, Liremque multo gelidiorem facit : nec enim ullum hoc frigidius flumen attingi, cum ad multa accesserim, ut vix pede tentare id possim.

Atticus. But, now, do you feel inclined, since we have had enough of walking for the present, and you are going to enter on a fresh branch of the subject, to change our situation? If so, let us pursue the rest of our conversation reclining at ease in the island formed by the Fibrenus, for such, I believe, is the name of the other river.

Marcus. It is exactly what I should like, for that is the very spot which I generally select when I wish to meditate undisturbed, and to read or write without interruption. For when I am able to get a few days' absence from business, especially at this season of the year, I am in the habit of coming here to enjoy the beauty of the landscape, and to inhale fresh air ; but it is, alas ! seldom in my power to do so. There is, however, another reason why I am so fond of Arpinum, which does not apply to you.

Atticus. What, pray, is that?

Marcus. Because, to say the truth, this is the native place of myself and my brother here, for here, descended from a very ancient race, we first saw the light of day ; here is our altar, here are our ancestors, and here still remain many traces of our family. Why need I say more? This villa here, which you see, was improved and enlarged at considerable expense by my father, who in the infirmities of age spent much of his time here in the pursuits of literature ; but on this very spot, when my grandfather was still living, and when the villa was, according to the custom of the olden time, of small dimensions, like that of Curius, in the Sabine country, know that I myself was born there.

Atticus. But here we are, arrived in your favourite island. How beautiful it looks ! How bravely it stems the waters of the Fibrenus, while they separate and lave both its banks, soon rejoining their rapid current ! The river just encloses enough of ground for a moderate walk, and having done this much, and secured us an arena for our disputation, it immediately dashes into the Liris, and then, like those who ally themselves to patrician families, loses its more obscure name, and gives the waters of the Liris a greater degree of coolness. For I have never found water cooler than this, though I have seen a great number of rivers, and I can hardly bear my foot in it."

You have here the description of Cicero ; and now for the appearance of the river and its islands at the present moment. I may, in the first

place, say that the walk from Isola towards the river Fibrenus is most picturesque, the hills rising in the distance one above the other fringed with wood, while the banks of the Liris are covered with the poplar and oak. There were few of the oaks that were aged; but they were, no doubt, the descendants of the Marian oak, of which Cicero (*De Leg. i. 1*) speaks so eloquently: "You may say that if you please, but as long as the Latin language shall be spoken, an oak, which will be called Marius's oak, will never be wanting in this place; and as Scævola said of my brother's poem on Marius, it will

Extend its hoary age through countless years."

There are two islands formed by the river Fibrenus, which has a course only of eight miles, one, where it joins the Liris, being somewhere about thirty-two acres—what they call forty moggia—and the other about a mile higher up, called Carnella, not more than five moggia—a little more than four acres. This little island, surrounded entirely by the waters of the Fibrenus, exactly as Cicero describes it, is, in my opinion, that to which he alludes in the quotation which I have given. It is now desecrated by a not very picturesque mill; in other respects, it exactly suits. The stream, confined within a narrow course on both sides, runs with great rapidity (*rapide dilapsus*), and joins again at a short distance (*cito in unum confluit*). The ruins of ancient buildings are said to have been found here, but at present nothing of the kind is to be seen. It might be made, with a little expense and taste, to be very much in the same state as Cicero left it. I have no doubt that this small island—Carnella—is that which Cicero and Atticus sauntered towards when the disputation on the laws took place, and that here stood the paternal villa of Cicero.

The large island to which I have alluded, as situated at the mouth of the Fibrenus, where it falls into the Liris, cannot be said to be surrounded by the waters of the Fibrenus, as they do not unite again, the lower part of the island being washed by the Liris. Here, however, I have little doubt that Cicero had another villa on the island, opposite to the church of St. Domenico, where many ancient remains have been found. In the walls of the church are bas-reliefs, representing consular insignia, and there is a bust, which is called Cicerone. Here, too, there was once a sepulchral urn, which has been transferred to Naples.

One cannot muse on such a spot—which no doubt retains the same features that it did two thousand years ago, when Cicero and his great compeers so often discussed those mighty themes which still engage the mind of the thoughtful—without feeling warmed to enthusiasm. We feel the truth of these words of the orator (*De Fin. v. 1*):

Naturâne nobis hoc, inquit, datum dicam, an errore quodam: ut, cum ea loca videamus, in quibus memoriâ dignos viros acceperimus multum esse versatos, magis moveamur, quam siquando eorum ipsorum aut facta audiamus, aut scriptum aliquid legamus? "Whether it be the natural disposition of man or some inherent weakness, yet true it is that we are much more affected with the sight of those places where the great and famous have lived, than either by hearing of their deeds or reading their works."

This property of Cicero came into the possession of the poet Silvia

Italicus about a hundred years afterwards, as also his villa, called Academia, on the bay of Baiæ. Martial alludes to this in an epigram (xi. 48):

Silius hæc magni celebrat monumenta Maronis,
Jugera facundi qui Ciceronis habet.
Hæredem dominumque sui tumulive larisve;
Non alium mallet, nec Maro, nec Cicero.

“Silius, who possesses the property that once belonged to the eloquent Cicero, celebrates these funeral rites at the tomb of Virgil. There is no one that either Virgil or Cicero would have preferred to heir his property, or to be the guardian of his tomb and lands.”

Speaking of the two rivers, Silius says (viii. 401):

At qui Fibreno miscentem flumina Lirim
Sulfureum, tacitisque vadis ad littora lapsum
Accolit Arpinas.

“But the inhabitants of Arpinum, who dwell on the banks of the sulphureous Liris, mingling its waters with the Fibrenus, and gliding silently to the sea.”

The waters of the Fibrenus I find to be equally cold as in the time of Cicero, and it arises no doubt from their being supplied by subterranean springs. It rises near a village called La Posta, and, indeed, is now known to the inhabitants as Fiume della Posta. It passes through a small limpid lake, about a mile in circumference, and some have accounted for the icy nature of its waters by maintaining that the waters of the Lacus Fucinus are conveyed underground to the Fibrenus.

I had spent a pleasant day on the banks of these rivers, and had now to think of my night's lodging. The muleteer, with whom I had made an arrangement, met me at the church of S. Domenico Abbate, and I hurried on to the city of Sora, which is situated on a plain, and washed to the east and south by the waters of the Liris, spanned by two good stone bridges. Here I found a tolerable night's lodging, and in the morning examined the remains of Sora. It is overlooked by a lofty rock, the summit of which is crowned with an old ruined castle. In the piazza there is the following inscription, which alludes to a fact mentioned by Frontinus, that a colony was placed here by Augustus:

L . FIRMIO . L . F .
PRIM . PIL . TR . MIL .
III . VIR . I . D .
COLONIA . DEDUCTA
PRIM . PONTIFICI
LEGIO . IIII . SORANA
HONORIS . ET VIRTUTIS
CAVSSA .

There is a tradition that St. Julian suffered martyrdom here, and that at the moment it took place the Temple of Serapis fell to the ground. It was situated where the church of St. Julian is now placed, and some of the stones of the ancient temple are shown in various parts of the city. There are many sepulchral inscriptions scattered over the city, generally in an imperfect state. The following are perfect:

NAEVIO CLANIOC . L
PATRONO . VESTIARIO
C . NAEVIO . G . L . ANTIOCHO . L
ISTIMINAE . P . L . SECVNDAE
C . NAEVIO . C . L . DIOGENI . CONI
NAEVIAE . C . L . DORCHAE
DIOGENIS . LIBERTAE.

This is a curious collection of names, some of which are known to us, and others appear nowhere except in this inscription. Istiminia and Dorcha are unknown. Nævius was a draper (*vestiarius*), and the stone was erected by the freed women (*libertæ*) of Diogenes to Nævius and the various members of his family. The nearest approach to Dorcha is the lady of Acts (ix. 39), "showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made."

Here are two historical names of great fame on one little stone, carrying the mind back to the early times of Greece and Rome :

T . CVRIATIO
T . L . PRIAMO.

There must have been a colony of Greeks at Sora from the Greek names that appear on the sepulchral stones : thus we have :

P . ARRIO . P . L
PHILODAMO
P . ARRIVS . P . L
PHILARGYR.

The only Philargyrus known to history is the old scholiast on Virgil, who seems to have lived in the reign of Valentinian. There is an Arrius, who was an intimate friend of Cicero (in Vatin. 12 ; pro Mil. 17), and may have been of this same family.

Here, again, we have Greek names on two inscriptions in the walls of a house near the chapel of La Madonna della Stella :

C . CALIDIO . L	OPPIA . C . L . DIONYSIA
EPAPRODITO	SIBI . ET
CALIDIA . L . C . L .	L . VENELIO . T . F . ROM .
AVGINI	FIERI IVSSIT.

I had now reached a point where I had to determine in what direction I should bend my steps. Should I go forward to Lacus Fucinus, or pass over to the Papal States? I felt that a selection of places to be visited must be made, as the summer was advancing, and I had little more than two months at my command for this kind of travelling. My passport bore that I was to leave the kingdom of Naples by Aquila, which was far to the north, and I was by no means certain that the officers of government would allow me to leave in any other direction. I resolved, however, to make the attempt, and if they turned me back, I had no doubt that I would be able to carry out my intention in spite of them. An active pedestrian as I am, with no luggage except what I can carry in my knapsack, can set a government at defiance in such matters, and I accordingly fixed to proceed from Isola to Castelluccio, which I knew to

be the Neapolitan frontier station. If I were questioned why I had taken this route, my answer would be that I was on my way to visit Casamari, said to be the site of a villa of the celebrated Caius Marius. I returned therefore to Isola to pass the night, and in the morning I was to bid adieu to the kingdom of Naples, where I had spent many happy days, and had received much kindness from all classes of the community.

XXXVII.

I LEFT Isola at an early hour with a muleteer to proceed to Castelluccio, the last place in the Neapolitan dominions where I should be in the power of the police. I resolved to be in every way submissive to the authorities, and try if good humour might carry me through. At the worst, I had only to pretend that I would obey their orders, and, going back a certain distance, leave my muleteer, and trust myself to the chance of making my way across the hills to the other side of the frontier. I made up my mind to run the gauntlet, and, with such a wide, unprotected frontier as this must be, I did not doubt that I would carry my point, even if I could find no peasant willing to be my guide.

Castelluccio is situated on a hill, with an extensive view to the east and south, surrounded with walls in a ruinous state. On reaching it, I presented myself with my passport, and stated at once that I was on my way to Casamari to visit the ruins. They said that my passport did not grant this permission, as I ought to proceed on to Aquila, but they would not throw any difficulties in my way. I found an intelligent priest, who was particularly civil, and offered to point out what was worthy of notice. There are remains, said to be of a monastery, at a spot called San Lorenzo, and near this a piece of ancient road paved with large square stones—no doubt part of the Via Latina, leading to Arpinum. Here, too, is the arch of an ancient bridge at a spot called S. Paolo. The following imperfect inscription was found in the vicinity:

EMILIAE CHRYSOPOLI
EMILIA . IANVARIA
DIPHILVS . PARENTES
INFELICISSIMI
(P. I.) ENTISSIMAE . FILIAE
FECERUNT
. . . VAE. VIX. ANN. VIII. M. II.
. . . . EB XIII.

It is not at all unlikely that Diphilus, who erected this stone to his affectionate daughter, is the architect whose name passed into a proverb, "Diphilo tardior"—"Slower than Diphilus"—whom Cicero mentions (ad Q. F. iii. 1) as the architect of his brother's villa at Arcanum.

After resting a short time, I bade adieu to my clerical friend, and moved forward two miles to the frontier station of the Papal States, and here I had to show my English passport, and was received with great civility. I now breathed freely, as I knew all my difficulties respecting passports were over. Foreigners are allowed to go backwards and forwards in the Papal States without the disagreeable surveillance to which

I have been so long accustomed, that it now appears to me as a matter of course.

Two miles farther on I reached Casamari, the supposed site of a villa of Caius Marius; but if it were so, I cannot say that I admire his taste, as the position is devoid of everything that gives beauty to the landscape. There is little wood to be seen, and at the present period of the year there is a glare of sunshine, which is disagreeable to the eye. I could see no ancient remains, though the following fragment of an inscription was found in this vicinity in 1780:

C
COS. VII. TRIB.

This may very possibly refer to Caius Marius, who was consul for the seventh time, B.C. 86, along with Cinna, the same year that he died.

As I have promised to confine myself to the byways of Italy, I shall pass lightly over my proceedings for the next ten days. I traversed an uninteresting country to Frusino, which I found situated on the road which I had left on proceeding along the banks of the Liris to visit the birthplace of Cicero. I was now on the great road to Rome, and access to the little Volscian towns of Frusino, Ferentinum, Anagnia, Præneste, all placed along the slopes of the Apennines, on the borders of Latium, is easy to the least active of travellers.

Frosinone presents little to attract attention, except the picturesque costume of the women and the remains of a small amphitheatre, which are visible in the plain below. In the city itself there are no relics of antiquity. Its rocky situation and the hardy character of its inhabitants are alluded to by Silius Italicus (viii. 398, xii. 532), and Juvenal (iii. 223) notices it as a country town where you may get houses at a cheap rate. It is curious to see how the poet contrasts the quiet life of such a spot with the noisy tumult of Rome, with its games and plays:

Si potes avelli Circensibus, optima Sora,
Aut Fabrateriæ domus, aut Frusinone paratur,
Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum.
Hortulus, hic puteusque brevis, nec reste movendus,
In tenues plantas facili diffunditur haustu.
Vive bidentis amans, et culti villicus horti,
Unde epulum possis centum dare Pythagoreis.

“If you can tear yourself away from the games in the circus, you may procure a first-rate house at Sora, Fabrateria, or Frusino for the same money that you are now paying yearly for your dark hole. Here you will have your little garden, here a well so shallow that it requires no rope and bucket, whence you can easily water your tender plants. Live there enamoured of the rake, the dresser of your trim garden, from which you could supply a feast to a hundred Pythagoreans.”

It is interesting to find that nature remains much the same as Juvenal describes it towards the end of the first century, and that house rent is as low at present as it was then. The streets are narrow, like all Italian towns, and the Rocca commands a fine prospect of the surrounding country. Some of the houses have their little patches of garden, and the *brevis puteus*—“the shallow well”—is still there to water without trouble the *sprouting plants*. Along all the hills in this neighbourhood you have

small springs trickling out of the ground, as you might expect from the nature of the rock.

Ferentino is on much higher ground, and possesses a greater number of ancient remains than is usually found in these small towns. The walls are of Cyclopiian structure, and can be traced completely round the hill. Some of the limestone blocks are polygonal, and others rectangular. The finest specimen is near the gate called *Porta Sanguinaria*. The bishop's palace, the *Vescovado*, is particularly worthy of examination; it has been built evidently on the foundations of an ancient building, being of a very massive character, while the upper part of the building is comparatively modern. In its walls we find several inscriptions, in which the names of *Hirtius* and *Lollius* are mentioned as having repaired the walls of the town at their own expense. This *Hirtius* is, no doubt, the son of *Aulus Hirtius*, consul B.C. 43, the intimate friend of *Julius Cæsar*, and who took an active part in the stirring events of these times. *Lollius* was probably a connexion of *Marcus Lollius*, consul B.C. 21, who was defeated by some German tribes B.C. 16, and who is mentioned with commendation by *Horace* (*Od. iv. 9*):

Vindex avaræ fraudis et abstinentis
Ducentis ad se cuncta pecuniæ.

"The punisher of those who rob the public treasury, and never seduced by the charms of gold, that misleads so many."

In a small chapel of *S. Giovanni Evangelista* is a stone, now used as a baptismal font, and on which is the following inscription:

CORNELIAE SALONINAE SANCTISSIME
AVG. CONIVGI. D. N. GALLIENI INVIC—
TI AVGVSTI FERINTINATES.

The inhabitants of *Ferentinum* erect this stone to *Cornelia Salonina Augusta*, the wife of *Gallienus*, who reigned A.D. 260—268. She was the mother of *Saloninus*, who was put to death in *Colonia Agrippina* by *Postumus*, A.D. 259. It is interesting when we fall in with historic names, and are able to trace something of their story. *Zonaras* states that she witnessed with her own eyes the death of her husband before the walls of *Milan* in A.D. 268.

Gallienus is here called "unconquered." We know from history that his character was most contemptible; he was only remarkable for his skill in the art of dress, and was deeply versed in the science of good eating.

The most interesting inscription is one hewn on the natural rock, called by the peasantry "*La Fata*"—"the fairy"—recording the deeds of munificence of *Aulus Quinctilius Pal. Priscus* to the inhabitants of *Ferentinum*, which give us a curious insight into the customs of Roman country life. Who this munificent gentleman was we know not, as his name is unknown to history; but his fellow-citizens in gratitude ordered a statue to be erected to his honour in any part of the forum that he might choose. He left them three farms—"Ceponianum, Roianum, Mamianum"—and the site of two of these is pointed out to us by the names, "*Roana* and *Cipollara*," which they still retain. The proceeds of these farms were to be distributed on his birthday for all time coming

in the following way: "Municipibus et inquilinis, item mulieribus nuptis"—"citizens, native as well as those born elsewhere, also married women"—were to receive a "crustulum et mulsi herninam"—"a bun and small measure of metheglin." Then the magistrates, "decuriones," were to be invited to his house, and, there seated round his triclinium, were to have buns, metheglin, and a present of money—"sportula"—to the amount of ten sesterces. Next, "pueris curiæ incrementis et sex viris Augustalibus quibusque" to each of the boys, pupils of the school, "curia," and the six highest priests of Augustus, buns and metheglin, and seven sesterces. And he ends by not forgetting the poor boys of the town, whether slaves or free, of whom he thus speaks: "Pueris plebeis sine distinctione libertatis nucum sparsiones medios triginta." They were to have thirty bushels of nuts scattered among them, and we can imagine the joy of the little urchins on such an occasion. This is a curious glimpse into the habits of the people; and while we can sympathise with the feelings of the donor, there is an eleemosynary air about the whole transaction that must lower them in our eyes. Only imagine a set of magistrates accepting small gifts of money on such occasions!

After visiting Anagnia, Præneste with its Temple of Fortune, Tivoli with its magnificent falls, I hurried down to Rome to spend a few days with my artist friends there, and obtain a little rest to enable me to proceed on my tour. If you get admitted to the inner circle of the little body of English artists that are assembled on the banks of the Tiber, your time will pass very delightfully. My friend, Mr. Thomas Uwins,* whom I left at Naples, and whose high character as an artist and a Christian gentleman makes him be regarded by his compatriots here with the utmost respect, had taken care that I should be received with open arms by his friends in Rome. The sculptor, Mr. Gibson,† who promises to make a name for himself, was particularly kind, and it was with difficulty that I tore myself away from him and the sculptor, Mr. Ewing.

I did, however, start, and found myself in the grey of the morning approaching on muleback the little village of Vicovaro, some seven miles beyond Tivoli, which I had left shrouded in darkness. I was advancing up the Sabine valley, in which Horace had spent most of his days on his little farm. The everlasting hills still are there, and the 'gelidus Digentia rivus'—"the cool and clear waters of Licenza"—purl as in former days quietly along. As the day advanced and the heat increased, I could understand the full meaning of "igneæ æstas"—"the fiery heat of summer"—to which Horace alludes (Od. i. 17) in his address to his fair lady Tyndaris. It was the very dog-star days of which he speaks:

Hic in reductâ valle caniculæ
 Vitabis ætus, et fide Teiâ
 Dices laborantes in uno
 Penelopen vitreamque Circen.

* Mr. Uwins, on his return from Italy, became well known to the lovers of art in England for his beautiful paintings of Italian scenes. He was a royal artist, and latterly keeper of the royal galleries, the National Gallery, and librarian of the Royal Academy. An interesting series of letters from Italy, with a memoir, was published by his widow after his death.

† Mr. Gibson did afterwards achieve for himself a high reputation, and his works have acquired a world-wide fame.

"Here, in this secluded vale, you will be able to escape the heat of the dog-star, and on your Anacreontic lyre shall sing of Penelope and the beauteous Circe striving for the affections of Ulysses."

I stopped at Vicovaro, formerly Varia, now containing about a thousand inhabitants, and saw some remnants of its ancient walls and of an aqueduct. It is situated on a hill on the right bank of the river Anio, which flows in a deep valley below. I called for wine, "vile Sabinum"—"cheap Sabine"—and found it in no way better than Horace allows it to be. Though the heat was oppressive, the country was in all its beauty as I rode slowly along the banks of the Licenza, a mountain torrent, which flows over a wide channel during winter, but is at present confined within narrow bounds. If I could have thrown myself down under some umbrageous tree, and been able to enjoy without thought the beauties of nature like Horace, time might have slipped imperceptibly amidst the delights of a rural life. To the left rose Mons Lucretilis, Monte Gennaro rising, with its lofty peak, four thousand two hundred and eighty-five feet above the sea. Here and there were seen herds of goats browsing on its sides, and below corn-fields and vineyards, interspersed with groves of olives and chesnuts. I was advancing up a narrow valley with the hills closing down to the left, while to the right you see, prettily situated on a rugged peak, a little village, Bardella, the *Mandela* of Horace—"rugosus frigore pagus"—"a village shivering with cold."

Advancing upwards for about three miles and a half, I reached the small village of Rocca Giovane, and close to this are the ruins of what is supposed to be the *Fanum Vacunæ*, whence the poet (*Ep. i. 10, 49*) dates one of his epistles :

Hic tibi dictabam post templum putre Vacunæ.

"I was writing this to you behind the ruined Temple of Vacuna." The spot where the ruins are found is called Formelle, and not far from this is what is called Fontana d'Oratini, which some maintain to be the *Fons Bandusia*. At Rocca Giovane there is the following inscription :

IMP. CAESAR VESPASIANVS
AVG. P. M. TRIB. POT. CENS. AED. EM.
VICTORIAE VETVSTATE DILAPSAM
SVA IMPENSA RESTITVIT.

This inscription was found on the site where the *Fanum Vacunæ* is believed to have stood, and there can be little doubt that a Temple of Victory had been substituted for the other, and was restored by the Emperor Vespasian at his own expense.

Having a letter from Sir William Gell to the clergyman of Licenza, I proceeded forward to that village, which I found situated at the top of the valley, on a hill. Nothing could exceed the kindness with which I was received ; he insisted that I should remain during the day with him, and he would make me acquainted with all the traditional knowledge that had been handed down respecting the position of Horace's villa and farm. This was precisely the object that I had in view when Sir William Gell gave me the letter, and I was told that I should find him intelligent on every subject. My intercourse with him entirely confirmed the character that had been given, and I shall long recollect the delightful

afternoon I spent with the old clergyman of Licenza, sauntering over Horace's Sabine farm and along the lower declivities of Mons Lucretilis.

About a quarter of a mile from Licenza, along the road which I had already passed, we came to a small round hill, covered with vines, and there you are shown a piece of mosaic pavement of a rude character with some brick walls. Here the villa of Horace is placed, and there is no reason why it should not have been situated here. His own description of it is very humble, and we are not, therefore, to expect such remains as the magnificent villas of Varro at Casinum, and of Lucullus at Misenum, have left. He speaks of it thus :

Non ebur neque aureum
Meâ reindet in domo lacunar.

"Neither ivory nor gilded roofs adorn my house." Placed on a rising hill, it looks up to the pretty slopes of Mons Lucretilis, which shelters it from the cold blasts of the north, while the eye stretches away to the south to a ridge which appears covered with wood. As we stood gazing with delight on the scene around, my companion asked if I had ever seen a more beautiful panorama than that which lay before us, and I had to confess that his great compatriot, Horace, had chosen a delightful spot to study the beauties of nature. His description of them was as true now as they were two thousand years ago. There lay the "opaca vallis," "the shady valley;" the "fons etiam rivo dare nomen idoneus," "the fountain so copious as to give immediate birth to a rivulet;" the "cavis impositum ilicem saxis," "the holm-oak overhanging the hollow rocks." These hollow rocks are a particular feature in the landscape, as the slopes of Lucretilis have numerous grottoes along them, as all calcareous rocks are apt to have, and the holm-oak grows most luxuriantly. They are, as you would naturally expect, "musco circumlita saxa"—"moss-covered stones."

We looked down the valley to Rocca Giovane, where the ruins of the Temple of Vacuna are found, and farther on you have a glimpse of Mandela; looking back, the eye rests on the village of Licenza, and perched high is Civitella. In this direction, too, is supposed to have been "Ustica cubans"—"the recumbent Ustica"—whether we consider it to have been a mountain or valley. We wandered up a little stream called La Chiusa, and nothing could exceed the coolness of the little glens, shaded from the rays of the sun by the lofty Lucretilis. It was overhung by dwarf willows, and its banks covered with fig-trees and vines. As we advanced, all cultivation was left behind, and the valley became a narrow ravine, overhung with the holm-oak.

I spent a delightful evening with my clerical friend, and the following morning started with a guide, whom he had procured for me to cross the ridge of Lucretilis to visit Correse, the ancient Cures. The course I had to pursue was one along which a pedestrian could alone pass, and I, therefore, mustered up all my energies to meet the fatigues of some twenty miles under the broiling heat of a July sun. The sun was not yet up, when I left the hospitable house of my friend, and proceeded up the slopes of Campanile, as the peasants call what we know to be Lucretilis to the Fontana Bella, which gushes suddenly from the side of the hill. This is the fourth fountain that I have seen which is consi-

dered to be Fons Bandusia. I confess to have my doubts whether this disputed point will ever be decided. This spring is copious, and beautifully situated on the side of the hill. Having seen them all, if coolness and picturesqueness of scenery are to decide the question, I do not hesitate to give my vote to Fontana Bella. There are, indeed, no trees overhanging it, but it is a position where they might very well be, and where they would afford an agreeable shade to the weary oxen and wandering flocks. Its coolness and freshness is such—

Ut nec
Frigidior Thracam nec purior ambiat Hebrus—

“That the Hebrus does not flow through Thrace more cool nor pure.”

Having satisfied my curiosity respecting this celebrated fountain, I continued to ascend the hill, till I reached the top of the ridge, which enabled me to look down on the Campagna di Roma, which lay like a map at my feet. It was a magnificent view, as you may imagine, when I tell you that the eye stretched away over the imperial city of Rome, towards the sea near Ostia. To the north rose a lofty mountain by itself, which I knew to be Soracte, a striking and picturesque object in all views of the Campagna, though it is only two thousand four hundred feet in height. Horace thus alludes to it (Od. i. 9):

Vides, ut altâ stet nive candidum
Soracte, nec jam sustineant onus
Sylvæ laborantes, geluque
Flumina constiterint acuto ?

“Do you see how white Soracte looks with its depth of snow, and how the trees under their load can no longer sustain the weight, and the rivers are stopped in their course by the sharp frost?”

My guide had been directed to lead me to Vena Scritta—“the engraved rock”—about four miles from Fontana Bella, and close to an old castle, La Sponga, which I found very picturesquely placed amidst the hills. Here, on the natural rock, I found an inscription, like that which I saw at Ferentinum; but the meaning is enigmatical. It is in a very lonely spot away from any road. These rock inscriptions are not unusual, as I am aware that they are found at Corneto and Castel d'Asso in the Etruscan language. The rock was in its natural state, twelve feet in height and ten in breadth. The letters are four inches in height, and at a distance of eight inches from each other. They are well formed, and most of them very distinct :

F · O · S · M · A · R · R
F · C ·

There seemed to be three or four letters more, but they are nearly obliterated. They have no tradition respecting the meaning of these letters, nor yet how they came to be on a rock so far removed from human habitations; but they have been there from time immemorial. On the opposite side from La Sponga rises Monte Morrone with a Gothic castle.

I proceeded forward along the ridge for several miles, and at last fell in with a set of real Carbonari, preparers of charcoal, black as the article in which they deal. In these mountain ridges, the wood is cut down at

stated periods to supply Rome with wood for firing. At last I reached a small village, Monte Flavio, on the declivity of a hill, where I was glad to rest. Here I took a fresh guide, and hired a donkey, the only animal to be got, to save me from some little fatigue. As I approached the castle of Moricone, I came upon some ruins called by the peasantry Il Rottone. It was an ancient building, thirty-six paces in length, with foundation-stones of a rectangular shape; there were two vaulted chambers with curious fretted roof, and paved with coarse mosaic. The arches were formed of brick.

Proceeding forward towards the village of Libretti, immediately under Mount Terravale, and at a spot called St. Biagio, I came upon the remains of an ancient city, much more perfect in every way than the remains of ancient Tusculum. The hill is covered with ruins; the foundations of the buildings are of massive hewn stones; some of them are four feet in length and two and a half feet in breadth. Amidst the ruins, the wild fig and oaks of great age are growing within vaulted chambers. There are two stones that have the appearance of rudely carved statues. About half a mile from these ruins you come to a small stream, La Moletta della Pantanella, and on the other side, at a spot called Molaccio, you find immense blocks of stone and remains of an ancient building.

I passed on to the village of Correse, near the ruins of the ancient Cures. This city is celebrated in the early history of Rome as the birth-place of Numa, as well as the city of Tatius. The remains of the ancient city are found towards the Madonna dell' Arci, the site of the Arx, or ancient citadel. There are considerable remains of brick buildings, and some fragments of columns, but they are evidently of late Roman date. I searched in all directions for its walls; nothing, however, of the kind could be seen. Passing over the Fossa di Correse, I came to what is called the Tenuta di Torre, and here are vast substructions of what may have been a temple of a still earlier date than any of the ruins at Correse. The foundations were of the same massive nature as those at Il Rottone, near Moricone.

I remained at a miserable locanda in the village of Correse, and rose next morning, little refreshed, proceeding on my way towards Rieti, where I had been led to expect I should find a tolerable hotel. At Osteria Nuova, near to Monte Calvi, there are the remains of a massive building, which seems to have been a tomb, and now serves as the foundation of a house. Farther on, at the Madonna della Coluri, I came to a house with seven half circles in front, and small pieces of fluted pillars of white marble. It is called Piazza Sciarra. There is a stair with mosaic at the bottom. The walls of the chambers are painted with vermilion, like the houses at Pompeii. Here you find the following inscription not quite entire:

MANLIA · L · F · SABI ·
PARENTEM · AMAVI · QVA · MIHI · FVIT
PARENS · VIRVM · PARENTI · PROXVI ·
ITA · CASTA · VEITAE · CONSTITERAT ·
VALEBIS · HOSPES · VEIVE · TIBI · IAM ·

It is difficult to understand the exact meaning of this inscription, but *ti may possibly be translated thus: "I, Manlia Sabina, daughter of*

Lucius, loved my parent, who was truly a parent to me, my husband, next to my parent; she was chaste in life: farewell, stranger: Long life to you."

Proceeding on a little farther, in a beautiful little valley before I reached San Lorenzo, I found the following inscription, which was nearly perfect, and was adorned with a head and two doves pecking at grapes:

QVARTA · SENENIA · POSILLA · SENENIA · QVARTE ·
 HOSPES · RESISTE · ET · P · SCRIPTVM · PERLEGE
 MATREM · NON · LICITVM · ESS · . . . CA · GNATA · FRVEI ·
 QVAM · NEI · ESSET · CREDO · NESCI · . . . N · VEIDIT · DEVS
 EAM · QVONIAM · HAVD · LICITVM · . . VIVAM · A · MATRE · ORNARIER
 POST · MORTEM · HOC · FECIT · AEC · EXTREMO · TEMPORE ·
 DECORAVIT · EAM · MONVMENTO · QVAM · DEILEXSERAT ·

I can make nothing of the fourth line, which ends with "vidit deus," "God saw," but the rest is to this effect: "Quarta Senenia Posilla erected this to Senenia Quarta: stranger, stop and read carefully what is written below, of a mother that was not allowed to enjoy the company of her daughter; . . . since it has not been allowed that she should in her lifetime be adorned by her mother; after death she has erected this, and in her last days she has honoured with this monument her whom she had loved."

The village of San Lorenzo is said to be built on the site of *Titi Balnea*, baths erected by the Emperor Vespasian. The spring is still called by his name. The remains of the baths are of brick mixed with stone. You are shown a tomb which is said to be that of a daughter of the Emperor Nero, but history does not record that Nero had children, though he had several wives. The inhabitants of the little village of *Magnalardo* maintain that the Emperor Vespasian was born here A.D. 9. About a mile and a half from *Ornaro*, at *Sta. Felicità*, where there is a natural grotto, you find an ancient wall still supporting the road, and at *Colonna di Ornaro* there are some remains of ancient buildings along the brow of the hill.

You then come to a very fine specimen of an ancient bridge, *Ponte di Sambuchi*, the bridge of elder-trees, as it is called, situated a short distance from the present road, but showing the course of the ancient road. The stones of which it is built are very massive, some of them being seven feet in length. It is eighty-six paces in breadth, and yet the stream is only thirteen feet broad. The bridge is in as perfect a state as the day it was built. Beside it are the remains of houses. I then hurried forward to *Rieti*, where I arrived about sunset, thoroughly knocked up by the fatigues of a July day. Accustomed to the wretched accommodation of an Italian *locanda*, I found the inn of *Rieti* most luxurious, though I daresay you would have condemned it as only fit for pigs.

XXXVIII.

AT daybreak I wandered over the city of Rieti, the ancient Reate, and proceeded to examine what it might contain worthy of notice. It is a city of somewhere about twelve thousand inhabitants. Its cathedral, a Gothic structure, dates from 1456, and in the chapel of Sta. Barbara you are shown the statue of the saint by Bernini, with a monument by Thorwaldsen to Isabel Alfani. In the confessional below one of the pillars is a Roman Miliarium. In one of the streets is a mutilated statue without hands or head, called Mardo Cibocco, said, without any just reason, to have represented Cicero.

I spent a pleasant morning with Sir William Gell, and made an arrangement to accompany him next day to the site of the ancient *Cutiliæ*. All who have had the pleasure of knowing Sir William are aware what a delightful companion he is, and how ready to communicate his vast stores of antiquarian lore to those who feel an interest in such Old World matters. This is the centre of the aboriginal cities of Italy, and he gave me a plan of what he considered the position of these little towns. Guided by it, I spent the day in going over the ground. I proceeded first about two miles to Monte di Lesta, situated on the right of the road leading to Civita Ducale. This is the site of the ancient *Lista*, the capital of the aborigines, who dwelt in the mountain valleys round Reate. In going towards it up the banks of the *Velinus* I crossed the *Ponte del Grancoro*, which is evidently ancient, and formed of large blocks of travertin. There are walls of polygonal structure, much of the same appearance as the ruins which I saw near *Moricone*. Then crossing a mountain ridge I came to Monte *Miciale*, where Sir William would place *Tiora*; here there is some appearance of ruins close to the confines of the Papal and Neapolitan dominions, and there is a place called by the peasantry *Casale à Toro*. It is about two miles and a half from Monte di Lesta. It does not, indeed, suit the distance of three hundred stadia from Reate, given by Varro, but there may easily be a blunder in the cyphers. *Tiora Matiene* was celebrated for a very ancient oracle of Mars, the responses of which were delivered by a woodpecker. *Batia*, or *Vatia*, Sir William placed at *Vato di Pozzolo*, but there is no appearance of ruins. I went forward to *Castel Franco*, where I found the following fragment of an inscription: A. S. A.

Returning to Rieti, I crossed the *Velino* with its tributary the *Turano*, proceeding five or six miles to the village of *Contigliano*, where I found the following inscription, which was much obliterated:

T · PRIFERNIO
 T · F · PAETO
 MEMMIO APOLLINARI
 IIII VIR · IVR · DIC · QVINQ · MAG IV
 PRAEF · COH · III · BREVC · TRIB CX
 GEM · PRAEF . . . IA · I . . . RVM · DONIS
 DONATO EXPED · DAC · AB · IMP
 TRAIANO HASTA PVRA VEXILLO
 CORONA MVRALI · PROC · PROVINC
 SICIL · PROC · PROVINC · LVSITANI ·
 PROC · XX HERTROC · PROV II RAE
 PROC PROV NORICAE
 P · MEMMIVS P · F · QVI
 APOLLINARIS
 PATRI PISSIMO.

This must have been a distinguished officer of the Emperor Trajan, A.D. 101 or 104, in the campaign against the Dacians, but his name is not mentioned in the historical records of the period. On my return, I found at the Casale di Chiesuola, two miles from Colle Baccaro, a number of large hewn stones excavated at the side of the road. It is difficult to say what ancient town was situated at Contigliano, but it may have been Corsula, a city destroyed before the time of Varro, born B.C. 116, and placed by him at eighty stadia from Reate, along the Via Curia, at the foot of Mount Coretum. It is situated on the declivity of a hill called Monticehio.

Next morning I proceeded with Sir William Gell to visit the remains of Cutiliae, towards the source of the river Velinus, in the neighbourhood of a small lake, having the name of Cutiliae Lacus. It is the lake which renders it interesting from its having had a floating island on its surface. It is thus described by Dionysius of Halicamassus (i. 15): "There is a lake, ever flowing, and, as they say, bottomless. There is a little island in the lake fifty feet in diameter, and not more than one foot above the water. It is loose, and floats about, the wind wafting it from one place to another; there grow on it a kind of rushes and a few bushes of small size." As Sir William is a martyr to the gout, we took a carriage and four horses and drove in style through a most picturesque country, though the road was most detestable, and not at all suited for such a mode of travelling. The hills rose to a great height on each side, and the river Velinus winded along at their foot, occasionally forming marshes on either side. I thought that I had finished my intercourse with the police of Naples, but at Civita Ducale I found myself again face to face with these myrmidons. They demanded our passports, which we did not possess, and it was not without some difficulty that we received permission to pass on to the lakes of the Velinus, on a promise that we should return to Rieti the same night. As we advanced up the pass, the mountains rose to a great height, till we reached a spot where a plain lay before us about two miles in breadth, and here we came upon the lakes.

The lower hills are covered with vines, while the higher ridges are clothed with wood. There are three lakes of different colours, where

the gaseous emanations of sulphuretted hydrogen cause the water on both sides of the road to boil up with great effervescence. It was much like what I had seen at the *Lacus Ampsanctus*, though the water was thrown up with less violence than at *Ampsanctus*. They can scarcely be called lakes, they are rather pools; the most remarkable being *Pozzo di Latignano*, situated on the left of the road at the foot of the hill, on which the village of *Paterno* stands, and below the ruined terrace of a Roman bath. There can be little doubt that the ruins at this spot are the baths which we know were much frequented by the Romans for their medicinal properties. Most of the springs—some hot, some cold—are of a sulphureous character. It was curious to observe the basin of one of these springs surrounded by marble steps. Nearer to *Rieti* we had passed considerable remains of a Roman villa, which is probably where the Emperor *Vespasian* closed his life, A.D. 79, at the time he was making use of the baths (*Suet. Vesp. 24, Dion. Cass. lvi. 17*). There is no appearance of a floating island, as *Dionysius* describes it; but the inhabitants state that occasionally pieces of the edges are detached, and are seen driven by the wind to the opposite side. This, however, did not take place while we were looking on.

We proceeded forward eight or nine miles to the pass of *Antrodoco*, which is by far the most romantic that I have seen in Italy. None of the defiles that I have traversed equal this; neither that of *Isernia*, leading down to *Venafro*, nor the *Caudine Forks*, wherever you choose to place them. The pass from *Lucera* up towards *Campobasso* has something of the same wild appearance; but the precipitous nature of the banks, which closes down on the *Velinus*, and the lofty alpine character of the mountains, that rise on both sides, give it something of the appearance of a highland glen. The village is situated at the point where the *Velinus* issues from a deep gorge at the foot of *Monte Calvo*, and the *Passo d'Antrodoco* is where the two valleys meet. Its ancient name is *Interoceca*, which describes its position very significantly, as *Festus* says that *ocris* is an old word for mountain, and therefore it meant the village "between the mountains." As we were to rest here for a few hours, I took a guide and ascended *Monte Calvo*, a spur from *Monte Terminillo*, and certainly the view from this point amply repaid the fatigue endured during the ascent. Away to the east rose *Monte Corno*, the *Gran Sasso d'Italia*, 10,154 feet above the level of the sea, so alpine in its character that chamois are met in the upper ranges. Its top is pyramidal, and its slopes seem to be covered with wood. The plains of *Aquila* lay before me, and the country away towards *Lacus Fucinus*, while the *Campagna di Roma* is seen very distinctly, and with a good glass I have no doubt Rome itself. On returning to *Antrodoco* I found my friends ready to start, and, after a delightful drive in the cool of the evening, through one of the most romantic parts of Italy, we reached *Rieti* without accident.

At early dawn I proceeded forward through the plain of *Rieti* towards the falls of *Terni*; this used to be, and is still, one of the most beautiful and fertile districts of Italy. At *Rieti* the *Velinus* issues from the narrow glen, up which we had driven yesterday on our visit to *Antrodoco*, and emerges into this plain, which is not less than five or six miles in breadth. The hills rise to a considerable height on both sides, and little villages—*Castel Franco*, *Cantalice*, *Poggie Bastone*—are seen perched on their

declivities, with the view of escaping the malaria caused by the inundations of the river, which is now increased to a large stream by its tributaries Turano and Salto. The plain is quite level, and seems to me as if it had once been entirely covered by water, and would again be so if a strong embankment were thrown across. Indeed, such a project was actually entertained in the reign of Tiberius, A.D. 15, with the intention of lessening the inundations of the Tiber (Tac. Ann. i. 79); but the inhabitants of Rieti were highly indignant at the proposal, as they declared that their valley and the city itself would be submerged. There are still a number of small lakes; among others Lago Lungo, and more particularly Piè di Lugo, no doubt the Lacus Velinus, covered as I passed with water-lilies and other marsh plants.

This plain is called by Virgil (*Æn.* vii. 712) *Rosea rura Velini*—"the dewy fields of Velinus;" and at the early hour that I proceeded along it, I can bear witness that it still has just reason for this appellation. I reached first a small chapel to the Madonna di Cuore, and here some of the peasantry were already offering their morning adorations. I have already said that the Italians are much more devout than we are. Can you imagine, in our selfish materialistic world, that in any part of Scotland, or even of Wales, we should find any of our peasantry at such an hour in the performance of their religious duties in public? I had been requested by Sir William Gell to visit Torretta as I passed down the plain, situated immediately under Torraccio del Forte, where I should find ruins. There you find the ruins of an ancient city, and this he is inclined to consider the position of Palatium, from which the city on the Palatine hill at Rome was supposed to have derived its name. Here I found the following fragment of an inscription, PRIMIO. A little farther on I passed Lago Lungo, and then reached the Ponte Crispoldi, over the rivulet Susanna. The small village of Piè di Lugo, with its castle, stands very picturesquely to the right, and then turning to the left, I came suddenly on the celebrated Falls of Terni. I have seen the cascades on the river Liris, at Isola, and also the Falls of Tivoli, but neither of them can be compared with what was now before me. The plains of Rieti are, I believe, about a thousand feet above the level of the river Nar, into which the Velinus falls; and as the waters rush down from such a height, the rainbow colours are most resplendent. There is a large body of water even in summer; but what must it be in winter, when the mountain torrents pour down, of which I heard the inhabitants of Rieti complain. Repeated attempts have been made to guide the waters of this river, and prevent the outlet from being blocked up by the deposit of travertine, which is caused by the water being strongly impregnated with carbonate of lime. The earliest attempt was by M'Curius Dentatus, after his conquest of the Sabines, about B.C. 272, when he carried off its waters by a deep cut, and enabled a large part of the valley to be brought under cultivation (Cic. ad Att. iv. 15; Serv. ad *Æn.* vii. 712). In the time of Cicero, B.C. 54, we find a dispute respecting the waters of the river, arising between the people of Terni and Rieti, when the orator was employed to defend the rights of the latter before the arbiters appointed by the senate of Rome (Cic. pro Scoar. ii. 27; Ad Att. iv. 15). I believe that the present outlet was formed in A.D. 1400, and has ever since continued, without being much impeded by deposits of travertine.

I spent several hours in sauntering through the woods, and found myself at last so near the cascade that I was covered with the spray. The river rushes over a ledge of rock in one vast sheet in three different streamlets, and, as the rays of the sun struck them, the rainbow hues were very beautiful. The sides of the rock are worn to smoothness by the water, being straight where the artificial cut was made, while the hills on both sides are clothed with evergreens. Far below you see the river Nar flowing gently along, "sulphureâ albus aquâ" (Virg. *Æn.* vii. 517); of a whitish colour, from its sulphureous qualities. I crept down gradually to the bottom, and had a magnificent view of the cascade, as it dashed and tumbled from rock* to rock on its way down. There are a number of grottoes and caverns in the calcareous rock, in which I have no doubt would be found beautiful specimens of stalactites; but it would have required torches to explore them, which I had no means of procuring.

I proceeded down the valley of the Nar for four or five miles, till I reached Interamna, now Terni, in former times surrounded by a branch of the river, so as to be, in fact, situated on an island, whence it derived its name. Pliny (xviii. 67, 11) speaks of its meadows on the banks of the Nar as being cut for hay no less than four times in the year. The historian Tacitus is thought to have been born here about A.D. 59, and there is no doubt that it was the birthplace of his descendants Tacitus, emperor from A.D. 275 to 276, and Florianus, A.D. 276 (Vopisc. Florian, 2). It is still a flourishing city, but there are few remains of its ancient grandeur. You are shown what is believed to be the site of two temples, some portion of the baths, and a small fragment of an amphitheatre in the episcopal garden. There are a few inscriptions of no importance.

As I was only nine miles from Narni, with a good road, I did not hesitate to push on in the cool of the evening towards that city. The heat had abated, and as I jogged leisurely along the banks of the Nera, with the hills rising to the left covered with vines in their lower slopes, I thought that I had never seen a more delightful landscape. Hill and vale alternated in pleasing contrast with villages nestling amidst groves of the ilex and cypress, while the lower slopes of the hills were covered with vineyards. The walls and towers of Narni appear in the distance, perched on the summit of a precipitous hill and half encircled by the waters of the Nar, and when I entered its streets I found the inhabitants enjoying in their piazza the cool of the evening. The description of Claudian (de vi. Cons. Hon. 515—519) is still applicable :

Celsa dehinc patulum prospectans Narnia campum
Regali calcatur equo, rarique coloris
Non procul amnis abest, urbi qui nominis auctor,
Ilice sub densa sylvis aretatus opacis,
Inter utrumque jugum tortis anfractibus abet.

"Next the royal cavalcade passes Narnia, perched on its beetling rock, and looking afar over a wide-spreading plain; close to it flows a river of peculiar colour, which gives name to the city, and, overhung by dark groves of the ilex, winds along with sulphureous waters between lofty ridges."

Nature still remains true to this description of Claudian, which must

have been panned somewhere about A.D. 404. There the city, amidst ages of disaster and suffering, still stands on its beetling cliff, and there the sulphureous stream winds through a deep and picturesquely wooded valley below the walls of the town.

The bridge along which the Via Flaminia passed is still, even in its ruins, a striking object; it was of massive structure, and is thus spoken of by Martial (Epigr. vii. 93) :

Perpetuo liceat sic tibi ponte frui.

“In that case let Narnia ever enjoy the benefit of its bridge.”

Martial's prayer has not been granted, as no use can now be made of it. Of its three arches, the one on the left bank is still entire, being about sixty feet in height; the other two have fallen in, though the piers still remain. It was erected by Augustus, and was built of huge blocks of white marble.

Next morning I proceeded through an uninteresting country to Amelia, which is situated about eight miles from Narni. Three miles from Narni I found an ancient bridge, Ponte Cardane, on a road leading to St. Germini. On the left rise a low ridge of hills bare of cultivation, with the castle of Marinata in the distance; but I was not sorry when I saw the ancient city of Ameria perched on a hill. It is a small city of about two thousand inhabitants, with as fine a specimen of walls of Cyclopean structure as I have yet seen. The stones are fitted into each other with great exactness, though of polygonal form, and above is the building of modern date. There are many inscriptions scattered through the town, and among them I copied the following as most interesting :

SICCIA · T · F ·
 SECVNDILLA · SIBI · ET ·
 CLVSIO · STRABONI ·
 SACERDOTI · VICRORIAE ·
 FELICITATI · ET ·
 CLVSIO · MODESTO ·
 QVATVORVIRO · AEDIL ·
 POTEST · IIII · II · IVR · DIC ·
 PRAEF · ALAE · EQITVM ·
 FILIIS · SVIS ·
 TESTAMENTO · FIERI ·
 IVSSIT.

And again :

D. M.
 AVFIDIAE
 HERACLI
 AETI · CLAV
 DIVS · GLAV
 CVS · ET · CLAV
 DIA · AELIA
 NE · MATRI · P ·
 FECERVNT ·

You will observe how curiously the words are divided on this stone,

erected by Claudius Glaucus and Claudia Æliane to their mother, Aufidia Heracliatis.

Again :

T · PETRONIO · T · F ·
T · N · CLV · PROCVLO ·
III · VIR · AED · P · III · VIR ·
I · D · CVRATORI · LV ·
SVS · IVVENVM · F · C ·
IVVENES · AVG
OB · M · EQVI · OB ·
STATVAE · DEDICATI
ONEM · DEDIT · IVVE
NIBVS · HS · XXX · N
ADIECTO · PANE · ET
VINO · EPVLANTIBVS
L · D · D · D ·

Before the cathedral there is a large sepulchral monument, with the following words :

DIS MANIBVS
SESSIA
LABIONILPAE
D · D ·

At the church of St. Lorenzo :

L · AQVILIVS · C · F ·
III · VIR · I · D ·
ITER · QVINQ ·

At the entrance to the piazza there is a piece of beautiful frieze, and in one of the houses the following inscription stuck upside-down :

PINARIVS
PAVLVS.

The door of the Augustine monastery is adorned with pillars of cipollino.

I proceeded forward to Giove, which I knew to be in the direction of the river Tiber, which I had to pass on my way to Orte and the Lacus Vadimonis. The castle of Gioosa stands very prettily on a hill to the right, and after passing the small stream of Spicalante, I descended into a deep ravine, the banks of which were thickly clothed with oaks. A mile and a half beyond Giove, I came to the grotto of Malvicino, where are the remains of ancient buildings, and six miles farther on reached the banks of the Tiber, flowing here with diminished waters. There is a small village, Attigliano, close to the river, the meanderings of which are here seen to a great distance, and if the banks had been clothed with wood, the description which Ariosto (Canto xiv. 38) gives of them a little lower down would have not been unsuitable.

Ecco vede un pratel d'ombre coperto
Che s'è d'un alto fiume si ghirlanda
Che lascia a pena un breve spazio aperto,
Dove l'acqua si torce ad altra banda,
Un simil luogo con girevol' onda
Sott' Otricoli 'l Tevere circonda.

When, lo! he saw a mead o'erthopt with shade,
 Where a deep river wound about the field,
 With narrow space between the turns it made
 Where'er from side to side the water wheel'd.
 Even such a spot as this with circling waves
 Below Otricoli the Tyber laves.

Inquiring for ancient remains at Attigliano, I was told that I should find two statues at the Palazzo Ruspoli, near Buonmarzo. This old palace is prettily situated, and contains a collection of French engravings of the period of Louis XV.; the statues are hewn out in the rock, and are said to represent Nero and his mother Agrippina, but a village sculptor must have been employed on them, as they are in wretched taste. Buonmarzo is supposed to be the site of the ancient Polimartium; the remains are found about two miles from the present village, where there is some appearance of ancient buildings, and numerous sepulchres are seen, one of which is adorned with paintings in the Etruscan style.

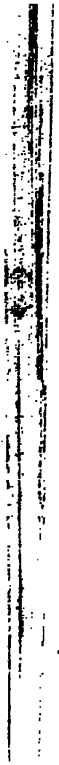
The heat of this day's journey was excessive, and in strong contrast to the coolness of the last few days in the Apennines, when I was in the neighbourhood of Rieti. I reached Orte thoroughly knocked up, and was glad to throw myself down on a bed, without making particular examination as to its cleanliness. Orte is the ancient Horta, or Hortanum, situated on the right bank of the Tiber, nearly opposite its confluence with the Nar. Below the town are the remains of an ancient bridge, Ponte d'Augusto, as it is called, not, however, of the massive structure that is seen at Narni. The following inscription is found on a vase of Peperino, eight feet in length and two in height :

D · M ·
 M · AVRELI
 HILARIANI
 AVGC IB
 H · O

About four miles from Orte, near the village of Bassano, is a small lake, Laghetto di Bassano, supposed to be the ancient Lacus Vadimonis, which was the scene of two successive defeats of the Etruscans by the Romans, B.C. 310, and again B.C. 283. Pliny the younger (Ep. viii. 20) speaks of it, and gives an interesting description, though it does not apply to its present appearance. Indeed, I have my doubts whether this little pool can be the lake to which he refers. According to Pliny, it was near Ameria, and as he was walking over the property of his grandfather he saw the lake lying below. To see this lake he must have crossed the Tiber either at Attigliano, where I crossed it, or by the bridge of Orte, and it can scarcely be said to be near Ameria. Here is his description : " Its form is exactly circular; there is not the least obliquity or winding, but all is regular and even, as if it had been hollowed and cut out by the hand of art. The water is of a clear sky-blue, though with somewhat of a greenish cast. It seems by its taste and smell impregnated with sulphur, and is deemed of great efficacy in all fractures of the limbs, which it is supposed to consolidate. Notwithstanding it is but of a moderate extent, yet the winds have a great effect upon it, frequently throwing it into violent commotions. Several floating islands swim about

in it, covered with reeds and rushes, together with other plants, which the neighbouring marsh and the borders of the lake produce. These islands differ in their size and shape. Sometimes they move in a cluster, and seem to form one entire little continent; sometimes they are dispersed into different quarters by the winds; at other times, when it is calm, they float up and down separately." Nothing of this kind is now seen, but its waters are whitish and highly sulphureous, not at all unlike the little pools of Cutiliæ, which I visited with Sir William Gell. It is situated in a picturesque spot, looking on one side to the wooded heights of the Ciminian forest, and on the other across the Tiber to the walls of Ameria.

I then hurried down to Ponte Felice, on the great road leading to Rome, and was much tempted to mount to the summit of Soracte, which lay a few miles to the left. However, I resisted the temptation, as my time was fast running out, and proceeded forward to Civita Castellana, the site of the ancient Falerii, and having visited its ruins, which are within the reach of the most indolent of travellers, I got back to my friends in Rome, who wondered that I should have been able to withstand the excessive heat to which I have been exposed.



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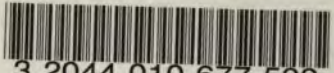
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